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THE
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DR. BRIGGS AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

BY GEOFFREY DEVEREUX.

UNDER the title "Catholic: the Name and the Thing" Dr. Charles Augustus Briggs * has flung into the arena of controversy an article that will rise many times in years to come to perpetuate the discord that has torn the peace of modern Protestantism. The learned scholarship of the author and the judicial courage with which he approaches every knotty problem of theology will give a hearing to his views on any religious question; but if we mistake not, the learned doctor will discover that many Protestants, who patiently heard him when he only opposed one branch of Protestantism against another, will be restless and irritable when he requests their consideration of his argument against all Protestantism and in favor of the Catholic Church. When we remember how the so-called "Catholic party" in the Episcopal Church rebelled against the admission of Dr. Briggs to their fold, we cannot help but see a grim humor in the bitter arraignment of that party in this article, when he charges them with being the most perverse of all Protestants. He says: "Still others would insist upon all the chief dogmas and institutions characteristic of the Western Church before the Reformation, and undo all the work of reform except the single item of separation from the jurisdiction of Rome. But it is difficult to see how any one who has gone so far should not take the final step. For it were mere wantonness to separate from the Church for no other motive

* *Catholic: The Name and the Thing.* By Charles Augustus Briggs. *Journal of American Theology*, July, 1903.

than ecclesiastical independence. It is mere perversity not to return to Rome if the conscience is convinced that Rome is right in all her great controversies with Protestantism."

It is a delicious revenge, but it will only increase their determination to destroy him, and, indeed, he has put weapons in their hands by which the task will be made easy, for even the Episcopal Church at large comes in for a share of his severest criticism. He says: "Nothing has so much injured the Church of England in the past as her arrogant exclusiveness as a national church. That has brought her into the present crisis of her history, torn by faction and reproached by a multitude of enemies. Her daughter, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, has too often exhibited this baneful temper, and so repelled multitudes who would otherwise have gladly united with her. If she arrogate to herself the name 'Catholic,' which is regarded as the common inheritance of Christianity in some sense by all who use the Apostles' Creed, no one will recognize her right to it but herself; a multitude of her own clergy and people will be ashamed of their church, and she will become the mock of historical critics."

One can imagine the sensation these words will create when they become generally known among Episcopalians. Fortunately, it may be that no central body exists in the Episcopal Church with power to place the learned doctor on trial, as existed in the Presbyterian Church, but there may be a strong hint that he should "move on" once more, and if so, the reader of this article finds it easy to see that his next resting place will be the same that gave rest to Cardinal Newman and other great minds who wearied of the unrest outside of the True Church—the Roman Catholic Church.

But let us turn to pleasanter themes and congratulate Dr. Briggs on the accurate definition he has been able to discover for the word Catholic. No Catholic theologian could ask a Protestant to admit more than Dr. Briggs freely concedes after his investigation of Christian history. He quotes from Catholic writers with approval, to show the antiquity of the word Catholic; to show that it stood for "(1) Vital unity of the Church in Christ. (2) The geographical unity of the Church extending throughout the world. (3) The historical unity of the church in apostolic tradition." To prove this, he cites

Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch; Hermas, the Roman prophet Irenæus, Bishop of Lyons, and many other ancient Fathers. He concedes the authority of the church to define creed. "Moreover, the church was inhabited by the Divine Spirit, the great teacher, counsel, and guide, in accordance with the promises of Jesus, and the experience as well as the teachings of the Apostles. This deposit (of faith) was used by the church under the guidance of the Divine Spirit when it was needed in the unfolding of its knowledge and of its life. It soon became necessary, after the death of the Apostles, and of their immediate successors, to collect in definite form the essential things of this deposit (of faith). It was certainly the work of the second Christian century to give us the consensus of the church in a canon—the creed known as the Apostles' Creed. . . . The old Protestant view that the church of the second century declined from the apostolic faith as expressed in the New Testament, is historically impossible and incredible." And, as showing the continuous power of the church to regulate the faith of her children, he says: "If, moreover, we recognize that the first council may define the Catholic faith by limiting orthodoxy to one of several views hitherto prevailing, and may so divide the Christian Church into sections, of which only one can be called Catholic, there is no valid reason why we should stop with that council, or, indeed, with any council, for it establishes the principle that to be and remain Catholic one must accept as final the decisions of the Catholic Church on any question, in any and in every age until the end of the world. And this is quite easy so soon as the principle is recognized."

He concedes that "There can be no doubt that at the close of the third Christian century 'Roman' and 'Catholic' were so closely allied that they were practically identical." He quotes from Harnack to show:

(1) That the Apostles' Creed is essentially a Roman symbol.

(2) That it was in Rome that the canon of Holy Scripture first began to be fixed.

(3) That the list of bishops, with the doctrine of apostolic succession, appears first in the Roman Church.

(4) That Rome became the normal constitution for all the churches.

(5) That the Primacy of Rome was recognized in the second century, in a sense.

And last, but not least, "There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church of our day is the heir, by unbroken descent, to the Roman Catholic Church of the second century, and that it is justified in using the name 'Catholic' as well as the name 'Roman'." Further quotations might be made from this remarkable article, but enough has been shown to indicate the unmistakable trend of the doctor's mind. He is not ready as yet to adopt the inevitable and logical result of his admitted facts. He hesitates on the brink by a subtle discussion in his mind of two distinctions in the realm of faith, the ethical and the religious. He salves his troubled doubts by charging the Church of Rome with erring in her ethics. He says: "If only the Roman Church had maintained her preeminence in love, no one would ever have denied her primacy. If Rome would renew her first love, the reunion of the Catholic Church would be assured." This is the cry of a pure heart. It has been the cause of many seditions in the church from Tertullian to the present day. It is a snare of Satan, who transforms himself into an angel of light that he may deceive the unwary. If the minds of men were so darkened when our Lord was on the earth that he was called Beelzebub, the prince of devils, while he lived a life in which no one could find a spot, it is not strange that learned critics can find matter for criticism in a church holy in her doctrine but very human and faulty in her members—especially when they are taught hostility to her almost with their mothers' milk. Let us not be uncharitable. Let us remember John Henry Newman, who said that even when he knew he was on the road to Rome, yet remained in the Church of England, because the time was not ripe: "I am as a man who is on his road to a city which he sees in the distance. I am going there, but I am yet on the road and must take many steps before I reach it!"

Dr. Briggs is on the road. He sees the City of God in the distance. But there are many steps yet to take. Who can think that the light that has led him almost to the gate will fail him now?

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE MEANS OF ATTAINING IT.

BY A MISSIONARY.

INTRODUCTORY.

CHRISTIAN Unity is much discussed at present, because the need of it is widely felt. Some of the causes underlying the felt need are: the evident waste of men and means in the overlapping of the sects, the powerlessness of other forces to soften the antagonisms of our industrial system, the decline of sectarian organizations relatively to the growth of organizations in the world of business and politics, the decay of faith resulting from the disunion and antagonisms of those who assume to speak in the name of Christ, and the obstacles which disunion and discord are found to place in the way of missions to the heathen world. The seventeenth chapter of St. John's Gospel is more widely studied to-day than it ever was before. It is a true instinct which leads Christians to turn to that chapter for light on the subject. The whole chapter is a prayer, Christ prays first for Himself, then for the Apostles, and lastly for all true believers in Him; and the great object of His prayer is Christian Unity, "that they all may be one." The following pages are a study of part of this prayer. In the quotations, one or more words are sometimes added in parentheses, when the context or the meaning requires them.

PRAYER FOR THE APOSTLES.

"I have manifested Thy name to the men whom Thou hast given Me out of the world: Thine they were, and to Me Thou gavest them; and they have kept Thy word. Now they have known that all things which Thou hast given Me are from Thee; because the words Thou gavest Me I have given to them; and they have received them, and have known in very deed that I come out from Thee, and they have believed that Thou didst send Me. I pray for them. I pray not for

the world, but for them whom Thou hast given Me; because they are Thine. And all things are Thine, and Thine are Mine; and I am glorified in them. And now I am not in the world, and these are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given Me, *that they may be one*, as We also are.. While I was with them I kept them in Thy name."

Here is a deep dividing line. On one side of it is the world; on the other side, the Apostles with Christ. He had separated them from their work in the world, and from kith and kin, and had attached them to Himself. And He mentions four forces which separate them from the world and attach them to Him. First, their vocation: "the men whom Thou hast given Me out of the world." Secondly, their fidelity to that vocation: "and they have kept Thy word." Thirdly, their Christian faith: "they have known in very deed that I came out from Thee." And fourthly, His own guardianship of them: "While I was with them I kept them in Thy name." With Him as their Head they form a separate Society, united with one another by their union with Him. But now He is about to leave them in the world, and His great desire is that they may continue united in the highest kind of unity, "that they may be one, as We also are."

PRAYER FOR US.

After praying for the Apostles, our Lord looks at His Church in the centuries to come. He sees us. He sees that the dividing line between His Church and the world remains, but also that the vast multitudes of people who have passed over from one side to the other have brought with them those forces of the world which divide men into mutually hostile races, nations, classes, and parties. His own guardianship had been the visible, uniting force in the case of the Apostles, and, after praying that we all may be one, He expresses by the one word "glory" the corresponding uniting force in the case of His Church. His words are:

"And not for them (the Apostles) only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me, that they all (pastors and people) may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us. . . . And the glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to

them, that they may be one, as We also are one; I in Them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one."

The unity our Lord prayed and worked for is not a mere local unity. It is a world-wide unity. It embraces all who through the word of His Apostles believe in Him. That is the scope of His prayer. To see what means He adopted, in addition to prayer, to secure the accomplishment of His design, it is necessary to know the nature of the *glory* He gave us for that purpose. The key to all knowledge of Christian Unity is that word: "The glory which Thou hast given Me I have given to them, that they may be one." What glory did the Father give to the Son? The Gospels record three public manifestations of the glory which the Father had bestowed upon the Son before the period of this seventeenth chapter. On each of these occasions the heavens opened to glorify the Son and to teach us the nature of that glory. At His Birth, in presence of the shepherds, He was glorified as the Saviour of men. At His Baptism the Father sent the Holy Ghost in visible shape upon Him and proclaimed His heavenly Sonship. At the Transfiguration He was glorified as King. A study of these gifts of glory will enable us to understand the glory which makes the Church one.

AT HIS BIRTH.

"And there were in the same country shepherds watching and keeping the night-watches over their flock. And behold an Angel of the Lord stood by them, and *the glory of God shone round about them*, and they feared with a great fear. And the Angel said to them: "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a SAVIOUR, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly army, praising God, and saying: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will" (St. Luke ii.)

The Epistle to the Hebrews shows at great length that it is by His priesthood that Christ is the Saviour. "And whereas indeed He was the Son of God, He learned obedience by the things which He suffered; and being consummated He be-

came to all that obey Him the cause of eternal salvation, called by God a High-Priest according to the order of Melchisedech. . . . He hath an everlasting priesthood whereby He is also able to *save* for ever them that come to God by Him, always living to make intercession for us. . . . But Christ having come a High-Priest of the good things to come, through a greater and more perfect tabernacle not made with hands—that is, not of this creation, nor by the blood of goats or of calves, but by His own Blood, entered once into the Holies, having obtained eternal redemption." In Christ, therefore, the titles Saviour and Priest are identical in meaning. It was at the moment of Incarnation that His priesthood was given and accepted. "Christ did not *glorify* Himself that He might be made a High-Priest; but He that said unto Him: Thou art my Son: this day have I begotten Thee." And the Son accepted, saying: "Behold I come to do Thy will, O God" (Heb. x.) His ordination as Priest took place when "a body had been fitted unto" Him. And at His Birth the glory of His priesthood was manifested to the world, as told by St. Luke.

If the word *Apostles* had been translated into English instead of being transferred bodily from the Greek, we should speak of them as The Sent. They are called Apostles because they were sent. What the word implies depends on what they were sent to do. Christ tells us in His Prayer what they were sent to do. "As Thou didst send Me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." The Father sent the Son into the world, in the first place, as Priest of salvation; and the Son sent the Apostles into the world as priests of ministration—that is, as His ministers in placing that salvation within reach of each succeeding generation. "And the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given to them." The Apostles did not glorify themselves that they might be made priests; but He who said to them: *This do in commemoration of Me.* The Prayer was uttered immediately after the Last Supper. At that Supper He had instituted Christian Public Worship. He had offered up His own Body and Blood under the forms of bread and wine, and then said to the Apostles: This do in commemoration of Me. The priesthood, with all that it involves, is one gift of glory to the Church. And this gift makes powerfully for unity in various ways.

I. THE PRIESTHOOD A UNITIVE FORCE.

The dignity of the priesthood and the reverence it develops are uniting forces. Racial and social differences tend to disunion in religion. One race hates or despises another. The rich go in one direction, the poor in another. In both race and class differences oppression often widens the breach. Now, the priest may belong to a despised race or class, but none can despise him, unless he is personally unworthy; and the respect shown to him raises his race or class in the esteem of others. In a lecture recently given at Oxford University, Mr. James Bryce, M.P., well known to Americans by his work *The American Commonwealth*, said:

"It is worth remarking that in respect if not of their practical treatment of the backward races, yet of their attitude towards them, Roman Catholics have been more disposed to a recognition of equality than have Protestants. The Spaniard is the proudest of mankind. He treated the aborigines of the New World as harshly as ever the Teutonic peoples have done. But he does not look down upon, nor hold himself aloof from, the negro or the Indian, as the Teutons do. Perhaps this may be owing to the powers of the Catholic priesthood and the doctrine of Transubstantiation. An Indian or a negro priest—and in Mexico the priests are mostly Indians—is raised so high by the majesty of his office that he lifts his race along with him."

The following account of a recent case in the United States is taken from the *Ave Maria*:

"'In your person our race has been advanced one hundred years,' was the grateful greeting of a prominent negro to the Rev. J. H. Dorsey, the young colored priest recently ordained in Baltimore. Later, Father Dorsey, in a sermon to a churchful of his own people, spoke words which are sure to bring the negro closer to his white brother in the Church which Christ founded for the salvation of both on perfectly equal terms. We quote a paragraph:

"'Never until the day of my ordination did it become so plain to me that a priest of the Catholic Church is surrounded with a reverence which is overpowering. I shall never forget the scene after the ceremony was finished. Thousands of people crowded forward to get my blessing. No longer a question

whether I was white or colored, rich or poor, learned or ignorant,—simply I was a priest, and as such I had a blessing to impart; and the good, simple people, of all grades, classes, and colors, were anxious to kneel and have me place my hands, as yet moist with the holy oils, on their heads in benediction. The most affecting incident of the day was the kneeling before me of an old white-haired priest—eighty years or more of age,—and his kissing my hands after I had given him the blessing.'"

The history of England after the Norman conquest is an instance of the same force acting on a large scale. For some generations the bitterest enmity existed between the victorious Normans and the conquered Saxons. Macaulay's phrases are anti-Catholic, but his narration of the facts may be taken as accurate:

"In no country has the enmity of race been carried further than in England. In no country has that enmity been more completely effaced. In the time of Richard the First the ordinary imprecation of a Norman gentleman was, 'May I become an Englishman!' His ordinary form of indignant denial was, 'Do you take me for an Englishman?' The descendant of such a gentleman a hundred years later was proud of the English name. . . .

"Meanwhile a change was proceeding, infinitely more momentous than the acquisition or loss of any province, than the rise or fall of any dynasty. Slavery, and the evils by which slavery is everywhere accompanied, were fast disappearing.

"It is remarkable that the two greatest and most salutary social revolutions which have taken place in England—that revolution which, in the thirteenth century, put an end to the tyranny of nation over nation, and that revolution which, a few generations later, put an end to the property of man in man—were silently and imperceptibly effected. They struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and have received from historians a very scanty measure of attention. They were brought about neither by legislative regulation nor by physical force. . . . It would be most unjust not to acknowledge that the chief agent in these two great deliverances was religion; and it may perhaps be doubted whether a purer religion might not have been found a less efficient agent. The benevolent spirit of the Christian morality is undoubtedly adverse to dis-

tinctions of caste. But to the Church of Rome such distinctions are peculiarly odious, for they are incompatible with other distinctions which are essential to her system. She ascribes to every priest a mysterious dignity which entitles him to the reverence of every layman; and she does not consider any man disqualified, by reason of his nation or his family, for the priesthood. Her doctrines respecting the sacerdotal character, however erroneous they may be, have repeatedly mitigated some of the worst evils which can afflict society. That superstition cannot be regarded as unmixedly noxious which, in regions cursed by the tyranny of race over race, creates an aristocracy altogether independent of race, inverts the relation between the oppressor and the oppressed, and compels the hereditary master to kneel before the spiritual tribunal of the hereditary bondman. To this day, in some countries where negro slavery exists, Popery appears in advantageous contrast to other forms of Christianity. It is notorious that the antipathy between the European and African races is by no means so strong at Rio Janeiro as at Washington. In our own country this peculiarity of the Roman Catholic system produced, during the Middle Ages, many salutary effects. It is true that, shortly after the battle of Hastings, Saxon prelates and abbots were violently deposed, and that ecclesiastical adventurers from the Continent were intruded by hundreds into lucrative benefices. Yet even then pious divines of Norman blood raised their voices against such a violation of the constitution of the Church, refused to accept mitres from the hands of the Conqueror, and charged him, on the peril of his soul, not to forget that the vanquished islanders were his fellow-Christians. The first protector whom the English found among the dominant caste was Archbishop Anselm. At a time when the English name was a reproach, and when all civil and military dignities in the kingdom were supposed to belong exclusively to the Conqueror, the despised race learned, with transports of delight, that one of themselves, Nicholas Breakspear, had been elevated to the Papal Throne, and had held out his foot to be kissed by ambassadors sprung from the noblest houses of Normandy. It was a national as well as a religious feeling that drew great multitudes to the shrine of Becket, the first Englishman who, since the conquest, had been terrible to the foreign tyrants. A successor of Becket was foremost among those who obtained

that Charter which secured at once the privileges of the Norman barons and of the Saxon yeomanry. How great a part the Catholic ecclesiastics subsequently had in the abolition of villanage we learn from the unexceptionable testimony of Sir Thomas Smith, one of the ablest Protestant counsellors of Elizabeth. When the dying slave-holder asked for the last Sacraments, his spiritual attendants regularly abjured him, as he loved his soul, to emancipate his brethren for whom Christ died. So effectually had the church used her formidable machinery that, before the Reformation came, she had enfranchised almost all the bondmen in the kingdom except her own, who, to do her justice, seem to have been very tenderly treated" (*History of England*, vol. i.)

This last sentence is significant. It happens at times that the normal influence of the Church is in advance of the individual action of ecclesiastics. This seems to have been the case also in the Philippines. It shows that the Church has an inner life of her own, and does not subsist merely in the men who, for the time being, fill her offices.

2. THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS A BOND OF UNITY.

The Sacrifice of the Mass, which priests are ordained to "do in commemoration" of Jesus on the Cross, is a uniting force. Christian unity is threefold, being unity in faith, worship, and organization. The Mass gives unity of worship. No matter where a Catholic goes, in any foreign country, whether he understands the language of the people or not, he can and does unite with them in worship at Mass and feel at home. The Mass is the offering to God of the Victim of the Cross, who is present on the altar under the forms of bread and wine; and that highest of worship is everywhere and always the same. All sorts and conditions of men are equal in presence of the Infinite, except so far as degrees of grace or of sin may differ, and at Mass this humble-mindedness is felt. The Catholic poor feel as much at home in the Cathedral of New York as do the wealthy contributors. The Mass lifts worshippers to a height from which they can be in communion with the whole spiritual world. All Christians are at one in reserving the best they have in public worship for God alone. Those who have nothing higher than prayer, praise, and thanksgiving to offer in worship do not feel at liberty to

use these in public veneration or invocation of any saint. The awful majesty of the Most High would seem to them lowered if they did. But the Sacrifice of the Mass, which can be offered to none but God, makes us free to use the lower worship of prayer, praise, and thanksgiving in veneration and invocation of Saints and Angels, and prevents any possible confusion of thought regarding the infinite distance between God and any creature. It is through the Mass especially that we have access to "the company of many thousands of Angels, and to the assembly of the first-born who are written in the heavens, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of the just made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the New Testament, and to the sprinkling of Blood which speaketh better than that of Abel." The rich variety of devotions thence resulting help to limit the encroachment of worldly interests and to form auxiliary bonds of union in societies, confraternities, sodalities, festivals, and other "joints and bands" knitting the Church together.

3. HOLY COMMUNION—THE CLOSEST BOND.

Holy Communion, the joint-partaking of the Victim of Sacrifice, is a uniting force. It unites the faithful with our Lord, and therefore with one another. "For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all who partake of the one Bread" (I. Cor. x.) The effect of the Bread of Life, as stated in vi. of St. John, is: "abideth in Me and I in him." The effect of the "glory" given for unity is: "I in them and Thou in Me."

The following is taken from a lecture delivered in England and has reference to London:

"I remember years ago Canon Barnett, of Whitechapel, saying to me that not one in a dozen of the people from the West-end who worked in his parish knew how to talk to the poor, simply and naturally. And I was reminded of this only the other day when I had to attend a meeting in my neighborhood of the Women's Liberal Association. It was held in a drawing-room, the lady of the house receiving the members, and I could have told with my eyes shut whether she was saying 'How do you do?' to a lady of her own social standing or to a working-woman. She apparently could not feel to the one as she felt to the other, yet she was an active social

worker of many years' standing. Of course the working-women felt the difference as well as I, and next time they are invited to her house they will probably stay at home, and the lady will wonder why working-women are so unresponsive and so difficult to get on with."

Thus, a common political interest can bring people together; but fails to bridge the social gulf. A common religious interest is a stronger bond of union; but nothing short of sincere mutual respect can make intercourse mutually beneficial and lasting when people are far apart socially. Now, when the Lord of Heaven comes to people in Holy Communion, He thereby lays the foundation of this sincere mutual respect. The respect of reverence for persons thus honored at the Table of the King counteracts undue regard or undue aversion for social superiority. The sense of equality thus engendered is very noticeable in Catholic countries. In his Encyclical on the Holy Eucharist Pope Leo XIII. says:

"Very beautiful and joyful too is the spectacle of Christian brotherhood and social equality which is afforded when men of all conditions, gentle and simple, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, gather round the holy altar, all sharing alike in this heavenly banquet. And if in the records of the Church it is deservedly reckoned to the special credit of its first ages that the multitude of believers had but one heart and one soul (Acts iv. 32), there can be no shadow of doubt that this immense blessing was due to their frequent meetings at the Divine Table; for we find it recorded of them: 'They were persevering in the doctrine of the Apostles and in the communion of the breaking of bread' (Acts ii. 42)."

4. THE PRIESTHOOD—AN ASSOCIATION WITH CHRIST.

The priesthood in the Church is an association by power-sharing with Christ. Its first function is to offer up Sacrifice in worship and administer Holy Communion. Its second function is to exercise the power given by Christ, when He breathed on the Apostles and said to them: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain they are retained." The same power is spoken of by St. Paul (II. Cor. v.): "All things are of God, who hath *reconciled* us to Himself by Christ, and *hath given to us the ministry of reconcilia-*

tion." This ministry of reconciliation is a uniting force. It reconciles men to God, and therefore unites them with one another. Family quarrels and disputes between neighbors give way to peace and renewed friendship all over the world, every day of the year, through the action of this ministry. In the Church, as in every other society, unity is bound up largely with the action of the men in office. A society is strong when it develops a deep sense of responsibility in its officers, and this can only be done when they have real powers to exercise. Such powers bind the officers to the members, and the members to the officers. Now, Christ developed this sense of responsibility in the officers of His Society by placing in their hands real spiritual powers. He gave them power to forgive sins. What is it that makes a Catholic priest promptly brave any sort of dangers to himself when called to minister to the sick and dying? He may be very far from being naturally a man of heroic mould; but he does not hesitate, because he is conscious that the salvation of a soul may depend on his ministry of reconciliation. Such services attach the people to the priest, and form one of the "joints and bands," as St. Paul calls them, which knit the Church together. The practice of hearing confessions keeps the priest in touch with the real moral and spiritual needs of the people. When he preaches he is not as one beating the air. He knows what is needed. Novelties have no attraction for him. The miseries of the sin-laden soul are too clearly realized to permit of his wandering far from the only remedy, "Christ and Him crucified." Not that he can make use of particular knowledge gained in the confessional—that is not allowed; but the general impression which remains after all particular facts are forgotten has a wonderfully steadying effect, and is one of the forces which make for unity, because it removes the danger of unreality. Again, all selfishness is antagonistic to unity. The selfishness of pride is lessened by the practice of confession, and the morbid selfishness which a bad conscience always engenders is relieved.

5. THE POWER OF THE WHOLE SACRAMENTAL SYSTEM.

The whole sacramental system united with the priesthood is a uniting force in another way. In every society there is variety of conduct in the members. Some are zealous, others are lukewarm. Some are loyal to the society, others are dis-

posed to rebel. Some are ever hopeful, others are always critical and fault-finding. Some are good, others bad. There must be some arrangement for keeping weak members from falling below a minimum requirement for membership. Civil society would fall into anarchy to-morrow if the law courts ceased to inflict punishment. Hence, a penal code is a necessary bond of union in every society. But how can a spiritual society inflict punishments which shall at once be spiritual and effective? Officers can be punished by dismissal, but ordinary members cannot thus be reached. Our Lord solved the problem for His Church by making the Sacraments the ordinary channels of special graces and favors from Him. Without those graces the soul is dead, and to appear before the Judgment Seat in that state means eternal death. To exclude one from the Sacraments thus becomes a severe punishment, and is found in fact to be effective. It is never inflicted unconditionally. There is always that condition that on repentance and reparation (if necessary) the backsliding member regains his right to the Sacraments. The power conveyed by the words, "whose sins you shall retain they are retained," is used frequently in dealing with those who are unwilling to comply with all the essential duties of a Christian. The world is jealous of this power, and thinks that men should not be entrusted with it; but Christian Unity without powers of this kind is as impossible as is the solar system without the force of gravity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MEETING OF OTHO III. AND ST. NILO.—BY DOMENICHINO.

GROTTAFERRATA.

BY E. C. BERRY.

THE Abbey of Grottaferrata, of which the ninth century of foundation is now being solemnly celebrated in Rome, lies on the verdant slopes of the Alban Hills, about thirteen miles from the Eternal City, and about half a mile from Frascati. It is a most interesting spot to visit, especially on account of the historic memories attached to it. It is thought, indeed, that the abbey was erected over the foundations of Cicero's villa, of which we have such charming descriptions in his letters to Atticus.

Another point of interest to Americans is, that near by stands the villa where the members of the American College in Rome take their yearly summer villeggiatura.

The founder of the abbey was St. Nilo, of Rossano, in Calabria, who was born in the tenth century, and died at ninety-four years of age, in the eleventh century.

When still very young he became a monk, and within a

very short time he was so celebrated for his sanctity and learning that the highest dignities of the church were offered him. These, however, he humbly declined; and to avoid further solicitations he left his native place, with sixty and more of his disciples, and went to Capua, where he was received with great honor by Pandolfo, its prince, and other great lords.

There also the bishopric of the cathedral was offered to him, which he again refused. But, to keep him in the place, Aligerno, Abbot of Monte Casino, offered him the Monastery of St. Angelo, in Valleluccio, a delightful spot on the declivity of a mountain east of Monte-Casino, near the River Rapide.

Here St. Nilo remained about fifteen years, then passed on to Gaeta, with a few followers, and built a monastery, called *Serperi*—a derivation of *Serapis*—where once stood a temple.

It happened in those days that Filagato, a native of Calabria, and Bishop of Piacenza, invaded the See of St. Peter, and drove away Gregory V., thus becoming anti-pope under the name of John XVI.

St. Nilo, who knew him well, tried to persuade him to give up this schism, but in vain. Then, hearing that the Emperor Otho III. had made him prisoner, and had given him into the hands of the populace, St. Nilo hastened to Rome to implore the life of John XVI.

Pope Gregory V. and the emperor received St. Nilo with great honor, in St. John Lateran. Placing him in their midst, they begged him to remain with them, offering him the Abbey of St. Anastasio, at the Three Fountains.

To save John XVI. St. Nilo accepted—hoping to have him eventually in the cloister with him. He therefore remained some time in Rome, in the Monastery of St. Alessio. But when he saw John XVI. ignominiously murdered by the populace, St. Nilo, in his indignation, left Rome and returned to Serperi.

Whilst there Otho III. went to see him—perhaps to make amends for John XVI.'s death. St. Nilo received him with every honor; but when the emperor offered to give him whatever earthly goods he might desire, St. Nilo said: "*I only ask one thing of thee; save thy soul!*"

He was ninety-four years of age when he again went to Rome, and took with him two other saints, young Bartholemy and old Paul.

THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.—BY DOMENICHINO.

After having prayed at the Apostles' tomb, he set off to take lodging in a Greek monastery, south of Tusculum. When night came on, however, he was obliged to seek refuge amongst some old ruins, on the place where now stands the Abbey of Grottaferrata.

There, tradition says, he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, who bade him erect a monastery on the spot, for a permanent seat for his scattered disciples, and for a resting place for himself after death.

With daylight he and his followers continued their road towards the city, where they were met by Gregory, Count of Tusculum, then one of the most powerful lords of Italy.

This count offered all his lands to St. Nilo; but St. Nilo accepted only sufficient land on which to build his monastery, which was given to him.

The work was soon commenced, and almost immediately afterwards St. Nilo died in the monastery of St. Agatha, near the town of Tusculum. He died in the church, where the monks had carried him when dying, for he had always said

that *a monk should die in a church.* He died reciting the 118th psalm.

His remains, according to his express wish, were taken to the unfinished monastery at Grottaferrata. There they were exposed for some time; then they were hidden to protect them from invaders, and they have never since been found, notwithstanding repeated prayers and researches. Thus, the Lord was pleased to grant St. Nilo's prayer: "*that his sepulchre should remain concealed!*"

After St. Nilo's death, the 26th of September, 1004, the reins of the monastic government were taken by Paul, already far advanced in years, and well known for his holy life and customs. He was also one of the most celebrated stenographers

THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

and penmen of his age. He was St. Nilo's faithful companion, and enjoyed his friendship to the last. He it was who gave St. Nilo an honorable sepulchre, and he who dictated the saint's life to St. Bartholemy.

When Paul died all eyes turned to St. Bartholemy as his

A Mosaic of the Eleventh Century.

successor. At first, feeling himself too young for so high a charge, he tried to evade the succession, and only finally accepted it on the condition that he should have a companion to help him in the government. This was granted, and Cirillo, a man of mature years and judgment, was chosen to be his fellow-worker.

It was St. Bartholemy who completed the building of the monastery and the church. The church was consecrated by Pope John XIX., December 17, 1024.

In the fifteenth century the church suffered modifications, the worst of which being the substitution of stucco ornaments for the interesting, though somewhat faded, paintings of the twelfth century. Even the marble columns of the church, which had once belonged to an ancient Tusculan villa, were covered with stucco! Everything marble, indeed, was covered with stucco, including the simple and bright Byzantine decorations. In vain the monks protested against these barbarities; they were unheeded. On the inside of the chief entrance, however, there is an epigraph, supported by two angels, which still records this nefarious work of Cardinal Guadagui. There is also

a manuscript in the archives of the abbey attesting the protests of the monks, and their efforts to prevent the injuries done to the church. Mention is also made of the ancient noble beauties of the church. At present, unfortunately, the church has but little of its antiquity, and comparatively little of the beautiful, precious, and artistic decorations which once adorned it.

The principal door of the church dates from the eleventh century, but has been restored by Cardinal Mattei. On the posts are seen rilievo figures, amidst foliage and mosaics, and on the rafter there is an inscription, in large Greek letters, reminding all who enter "to lay aside earthly cares in order to find the Judge within indulgent." The cedar-wood frames of the door, although nearly eight hundred years old, are still as perfect as if of recent make.

Over this door there is a beautiful mosaic, also of the eleventh century. It represents the Virgin Mary, St. John Baptist, and, on a throne, the Saviour with a book in his left hand, on which is written in Greek: "*I am the door; who enters by me . . .*"

On entering the church the eye is at once arrested by the *Iconostasio*, with the three ritual doors, and adorned with artistic sculptures—the gift of Cardinal Barberini. The image of the Virgin Mary was the gift of Pope Gregory IX., and the two angels in prayer before her are by Bernini.

On the arch of the old apse is a rectangular tablet, representing the twelve Apostles, forming a wing to the throne, under which stands the Lamb. This tablet is of the twelfth century, and it was saved from Cardinal Guadagui's destructive work, though the paintings which surmounted it, and ran round the whole church, could not be saved.

Behind this *Iconostasio* stands the Greek altar, square in form. At the sides are painted the saints of the liturgy. Over the corners are four little porphyry columns, supporting a little Byzantine temple, under which, between six candelabra, flies a silver dove, with the Eucharist within a hollow in its breast.

Finally, at the back of the left nave are the arms of Benedict IX., on a sepulchral stone. This pope was once antipope, but renounced the tiara, at St. Bartholemy's admonitions, and descended from the Pontifical throne to follow the saint to Grottaferrata, where he finished his days in humility and penitence.

This sepulchre was opened and identified a few years ago.

A door under the right side aisle of the church leads to the *Farnesina* Chapel—so called for having been decorated by Cardinal Farnese. It is dedicated to St. Nilo and St. Bartholemy, and contains the relics of these saints. The oil paint-

THE HEALING OF A BOY POSSESSED.—BY DOMENICHINO.

ing over the altar represents the Madonna between those two saints, and is by Caracci. The frescoes are by Domenichino, and were restored by Camuccini.

Within the presbytery there are two pictures; one representing Our Lady, as she appeared to St. Nilo in a vision, when she offered him an apple to place as the foundation stone of the abbey, which she bade him erect on that spot.

The other picture shows St. Nilo healing a boy possessed with the devil. This picture is by Domenichino, and is considered superior to Raphael's "possessed" boy, in his "Transfiguration." Artists and medical men of note frequently go to Grottaferrata to study this work.

A still grander picture, by this same artist, is the one representing the building of the church. Its perspective is a

splendid effect of the rules of art. The central group represents St. Bartholemy, with one of his disciples, and the architect, Caracci, who is explaining the plan of the church. Another remarkable figure is a monk supporting a falling column, and thus saving it from ruin.

Yet another celebrated picture is the meeting between St. Nilo and the Emperor Otho, of Germany, in Serperi. In this picture Domenichino gives his own likeness in the boy who holds the emperor's horse, and the man who has his arm on the horse is Guido Reni; whilst the man at his side, who holds a lance in his hand, is Guercino. The emperor's face is a portrait of Cardinal Farnese, who ordered the picture, and the white-bearded man at his back is the cardinal's father. The dwarf, who holds the emperor's sword, is the portrait of the buffoon of the Farnese family. The man sliding off the horse, to the extreme right of the picture, is the superintendent of the Farnese house. The woman in the centre of the picture was a girl loved by the painter, a certain Fallani, of Frascati, whose parents rejected the painter's suit. The family still exists in Frascati.

There are two other pictures by the door of the chapel. One represents St. Nilo in prayer, and the other represents St. Bartholemy, whose prayers saved the cornfields from destructive rains.

The baptismal font is also very interesting. It is adorned with allegorical basso-rilievi. The men fishing are symbolical of Christ's words: "*Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.*" The boy, throwing himself in the water, is an allusion to baptism by immersion, as practised in the Greek Church. The door in the centre represents the door of the church, and the seven hills represent the seven sacraments. It is from this door, and these hills, that the water flows into the baptistery.

THE CASTLE.

Cardinal Della Rovere, who succeeded Cardinal Bessarion, in 1473, was noted for his warlike spirit, and, under Bramante's designs, he immediately began to raise walls, towers, and battlements round the abbey; and for its further defence he had a trench dug, from west to east, with a drawbridge in front of the castle gate, over which is still read: "Gul. Card. Ostien."

THE CASTLE'S EXTERIOR.

The armory of this castle is of very spacious dimensions, and there are still traps in the male tower; and a dark prison under another tower.

Cardinal Della Rovere entrusted Sangallo with the erection of the portico in one of the castle yards. But this was interrupted when the cardinal became pope, with the name of Julius II.

The museum, on the ground floor, contains a valuable collection of artistic works. In the first room there is a complete collection of Pinelli's engravings of the Roman customs of the period (1831).

In the next room there is a ceiling painted by Francesco da Siena in 1547. There are also eight pictures, representing the principal historical events of Fabius Maximus, which were executed by order of Fabius Colonna, Bishop of Antwerp. There are many other interesting pictures in this and adjoining rooms, some being of the thirteenth century. Others are stored in the attics of the church.

From this room you enter the armory, which also contains

a collection of Pinelli's engravings of Greek and Roman history.

There are also busts of Greek and Latin philosophy, which are interesting; as also is the antique furniture of the room.

Then follow three smaller rooms. In one there are monuments of profane subjects. In another there are the Cosmati altar, and other remains of the old church; and in the third room there are also objects of interest, though of minor value.

THE LIBRARY.

The library of Grottaferrata Abbey contains about 12,000 volumes, in many languages; all are perfectly in order, and have an index for the benefit of students in search of any particular work. The bookcases are of walnut wood, and were the work of a monk. This library also contains about 1,000

THE INTERIOR OF THE CASTLE.

old manuscripts—mostly of the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. They are written in Greek. Some are on parchment and some on tablets. Some are illuminated, and some have music notes. Learned men from France, Germany,

THE SANGALLO PORTICO.

Russia, Greece, and England repair thither to study this section of the library, which is being constantly enriched with new works, in imitation of the ancients, by the Paleographic School of the abbey, which thus perpetuates the traditions of St. Nilo's school. Amongst the most precious of these Greek manuscripts there are the autographs of St. Nilo—the only relics of the saint in the possession of the abbey. There are three of them. They are written in beautifully clear letters, which prove St. Nilo to have been an expert in the art of writing, and deserved his title of *caligrapher* and *tachygrapher*.

Here also is a chalice, in Byzantine style, with the enamelled arms of Cardinal Bessarion, to whom it once belonged. Another of Cardinal Bessarion's gifts is the Eucology which was used by the Fathers in the Council of Florence. There is also a Codex, in ancient binding, which once belonged to the Imperial Library of Constantinople.

The walls of the gallery leading to the library are covered with pictures of the Basilian monks, and were executed by a young religious who had never learnt either drawing or painting!

An interesting relic is an *Omoforion*, worn by Greek bishops, and taken to Grottaferrata from Patras. The principal mysteries of the Saviour's life are embroidered on it, in gold, silver, and silk, with exquisite Byzantine art.

There are many other interesting relics of art and history preserved in this abbey, but the above will suffice to show the importance of the abbey as regards its history, its church, its Greek rites, its castle, its library, and all the works of art which it contains.

It has always enjoyed the personal solicitude of the Roman Pontiffs, to whom it is subjected. The late Pope, Leo XIII., especially, took the greatest interest in it.

It is also recognized and supported by the Italian government, as being one of the first and most important monuments of the Province of Rome.

It now counts nine centuries, and, but for a brief period, has never been uninhabited. It often appears in the ecclesiastical and civil history of Italy, and has always been the subject of great interest to all. The Italian government has declared it to be a "national monument of the state."

It is now under the guardianship of the abbot, Arsenio Pellegrini, who, with his Basilian monks, is ever studying to render it more interesting to all who visit it.

Such is the history of the work of the old man of Rossano, the poor monk, who wandered from the depths of Calabria to end his life's work by laying the foundation stone of the abbey of Grottaferrata—ST. NILO!

THE TRAGEDY OF COUNTESS CATHERINA.

BY ELIZABETH SETON.

IN the course of a rather lengthened stay in a German capital it was my fortune to become acquainted with a most interesting person; such a character as we seldom meet with in our every-day world, and yet doubtless others such, in hidden places, live and die unknown.

The study of faces and the striving to guess soul-secrets from outward expression and feature, has a charm for many; and I must confess that in the case of which I am about to speak my curiosity was excited in no small degree.

In the same house as myself there dwelt a woman, seemingly of means, to judge by the way she was clad and the fine folks that at intervals called upon her.

The apartment which Countess X. occupied was the one below mine; her name was not on the door, and were it not for the customary exchange of cards at the New Year, we might long have remained in ignorance one of the other. As it was, more than a twelvemonth elapsed before anything but a bowing acquaintance existed between us.

My neighbor may have been forty, and was quite handsome without possessing any marked regularity of feature; it was perhaps a certain nobleness of carriage and a pair of large eyes that made people look a second time.

Her expression was one of placid contentment, or conceit—I could not tell which; a perpetual smile widened the naturally small mouth, and her head, carried a trifle to one side, lent to her whole appearance a look of child-like inquiry.

Countess X. kept but one servant, a very old person, whose doleful look was in stern contrast to the cheerful expression of her mistress. I subsequently learned that she had been nurse to the lady, and was retained in her service as much out of necessity as in consideration of a lifelong attachment.

This good creature was the most silent person I ever met. A basket on her arm, she would noiselessly pass up and down the long flight of steps without so much as a sigh; that

she had a voice at all came to my ears from below through the medium of the chimney, whence lively altercations would occasionally reach me.

Late one evening, as I was returning up the common stairway, I met the Countess hurrying downward, a worried look in her eyes; she had passed me with a little nod of recognition when she suddenly stopped. I glanced back, and seeing her stand there so undecided, her right hand on the rail, her left pressed against her cheek, and she too looking at me, that I asked if I could be of any service.

"How kind of you, Fraulein; my Janet is very ill, and I was going for a doctor; but if—"

"Yes, to be sure," I answered, anticipating the rest of her sentence, "let me fetch the doctor for you. You want L——, do you not? He is the nearest anyway."

"No," she said in a low tone, "I could not afford to have him. Please to call in H——; he is but a few doors farther."

We had changed positions whilst speaking, as I had turned to go down again, while she now stood in her own doorway.

"You mean H——, the veterinarian?" I asked in a surprised tone.

"Yes. He is an excellent physician besides." And I saw the face of the Countess flush, and her brow contract as she bowed to me before entering her apartment.

Certainly it was no business of mine to question further, so I hastened on my mission, and soon returned with Dr. H——, a burly, good-natured man, who upon my accosting him had asked in a careless way, with either hand on a medicine chest, "Am I needed for four feet or two?"

I found out the man really did have considerable practice, but mostly among the lower ranks.

That night the sound of quiet sobbing came up to me, exciting all my sympathy for a fellow-creature in distress; and the following morning, feeling that my first little service might warrant another, I descended to my neighbor's rooms, bearing a steaming cup of coffee, thinking she might not have had time to prepare any herself.

My ring was unanswered; quite awhile I stood hesitating to disturb my friend; again I raised my hand to pull the bell, when slow steps approached and the door was opened by the Countess.

The few hours of the past night had so changed Countess X. that had we met on the street I scarcely should have known her. Her great eyes seemed set into a strange, desperate look; and the pleasant mouth was so pinched and drawn that the lips were but thin lines. I was startled. "Janet is worse?" I whispered.

"Dead," was the answer.

It was not this word that meets us at every turn in life, but the voice in which it was uttered, that caused my hand to shake so I thought the cup I held must drop.

"Let us go in," was all I said. I had an instinct this woman needed help; and as if broken into submission, Countess X. closed the door, and led the way into what was evidently the drawing-room.

The furniture was all antique, and on the tables and curiously carved cupboards a profusion of old-fashioned silver was, as I thought, rather ostentatiously displayed.

In the corners of the room several ancient chests, with lids thrown back, disclosed a quantity of brocade and other rich tissues.

Heavy damask curtains swung from ceiling to floor, keeping out both light and air, for the apartment had a musty odor more befitting an antiquary's shop than the salon of a countess. Several stiff old-time family portraits looked down at me, as if to chide my thoughts, which were recalled to the present by Countess X. motioning me to a seat; then she threw herself into another in an attitude so full of despair that all my curiosity fled.

There are some sorrows that awe even sympathy into silence; and although I knew my neighbor had only lost an aged servant, yet I felt the grief I witnessed must have some undercurrent into which for the moment I could not break. At last the Countess spoke:

"You must think it very singular in me to receive you thus, after your kindness; but—but my loss is greater than any one knows!" She sat with her forefinger on her lips, as one not wishing to say too much; and now and again her eyes would close tightly, almost spasmodically, as if to drive away some painful vision.

It is impossible to the impulsive nature of woman to look upon distress without wishing to lessen it; therefore, urged by

this sentiment, I went up to the Countess, and putting my hands upon her shoulders, I pressed my cheek down upon her head and whispered:

"Dear soul! you have a great sorrow and need some one to help you bear it. I am a stranger; but if you have no one near to bring comfort, you must make use of me"; and I sealed my little speech with a kiss.

A moment's silence; then the sad words:

"In the wide, wide world I have no one to care for me or love me now."

And prompted to it by my sympathy this poor, solitary creature clung to me and cried like a child.

I it was who made the arrangements for the burial of old Janet, and we two were the only mourners that followed this "good and faithful servant" to her last resting place.

As was natural, considering the circumstances that brought us together, we grew to be fast friends.

Countess X. being like myself a Catholic, I discovered in her a piety deep and unaffected, with a wealth of self-sacrifice which showed itself in many ways during the course of our too short acquaintance.

One thing rather surprised me in her character: so charitably outspoken in her views and comments upon others, she herself, to the end, remained a sealed book.

Although I had confided to her the simple story of my life, with its trials and consolations, she never volunteered to disclose to me anything of her own past.

One evening, as she rose to bid me good night (we had been working together in my rooms, for since the funeral, six weeks ago, she had so managed that I could find no excuse for going to her apartment), she gave my hand a rather more than wonted pressure as she slowly said:

"Elizabeth, we will not meet to-morrow. It is not likely that we shall ever see each other again. God will bless you for what you have been to me in my trouble; but I feel before we part that I owe it to our friendship to let you know a little more about myself. This you will read when I am gone." And as she spoke she drew from her pocket a small parcel, which she placed in my hand.

Her words so dazed me that at first I could not speak; but recovering myself, I answered: "Catherina, my friendship

has certainly not deserved this mystery. Am I not to know why, and where you go?"

"The papers will tell you all."

"But surely, Catherina, you are not parting from me now?" I asked, feeling truly hurt at the strange conduct of my friend.

"I leave on the midnight express," she replied, her eyes cast down, while a sad smile played on her lips.

"To-night!" I ejaculated.

"Yes. The carriage may even now be waiting. Good-by! Judge me kindly."

For a brief space Catherina clasped me in her arms, and then hastened down to her lodging, whilst I remained at my door speechless with astonishment.

Before very long I heard the Countess come out of her apartment, and looking over the banisters I saw that she was indeed ready for a journey. In one hand she held her travelling bag, and in the other (the gas in the public stairway having been turned off) she carried a wax light, such as we use abroad to read by at early Mass. She turned her face towards me, but her sight could not penetrate the darkness, and as I stood motionless, she doubtless thought I had gone in; whereas the taper she held made about my friend a great, luminous circle which gave to her black figure an unearthly appearance.

Something she murmured which I could not catch; then she descended. Countess X. had reached the last turn in the steps when I conquered my feelings enough to call out: "God bless you, Catherina."

For a second she stopped as if she had heard my voice; then she quenched her light as she passed into the court-yard and was for ever lost to me.

The void I felt at this parting with my friend and daily companion quite absorbed any curiosity to know her story. Besides, I was conscious of a feeling of irritation with myself for having got to like a person so much who seemed to have rejected my friendship, and certainly doubted my discretion; and my first impulse indeed was to destroy the papers which she had left with me. As it was, I hid them in my desk, nor gave them a thought for nearly a month.

About this much time had elapsed since the departure of

Catherina when one day I saw her rooms invaded by a party of men, headed by a youth of some eighteen years.

This young man looked so like my friend that I could not help giving him a rather long stare, which was fully returned.

His eyes were large and soft like hers, only that he looked through them half closed, which gave the youth a treacherous, cat-like expression.

As I closed the door to my apartment I remembered the papers which Countess X. had given me, and determined to read them on the spot. Upon opening the parcel I found, to my surprise, that it consisted of but three letters, each in a different hand-writing.

I read them in the order in which they lay.

The first was dated some ten years back, from Madeira, and was in the fine, uncertain hand of a woman:

"DEAREST CATHERINA: Lately, I have been suffering very much and feel as if the end must be near. What would I not give to have you beside me, or to have money enough to go to your arms, my own sister, to die!

"But fate, or, as you would say, God, has willed it otherwise. Had I but heeded our dear mother's advice and not married that ——, but no; let him rest in peace. I myself am too near death to raise my voice against the father of my child.

"O Catherina! this boy, my darling boy, is growing so wild, I dread the future. Selfish, passionate, deceitful, just as was Conrad! And yet with all his faults, I believe my son must have some good in him, for he looks so very like you. When I am gone, Catherina, you must be his mother.

"Curt is the last of our race, even if he has not the family name; and you must promise to be a mother to him; do so now, Catherina dear, as you read these lines; they may be my last; promise to let no sacrifice be too great to make him worthy of our past. As I write he is playing soldier on the veranda, and making a frightful racket; he does not know how ailing I am. O sister, how I love my boy! Promise me you will do the same. I believe that from my grave I shall envy you his caresses!

"Your last remittance, which you tell me is the proceeds of

the sale of our father's shooting box in the Tyrol, I have not yet touched. If I do not last long it will be quite enough to bury me decently, and send Curt home to you. The same captain who brought us out to the island will take my boy back; I have already spoken to him about it, and have his promise. Dearest Catherina, I am too weary now to write any more; I may be able to write again soon; but daily I beg God to bless you for the many sacrifices you have always made for me. Pray for your ever loving and grateful sister,

"MARGARET."

The second letter ran as follows:

"DEAR AUNT: So old Janet is dead at last! Well, I am sorry for you, as you must be quite helpless without her. You will not know how to dispose of your work, or even to sell your curiosities to advantage.

"I am going to apply to the colonel for leave of absence, so I can get down to see you next week; and you can give me all your valuables to sell. A young fellow of my position and good old blood cannot be expected to live on the pay of an ensign. I want now a good round sum—not the mean dribblets you have been doling to me since I left school. At any rate, I should have quite as much right to the things as you have, I suppose; and then, you do not need money as I do; you know how to economize; I cannot. Your lovely fancy-work should be sufficient support. But my advice is, go into a convent; lots of your name have done so. Only if you do, please enter a convent where the nuns don't write, as I am pretty weary of your sermons. And remember, like a good old aunt, to have the things I need all ready for me. There is a man here who just went wild when I told him of grandmother's jewels; it seems they were quite celebrated. I think I shall bring him with me.

"Good-by for the present. Your affectionate

"CURT."

This, I made no doubt, was from the youth whom I had just seen entering her apartment.

Poor Catherina, I thought to myself, how little did I know you, and what sacrifices you were making for such a thankless youth!

The third paper was much shorter than the others, and penned in a clear, stereotyped hand; it read thus:

"MY DEAR MADAM: Your favor of —— has been duly considered, and I have the honor to inform you in return, from our Reverend Mother Superior, of your acceptance. Any member of your esteemed family will ever be welcome to the holy order of Mount Carmel, which has already given to so many of your name shelter and peace. Our Reverend Mother Superior desires me furthermore to add, that with your education and talents no dowry will be necessary.

"I have the honor to be, madam, your very humble and obedient servant in Xt,

"SISTER JOHN OF THE CROSS."

So this, then, was the end of that silent tragedy!

A long time I sat with those letters in my hand, thinking of my friend and striving to analyze the motives which had driven her to seek the calm shelter of a convent. Was it the consummation of a sacrifice; or had she fled from a duty which she lacked the strength to perform? Or had she sought peace and rest in God? My mind was full of Catherina, when a violent ring at the bell startled me to my feet, and upon opening the door I was not surprised to see before me the young ensign, Curt.

"Have I the honor of addressing Miss S——?" he said, giving a slight bow with the military salute

I bent my head in response, and he drew forth a small packet.

"My aunt, Countess X., before entering the convent, desired me to present you with this little keepsake"; handing me the packet.

To my acknowledgment of thanks I added: "I trust, sir, your aunt, my good friend, will have a happy life in the convent."

"No doubt of it, madam. A nunnery is always the best place for an old maid! I am your servant." And with profound, almost mocking, obeisance the young man withdrew.

The package contained a miniature "Ecce Homo," which Catherina had constantly worn as a medallion. It had then been set in an antique frame of chased gold; this was now gone, and in my hand lay only the vellum on which the pic-

ture was painted. Curt had evidently found the golden part of the keepsake too valuable.

A couple of years after these events, happening to be in H——m, in which city I knew the convent to be whither Catherina had flown for peace, I had the curiosity to call on her.

As I did not know her name in religion, I asked for the Countess X., and gave the date of her entrance.

The sister-portress smiled a heavenly smile as she answered:

"Sister Mary Theresa of Jesus was called for whilst in the beginning of her novitiate."

"Has she left?" I stupidly inquired.

With an upward glance, and a tremulous sigh, "For Home" the sister-portress replied, and closed the grating.

A MOONLIT NIGHT.

THE night is sanctified with holy seeming,
All nature joins to worship the Divine,
Like newly-lighted altar-candles gleaming
The stars begin to shine;
Like incense is the perfume of the valleys,
The winds like voices sing along the coast,
While high above the ocean's brimming chalice
The moon hangs like a Host!

DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

BUILDING THE BRICK HOUSE OF A MISSIONARY.

A NARRATIVE OF THE MISSIONS ON THE CONGO.

BY J. B. TUGMAN.

(CONTINUED.)

FROM this we made for Grand Cess, where we were supposed to ship our complement of Kru-Boys. These form the working tribe, and are in demand and much appreciated by all classes of whites along the entire coast. The Kru-Boys, one might infer, were youths. Not so, however; they present a powerful set of men, and are shipped to work cargo, for unless the ships had them to fall back upon it would be an impossibility to conduct the trade, as the heat along the coast is insufferable in the open air and is intensified in the hold of a vessel. These men are gathered from some of the most savage tribes known to have existed, and present no evidence whatsoever of any training from a religious stand-point, their only attainments being the ability to engage in laboring work, coupled with a certain knowledge of the English and French languages, which from necessity they have learned to talk in a manner peculiar to themselves. They form a study, and become at once engaging and interesting. The first thing that strikes

one is their singular names, that are evidently bestowed upon them as circumstances and occasion warrant. Of these some are ludicrous, whilst others are singularly vulgar. In the former category are "Half-pence," "Tallow-candle," "Half-crown," "Black-monday," "Jack-knife," and sundry others more ludicrous still.

Having shipped the full complement of these we proceeded on our voyage.

These Kru-Boys are divided into gangs, each under their respective "headman," who, like the ordinary foreman in our workshops, oversees and attends to the general requirements of those under his charge. This headman holds authority not alone as regards their work, but in all matters affecting their treatment, in matters of duty and conduct. Thus, in all cases of dereliction of duty the headman is the responsible party; in all questions arising out of differences relative to their treatment both as regards their food and lodging, the headman again becomes the recognized arbiter. With these men corporal punishment is permitted: but this only after the culprit has been tried through the agency of his headman, who becomes the administrator of the measure prescribed by the white man. As one might naturally expect, this punishment has in many cases been inhumanly inflicted, as you will be able to imagine from what I personally experienced whilst en route.

At one of the trading stations, situated at one of the many points we touched, there was a European in charge who, with his assistant, conducted quite a large trade with the natives. The station was isolated and a considerable distance from the other European houses. As is the custom when times are peaceful, but little attention is given to any personal security. The house is open all night, and its protection from marauders committed to the care of a watchman, who is supposed to guard it, and who in the exercise of his duty, like the ancient watchmen of the old world, makes known his vigilance by announcing his presence and signifying the safety of all at stated periods during the whole night.

The Kru-Boy, as I have already stated, has his origin in the most ferocious tribes known along the coast. Not only are they cannibals, but, with all the stealth of the wild man of the woods, are capable of the most sanguinary outrages. Apart from their natural tendencies they present, however,

capabilities that are certainly far superior to those who have become influenced by the Protestant religion, and whilst away from their own country are rendered amenable to the authority of the white man. Their love, however, of strong drink, coupled with the quality of this, has in more than one instance proved their ruin. The effect that this trade-rum has upon them is to render them utterly beside themselves, arousing in them all the natural instincts of their savage nature. The incident that I refer to had for its origin over-indulgence of this character. One night the gentleman in charge of the station had occasion to get up for some purpose, and whilst crossing a large room, used as a dining and barter hall, observed the form of some one creeping stealthily to the door of his room. Determined to watch the purpose of this nocturnal visitor, and the better to frustrate his end, my friend, without being detected, slipped into a room where his assistant slept and secured his revolver, returning once more to the observation of the stranger. The negro, who in the dark appeared to be a native, was armed with one of the long cane-knives known as "machetes," used for clearing away brush. Entering the room of the white man, the negro, finding it unoccupied, immediately withdrew, and crossing the hall, came straight for the quarters of the young assistant. My friend, divining his purpose at once to be that of murder solely, concealed himself behind the door, and, with a rifle in hand, prepared to receive the assassin. It would have been better had he without further to-do shot the intruder, having the fullest evidence of the nature of the crime that was meditated, than to have resorted to what was to follow. Instead of this, as the negro entered the door, with the butt of the rifle he hit him over the head, stunning him; then, arousing the greatly alarmed assistant, bound the negro and handed him for safe custody to the night guard, in a room kept apart for all classes of prisoners. On searching around, it was found that before entering the station house the negro had built a fire in the rear, the smoke of which was already filling the house proper, thus emphasizing the fact as to the nature of his intent.

The following morning, the day of our arrival, the negro was arraigned for trial and found guilty, the evidence being submitted to the various headmen, who all agreed as to the verdict. The negro was condemned to be flogged, which

operation was to last until the chief of the station should decide the punishment was adequate to meet the crime, and serve as an example to all those who might be led to perpetrate a similar act. Accordingly the man was lashed to a post and the infliction of the punishment started about nine o'clock; it was about one o'clock when we got ashore, and the flogging was still in course of infliction, and lasted till we had finished our dinner, when my attention was called to the victim, the account

HARNESSING THE ELEPHANT.

of whose crime was given to me at the dinner table. The poor creature presented the most horrible spectacle imaginable; not a piece of skin was left upon his body; the cruel lash had circled from his feet upwards, tearing away the skin and flesh, till all sensibility was lost, and from all appearance life was completely extinct. With our arrival upon the scene the punishment stopped and the victim was removed to his hut. Inhuman as this treatment undoubtedly was, there were certainly extenuating circumstances that went far to justify the infliction, not so much as regards the individual self as the example to others, who were in nowise above committing similar

offences. When it is considered that the Europeans are entirely within the power of those with whom they live, having no government to protect them, no authority to appeal to for protection against the commission of such outrages, and in view of the fact that these outrages have been committed not alone upon the lives and property of one but entire parties of white men; and considering the danger that menaces the European from all sides, it must be allowed that no measure is too severe that has for its object the prevention of these most inhuman crimes of wholesale slaughter.

From my limited experience at this time with the Kru-Boys I could scarcely have imagined them capable of such an act, for I had learned to greatly admire them for their simple, inoffensive ways and their apparent appreciation of all acts of kindness. For, as a token for any slight gift, by them termed "a dash," they would manifest their highest sense of gratitude, going so far as to declare "you all same mi fader."

From Grand Cess we proceeded to Cape Palmas, at which port we arrived without incident of any importance. Here we were to take aboard a lady passenger, much interest being aroused among all the passengers, for so rare an occurrence was greatly to be appreciated. Feeling the lack of the feminine influence that a lady wields, and sensible of the effects that unbridled manners and talk lead to, we all felt highly elated when the news was communicated to us by the purser, and each vied with the other in making the very best of his appearance. The lady in question being, as it was stated, the wife of an official and a ruling spirit among the American missionaries of Liberia, no preparations were too elaborate, and as she did not come aboard till the last moment our patience was considerably taxed.

At last the boat was seen to put off from the shore, and the news conveyed from one to the other of the expectant youths, all eager to take a first glance at the interesting arrival. As the boat drew near the interest became less, till it manifested itself in disappointment, and as the lady stepped on deck the ardor of the would-be gallants had been cooled, not to say frozen completely, for our new acquaintance was not alone of a beautiful ebony color, but as ugly as you might find anywhere, and attired in flowing gown of many colors and a bonnet that might have had its origin at the hands of Worth,

LEARNING TO MAKE SHOES.

but which by frequent handling evidently had lost its primitive beauty, and with it all shape and form.

The new arrival among us, rejoicing in the name of Emma Ja-Ja Johnson, was no less than the minister to his Highness King Ja-Ja of Opobo, a royal personage of great authority and influence, whose taste enabled him to expatiate upon the delicacy of human flesh, and who could doubtless recommend the most toothsome method of cooking same or eating it "au naturel." Her age to my mind, judging from appearances, would have brought her pretty close to the prescribed limit of man's earthly career, and her appearance in consequence of her little idiosyncrasies, or perhaps those of her exalted master, had suffered in consequence.

Her coiffure was conformed, doubtless, to the exigencies of the court to which she had the exalted honor of being attached, and was calculated to impress one with the fact that Parisian art had not as yet found its way to that far-off country. It consisted of a set of short, stubby plaits shooting out in all directions like the dark rays of some evil genius made visible.

Void of that sense of distinction that characterizes us

Americans, and unwilling to pander to those on the part of the steamship companies, this woman was provided with a seat in the main saloon, and in like manner a stateroom in the first cabin. These she occupied with all the dignity becoming her station without the fear of any advantage being taken of her, or her sense of propriety being shocked by the act of any admirer.

The excitement of this new arrival having worn off, matters assumed once more their normal condition, and as the monotony of the voyage required us to resort to all the pastimes that each one could invent, we were all eager to sound our new *compagnon de voyage* as to her ideas and opinions upon all matters pertaining to the policy and government of the nation she so ably and distinguishedly represented. No better authority could have been afforded us to gain a knowledge of the characteristics and ideas of the natives than this lady, —a knowledge that might serve in case we should be brought too close to be comfortable to those gentlemen whose epicurean tastes led them to indulge in such delicacies as human flesh.

From her account of her early training it appeared that she was beholden to the American Mission, a branch of the Baptist denomination, and from her teachers had learned how to read and write, and incidentally a knowledge of ancient Biblical history. Her ideas upon all matters concerning religion were revolting to an extreme, and showed only too plainly the fallacy of and the injury that are done to these poor creatures by submitting to their own crude ideas the sacred passages that were meant to be first interpreted properly, and then imparted in a way that would beget far loftier ideas than are actually given. The atrocious crime that is committed in their perversion of the most sacred passages of what we all consider to be Holy Writ must certainly fall upon some one; and in view of the fact that these poor creatures are wholly incapable of appreciating their true character and nature, it would be unjust in the extreme to hold them responsible for these heinous offences against what Protestants allow represents the Word of God. For my part, I did not profess any great degree of sanctity; but it was nevertheless revolting to hear the construction this creature placed upon those passages that my parents had taught me were the most sacred. The only effect produced by this

creature was, therefore, one of disgust and abhorrence, and should have proven a lesson to our two young companions who were bent upon continuing to sow this same seed, having before them a practical sample of the fruit it yielded.

Leaving Cape Palmas we called at Grand Bassam, and from thence to Cape Coast Castle, where we received one of the recruiting officers of the Congo Expedition. This gentleman had for some months been engaging what were for us our military, natives of the Yoruba tribes in the interior of the Gold Coast, whom the British government had been able to get good military service out of during its campaign in Ashantee, but whom, so far as we were concerned, never displayed any great amount of skill or adaptability. My brother officer, after having engaged some three hundred men, succeeded in landing about thirty all told, including a priest of the Mohammedan profession. Their appearance as they came aboard was, to say the least, impressive; their attire, such as the natives wore, unlike the limited garb of other tribes, consisted of the typical Mohammedan dress of cloak and turban in all the fancy colors of their own peculiar choice.

The priest, attired in blue, with a turban that hid all but his facial features, presented a curious sight; and to add to the hideousness of their general appearance, they all were chewing the cola nut, which discolored their whole mouth and teeth, giving them a singularly dirty and repulsive appearance.

Void of that geniality that distinguished our Kru-Boys, these men, some with their wives, appeared to be anything but elated with the prospects before them, and huddled together on the foredeck like mournful captives leaving their homes for long captivity. And surely their looks did not belie them, for it was discovered that they had so far departed from the tenets of the founder of their faith as to have vowed that they would not again be guilty of the precept of ablution laid down by him until they should be once more landed in their native land, which, according to the term of service, was to be three years. How long this vow had been made we could not ascertain, but from all appearances it was evident that water had not been applied externally for some time. With due regard for the sanitation of his ship, and the general condition and comfort of all concerned, our captain informed the officer in charge that provision would be made for them to wash at

the proper time in the morning, which was during the hour appointed for holystoning and washing the deck, and that they would be expected to indulge, like every one else, in the performance of this duty. This news when communicated to the priest was received with the utmost indignation and viewed as the foreshadowing of still further atrocities on the part of their new masters. All kinds of protests were made and all

FORMER STUDENTS OF THE MISSION AT WORK ON THE RAILROAD.

manner of threats resorted to, among them being that he, the priest, would not be able to control his flock or be answerable for the results of such arbitrary action. The vow was made and duly recorded, and its breach would undoubtedly be resented by the power in whose presence it had been made. Failing to take advantage of the arrangements, and in spite of all entreaties on the part of their senior officer, when the boatswain arrived at the point where they were gathered—for they were deck passengers—the hose was turned upon them, and thus they were compelled to divest themselves and submit to the powers that were. Our trip was uneventful until we arrived at Bonny, where we were received by the traders, who then all lived on hulks.

From Bonny we called at Old Calabar, where we landed

our distinguished female passenger, as we did not call at Opobo. Before leaving she requested that I accept one of her photographs, which I was very glad to possess, thinking that I might some day find space for it in one of our pictorial papers. During the course of my travels I regret to say that it was lost, and for this reason I am prevented from conveying to your imagination a true likeness of this singular person.

Leaving Old Calabar, we proceeded on our voyage, calling at Fernando Po, Cameroons, Gaboon, and arrived at Loango, on the Quilo River, where a disaster occurred that nearly cost us the loss of both ship and passengers.

I have already explained that the Kru-Boys work cargo. Let me, therefore, give some idea of their methods. Not overburdened by clothing, which consists of a simple clout, their condition in this if in no other respect renders them singularly fit to withstand the intense heat of the ship's hold, which to be appreciated must be experienced. These powerful men enter the hold, and handing such packages as are wieldy from one to the other, eventually land it on deck, where in turn it is handed into the lighter that is alongside. This method, which is particularly expeditious for such cargo as case gin and trade rum in demijohns, both of which formed the bulk of our cargo, does away with the steam winches to a very great extent, and proves an advantage in many ways.

During this operation a continuous song is raised, varying as the day draws out from the lively to the mournful dirge one might imagine forms the appropriate strains for their funeral ceremonies, and by which one can judge the condition of the workers. Though this continuous chanting becomes exceedingly monotonous, it has been found to be a feature essential to the working of cargo, and its absence will immediately arouse suspicion on the part of the quartermaster and excite his vigilance at once. Working as they are among what is the most tempting beverage known to them, and considering the natural consequence of indulgence, it is required that they sing so as to make known the fact that they are not otherwise engaged.

At one o'clock, the luncheon hour, the passengers on this particular day were feeling all the attendant excitement incident to the closing days of our long voyage. The meal ended, and at last, as was our usual custom, we repaired to the quarter-

deck, there to enjoy as much of the cool breeze as there might be. Our captain, who had preceded us, had taken his seat and was preparing for his accustomed nap. Whilst, in company with a few others, I was coming out of the saloon, which led to the main deck immediately aft of the main hatchway, a volume of the densest black smoke arose, and simultaneously appeared numerous black forms in rapid succession. Then the dreadful cry of "Fire" was raised, and passed from mouth to mouth. The captain, not waiting to descend the companion way, leaped the rail of the quarter-deck to the main deck, and took his station in command of the situation. Fearful as the cry of fire sounds to the ear of any one ashore, no matter what the circumstances, the horror that strikes one when it is raised on shipboard surpasses any that I have ever felt. Our after-hold was filled with gin cases and trade rum, and as I looked over the side into the hold I saw that the fire had evidently originated among the latter, and the wicker-work that encased each demijohn proved the best kind of conductor and fuel, for as it ignited the heat at once burst the demijohn, and the result was that explosion after explosion took place, threatening total destruction to the ship and cargo.

Viewing the rapidity with which the flames spread, and knowing that we had a considerable amount of gunpowder in our fore-peak, I took in the situation at a glance, and felt that our chances were but slight of saving the vessel. But the value of a stout heart, quick wit, and undaunted courage was not wanting in those who were in authority. With that characteristic that denotes the man of courage, our brave captain, one of those men who have upon so many occasions signalized themselves as men of the noblest type, always alive to the responsibility that rests upon them, and always ready, willing, and capable to cope with whatsoever danger might assail them, this son of Erin, Captain Keene, took his station and directed the efforts for bringing the flames under control. The chief engineer and the second officer descended into the hold, which appeared at this time like a seething furnace, with a line of hose. Having reached the lower deck, they directed a stream of water to the point at which the flames appeared to have taken the strongest hold. The lighters that had been alongside cut loose, leaving the vessel to her fate. All hands were prepared for the worst, yet the utmost calm prevailed,

A PHARMACY OF THE MISSION.

and all attention was directed to one who stood at the scene prepared to meet all emergencies, be they what they might. Our Kru-Boys took refuge as far forward as they could, and the crew of European sailors stood at their stations ready for orders. At last the two brave men below succeeded in bringing the flames under control. After clearing away the débris and guarding against further danger, the hatches were closed down and we proceeded on our voyage, and landed at our destination, Banana, without further mishap.

OBEDIENCE.

THE mystic keynote of the universe—
Rung thro' the canticles of all the seas,
Thro' wind-wove fugues and starry symphonies,
Thro' soul songs which outsound Earth's primal curse.

MARY TERESA WAGGAMAN.

LUMEN DE CŒLO ÆTERNA PER SÆCULA LUCEAT.

BY PHILIP PAULDING BRANT.

DEO, our beacon light, God's Angel dread hath sought.
No more athwart the night gloom glows the wondrous Star
Towards which sore-pressed humanity with cares distraught
E'er turned for guidance which came streaming from afar.

I.

Speak, and assume once more, upon thy storied throne
Of seven hills, imperial Rome, thine old domain
Of universal sway: and many tongued intone
Upon the soulful bronze a holy, mournful strain,
That tolls alike in doleful sob of sovereign grief
Across the heaving main to earth's remotest shore;
From Sainted Isle through Albion's halls to where Belief
Is shrined in mosques, and tabled rests in temples hoar:
Reverberating call from pole to pole, and bid
The nations pause awhile, as from his folded flock
The Shepherd mounts to Sion's crest from mortals hid,
And stands refreshed from mighty toils before the Rock
Eternal, where enthronèd Deity doth dwell,
Gracing with Beatific Vision all the blest.
The wearied hands have dropped their gentle staff—farewell!
Christ-minded Man, God grant thee rest, sweet peace and rest!

II.

Sink trustfully, great soldier-shepherd, to thy sleep
In life's last bivouac, while 'round thee guards the world
Unto thy next awakening, when in angels' keep
Thy soul heroic greets eternal joys unfurled
To thee with thy bright train of candid souls relieved
From holy durance, without Heaven's gates detained
For trespasses against God's Majesty aggrieved,
But freed to quire thy hymnèd praises unrestrained.
On earth the new-born brotherhood of alien creeds
With grand response, in sharing, comforts our distress:
We knew, yea, loved him well, cry they, for in our needs
He stood for right and foremost undertook redress.
Nor shall there be one tribute wanting 'round thy bier.
Dearest to thee, paternal Leo, bowed in shame,
Repentant o'er thy holy corse, with many a tear
Will kneel thine eldest spiritual child. And Fame
Shall tell beyond alliances of time and space,
Beyond earth's final revolution, many voiced
With minstrelsy angelic 'round the Seat of Grace,
The grateful generations of a world rejoiced.

Farewell, great Pontiff, Prince, and Father, Heaven's Gift
Of light to storm-bound earth, for thee our prayers we lift.

CELLINI AND HIS MEMOIRS.*

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

N the whole range of the history of Italian art no period is more alluring than the first forty years of the sixteenth century. Writers, with few exceptions, affirm that the life of Benvenuto Cellini is an exact index to that age. This is due in large part to the fact that the Florentine left to posterity some highly entertaining memoirs. His autobiography is an animated narrative of a very stormy life. It was the source of much amusement for Horace Walpole; Goethe translated it into German; and Auguste Comte regarded it with partial eye. The book, however, is neither truthful nor accurate in details. It is the product of a vain and sensual bravo; and, despite opinion to the contrary, is not to be accepted as a "valuable historical document."† Nor should the student look on Cellini as the "mirror of corrupt, enslaved, yet still resplendent Italy."‡ This worker in gold was extreme in thought, feeling, and experience; that these might be justified to others, he paints the social fabric of his day with an apt and shadowy foreshortening. He uses the lips of pope and prince to sing his heroism in the face of marvellous conditions. Remembering this, you can read between the lines of his recital and measure him in the naked light of inordinate vanity. To take him seriously, as some writers have done, is to miss the full flavor of his words.

Cellini was true in nothing but a love for his art; was interested in none but himself; was sure of nothing but his own immaculate righteousness. Patriotism, a word beloved of him, caused no twinge of heart; it was at best an opportunity to gain praise by some act of physical daring. From a free reading of his work, we are led to think that the libertine *virtù* of Machiavelli had quite stifled moral authority, and that good or evil made no appeal to society. In the province of art individualism was, indeed, the crowning and logical note;

* Vide *Vita di Benvenuto Cellini*, publicata Giovanni P. Carpani.

† Vide *Renaissance in Italy*, J. A. Symonds, p. 323. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 282.

but in the field of morals this was not wholly true. That one man bade his prince ignore the laws is not evidence against a nation's honor. That one man's pastimes were "killing, wantoning, disputing with employers, and working diligently at his trade," is not proof that all men were of the same mould and tendency. That a single energetic character showed no rectitude of life shadows none but himself.

It was very easy for a person of Cellini's stamp to strip dignity and conscience from the Papal chair. In the heat of thoughtless and formless dictation pique swells into unjust bulk. Cellini scorned the laws of church and state. His intimation, however, that no man of spirit ever appealed to them is a bit of braggadocio that smells of self-justification. Vanity alone will not account for his countless attempts to exonerate himself from wrong-doing. After a page or two of excuses, one is inclined to suspect the creature of having some sort of conscience. This suspicion is confirmed by his numerous flights to the cardinals for protection. These sanctuary retreats were not made through fear of his victim's relatives, for Cellini's courage was unmistakable though foolhardy. He dreaded no man nor odds. He possessed rare artistic possibilities; was a person of violent temper and obstinate will. Outside of his art, his instincts were brutal, and his indulgence flagrant. Vengeance stung him to the commission of great and small crimes. His life was one of free pleasure and violence. The result of this on his art is noticeable. His works are the embodiment of soulless paganism.

Michael Angelo, in juxtaposition, was a truer type of the intense spirit of the age. Cellini, at best, yields us hints of the outward and human activity of his day; a day, however, that was not without its philosophic thoughts; its spiritual struggles and experiences. And if these qualities are set aside, where is the warrant of equitable judgment? Both men were exceptional. In the lives of each the scattered and imperfect qualities of their age were gathered in dominant assembly. Both left a record of their personality on art: the one, spiritual strength, and convictions with immortality; the other, sensual impressions, shallowness with oblivion. One was alive to the beauty of religion; the other, to the religion of beauty. Alone, neither of them typifies the age; together, they exaggerate it.

Artistic skill and ribald ruffianism did not make the sum

of Italy's endeavors; nor was she saintly. Factions repudiated Savonarola; but that did not mark the age as one of bandits, bullies, and adventurers. If it were not sacrilegious, place beside the unthinking and unfeeling *Perseus** of Cellini that marvellous *Pietà*† of Buonarrotti. And, when the vast spiritual difference flashes on the intellect, ask yourself which of the two expressions was buried deeper in the Italian heart. The *bel corpo* alone was not sufficient for humanity; the intense inspiration of Angelo touched a tenderer and more constant chord. Between these two extremes; between soulless animalism and the serene, resplendent heights of faith, the heart of the people swayed in balance. Catholic Italy never wholly abandoned the things that were of God. Cellini, however, was without a rag of honor—a freebooter in art as well as in morals.

Benvenuto Cellini, son of Giovanni d'Andrea di Cristoforo Cellini and Maria Lisabetta di Steffano Granocci, was born All Souls' Day, 1500.‡ Among his ancestors were many famous men. One of them a certain Luca Cellini—a *giovane senza barba*—overcame the noted Francesco da Vicorati in a duel. This event Benvenuto relates with evident gusto. According to him it was a marvel to the whole world, and he prides himself in his descent from such valorous men.§ He was early acquainted with imagination, as the stories of the scorpion and salamander prove.‖ These intense and questionable scenes are vivid settings for Benvenuto the hero, whose life was miraculous from the circumstances of his birth to the close of his narrative. Marriage seems to have cured him in some degree, for after that event he had neither heart nor time to complete his diary.

That you may know his sire was not of common clay, Cellini tells of the wonderful organs and musical instruments his father made; and of the latter's skill in working ivory.¶ The dominant paternal wish was that Benvenuto would become a great musician—*un gran sonatore.* It is somewhat pitiful to read with what constancy the father cherished this desire. When the parent was advised by Soderino Gonfalonière to

* Marquand's *History of Sculpture*, p. 215. † *Renaissance in Italy*, Symonds, p. 285.
‡ Page 4 of his Memoirs. § "Iòmi glorio d'aver lo scendenti mio da uomini valorosi."
‖ Page 9 Memoirs.
¶ "Lavorara miracolosamente d'avorio e fu il primo de lavorasse bene in tal arte."

teach Benvenuto the other arts, Giovanni replied: "I would have him learn no other art except that of playing and composing." And he added: "God willing, I shall make of him the first man of the world."* Cellini, however, considered flute-playing an art *troppo vile*—in comparison with goldsmithing, whose rudiments he first learned in the shop of Baccio Bandinello.† The young apprentice, it seems, tried hard to please his father by now and then playing the flute; usually with such skill that the fond parent was moved to deep sighs and tears—*le lagrime con gran sospiri.*

It would be tedious to relate the countless brawls and pursuits of vengeance; the marvellous encounters and escapes that are compounded in the pages of Cellini's diary. Yet, if we are to believe him, he has but indicated the mere outlines of his ultra-active life.‡ He never regarded life with naked eyes; but through a lens of acute imagination. This quality waxed in capability up to, and perhaps beyond, the age of fifty-eight, at which time Cellini began his Memoirs. It is natural to find facts distorted, and erroneous causes set forth. The mould of reality was disordered by heroic projections and grotesque lines. There is more or less caricature and parody in the scenes he so vividly presents. Age, which in most men of normal temperamant rectifies and adjusts the visions of youth, seems to have laid its cautious finger neither on the hand nor heart of Cellini. As a consequence he was never sure of himself, and became a reed for every wind of fancy to pipe upon. That scene or circumstance wherein he could not possibly pose as hero, is passed with chilling brevity. His vanity was inordinate; which accounts for the daring complacency with which he left his autobiography as witness to his character.

Even in his sixteenth year Cellini, from his own recital, was an awe-compelling and valorous person. At this age, single-handed and with great courage, he rescued a younger brother from a crowd of stone-throwers. After this affray we find him in Bologna, whither he was sent by favor of the Cardinal de' Medici (afterward Pope Clement VII.) Regarding his labors with the flute at this period, he writes: "I made

* "Se Dio gli darà rita il primo uomo del mondo io spero di farlo."

† This man was considered the nearest rival to Buonarroti; he was made cavaliere by Pope Clement VII.

‡ "Se io volessi descrivere le gran cose che è mi venne fatto infino a questa eta, e i gran pericoli della propria vita farei maravigliare chi tal cosa leggere."

great advance in this *maladetto sonare*, but a greater progress in the art of goldsmithing." He was never reconciled to the flute, for when in Pisa he wrote that he was in a sort of human paradise—"*dove io non sonai mai.*" * After his father's death, Benvenuto never mentions flute-playing.

In the countless homicidal quarrels and brawls Cellini puts himself forward as the aggrieved party. He is conscious of no violent temper or obstinate will. Whensoever justice leaped upon him it did so *senza un perche al mondo.* He was firmly convinced of his physical powers and superior morality—powers that were sustained by a hidden coat of mail and a challenging blade of steel; a morality that allowed him to speak with delight about his persistent and successful vendettas, stabs in the dark, mean revenges, cruelty and spite. He considered himself his own authority in morals; justified every act of his life, enjoyed his answers to pope and prince—and his midnight assassinations. He could tolerate no opposition to himself, no criticism of his deeds. His affrays, in large part, were born of a false honor, though he says he was moved by a *collera grandissima.* By no allowance of charity can he be made a *giovane molto virtuoso*—words he put into the mouth of the Prinzivalle who defended him before the Eight Signori for his attack on the Guasconti.†

In Florence, Cellini's reputation was not savory. Whatever punishment he received in the course of his stay there was the result not of politics, envy, nor prejudice, but of justice. In Rome, also, his imprisonments were not without good cause. Justice was not asleep at this age, despite countless assertions to the contrary. Rome was always firm, and nearly always just in its punishments. Cellini, in making a martyr of himself, has naturally painted the whole social fabric of his time in the most violent lights and shadows. He tells us that, after his release from the dungeons of San Angelo, a halo played above his head. He regarded it as a sign of his sanctity, and as a rebuke to the cardinals and the pope. Of the latter he is never sure. At one time he considers the Vicar of Christ as an "awful representation of Divine Majesty," at another as a "pessima bestia." Confusion rose in his mind regarding every subject but his art. And in everything but his art there is

* See page 28 Memoirs.

† This was his first homicidal affray. He excused his blow by saying that it was nothing but a box on the ears. "E non gli ho dato altro che una ceffata." See page 43 Memoirs.

contradiction. He has bared his character to public scrutiny in the work of his hand. And the confession is a lamentable one.

Cellini's skill in the art of goldsmithing received early recognition at the court in Rome. By indefatigable will and perseverance he attained success in the art of enamelling, in the making of medals, and of *paci*. The highest ecclesiastical and lay personages employed him to fashion jewels, ornaments, and services of plate. It was during this period of his life that Rome was carried by assault, and the Papal court besieged in the castle of San Angelo. Despite his extravagant self-praise, there is no doubt that Cellini gave a good account of himself in defence of Pope Clement. When Rome had settled again into the ways of peace, Cellini returned to Florence to find that his father had died of the plague. A brother and sister survived. This brother, Cecchino, was afterward killed by a musketeer in Rome, and was avenged by Benvenuto in short order. The affray caused Cellini to seek the protection of the Duke of Città di Penna. This put a stop to his work on the crown jewels, so that the whole matter was brought to the ears of Pope Clement. At this point in his memoirs Cellini makes the pope say: "Now that you have regained your health, Benvenuto, have a care of yourself." And on the strength of this, Symonds remarks: "This shows how little they thought of homicide in Rome"—a statement at once insinuating and unjust. This tart fling at Papal conscience is given solely on the authority of Cellini, who was, as Symonds himself admits, a braggart shorn of all respect and virtue. This same writer (Symonds) explains that "after killing a man some powerful protector had to be sought, who was usually a cardinal, since the cardinals had right of sanctuary in their palaces. There the assassin lay in hiding in order to avoid his victim's friends and relatives, until such time as a pardon and safe-conduct and absolution had been obtained from his holiness." The student is here forced upon several strange conclusions: Among them (1) that the cardinals were a body of men given to the harboring of vicious criminals. (2) That such protection was sufficient to quiet the vengence of the victim's friends and relatives. (3) That the pope was in the habit of freely pardoning these crimes against society, issuing cards of safe-conduct to assassins, and, strangest of all, granting absolution as a matter of form and favor. Cellini himself would never admit these statements.

Their texture and purpose are evident. They belong to that school of criticism wherein prejudice has played such havoc with the church and state of the sixteenth century. There is something boyish in a process that judges a people by the escapades and sentiments of an exceptionally passionate individual. Such writers have not learned to shut their lips against the hot, escaping thoughts of intolerance. The truth of the matter is that the respite of a cardinal's protection, far from softening the bitterness of a victim's friends, served to inflame and strengthen the nip of revenge. That the blaze of politics had lured one or two ecclesiastics into doubtful situations is by no means proofward to the alleged perverseness of the entire cardinalate. These errors with their wide marginal logic have been successfully challenged of late. The intimation that absolution was sought and obtained on political or material grounds is wanton in the extreme. Like the question of indulgence it is sadly misunderstood. If the age was so degenerate, how, in the name of clearness, could morality figure in political preferment? Symonds is forced to admit that in this age there existed a "hierarchy of able and God-fearing men, who, by the sanctity of their lives, by the gravity of their doctrine, by the eloquence of their preaching, by their ministrations to the sick, by the relief of the poor, by the maintenance of hospitals, Monti di Pietà, schools and orphanages, kept alive in the people of Italy the ideal at least of a religion pure and undefiled before God." Why then all this pother about degeneracy of church and state? Are a few rogues the measure of a commonwealth, or human frailty beyond the hope of an ecclesiastic? Between the sanctified brow and the feet of clay, human passions will rise and fall, and human destinies be begotten.

Shortly after his affair with the musketeer, Cellini stabbed to death Pompeo—his private enemy. We are told that "two cardinals disputed the privilege of harboring so talented a criminal." The authority for this statement is Cellini himself; but since he is not to be trusted, the assertion lacks weight. It is more than likely that Cellini used the words to illumine his pose as a prodigy of valor and importance. He was wont to say that he had a faculty of making friends for himself who would stand by him at all odds.* And into the mouth of a

* Offersono di metter la vita loro per salvazione della vita mira.

cardinal he once put these words: "Seek diligently for my Benvenuto, and bring him here, because I wish to help and defend him." And he adds with a strut: "Echi farà contra a di lui, farà contro a di me." Once again he is before the footlights.

Pope Clement VII. having died, Paul III. was elected to the Papal chair. The new pope is said to have sent Cellini a "safe-conduct" and a pardon. A friend of Pompeo demurred from such a procedure, and once again Cellini turns attention to himself by putting these impossible words into the mouth of the pope: "I would have you understand that men who are famous in their profession, *like Benvenuto*, are not subject to the laws." So, in the length and breadth of Italy, there was one man free from moral sanctions—and that man Cellini. His boastful words are clearly understood when it is recalled that artists greater and more necessary than he were not so immune. Much, indeed, seems to have been granted an illustrious worker in the arts; but oversight of thievery and murder was not of it. The claim that the laws at this period (1534) were a mere *brutum fulmen*, is not confirmed by recent research. Cellini makes a mock of all justly constituted tribunals; laughs justice to scorn; puts himself above the law, and subverts equity to the findings of his own will. Such might any individual do in this day; but it would not qualify our age as one wherein moral authority was no longer recognized or appealed to. Historical criticism has been too often warped by the heat of a first and surface reading. The fog of prejudice and intolerance has made impossible that clear and calm convention of thoughts so much needed in critical judgments. Church and state, priest and prince, have each suffered irreparable set-backs by the ardent but misdirected scrutiny of so-called criticism. A lamentable arrearage of truth marks the pen-tracks of much historical comment. This can be answered; but when the propaganda is carried into the class-rooms of universities and given voice through professorial utterance, here, indeed, we are at a strong disadvantage. And Cellini's is the doctrine they teach.

In 1537 Cellini, having quarrelled with the pope, went to France. On his return to Rome he was arrested and cast into prison, charged with having stolen gold and jewels to the amount of nearly eighty thousand ducats. It was probably a very dramatic moment for Benvenuto when the captain of

police—Crespino—hailed him and said: "Tu sei prigione del Papa!"* Cellini consoled himself with the belief that he was to be imprisoned unjustly. He was in no way angry at the charge of theft; at least so he writes. He simply laughed at it. Theft! why, my dear readers, that was quite beneath such a virtuous man and marvellous artist. He forgot that he had but recently confessed to having stolen a portion of the gold filings found in the brazier after he had melted down the crown jewels. In his defence before the governor he set forth on a sea of words to show that he was a marvel in art; a dangerous opponent in arms, and a loyal subject of the pope. He enumerated his manly virtues with a nip and gusto that were admirable but fruitless. He was consigned to the castle of San Angelo, whose walls he had helped defend ten years before. When sentence was passed, Cellini called heaven and earth to witness his great joy that he was to be imprisoned "not for any fault of his sinful nature, as generally falls to the lot of young men." The governor here remarked: "But you have killed enough men in your time." To which Cellini burst out—"Voi lo dite, e non io."† He regarded his assassinations as chance disturbances. In the pages of his Memoirs he explains thus: "In the course of this history I must sometimes lose sight of my profession to record some *unlucky accidents* by which this toilsome life of mine has been *occasionally* embittered."

It was one of his principles never to tempt fortune farther than honor required. The story of his imprisonment is intensely interesting, especially that part where the crazy governor imagines himself a bat, and explains to Cellini that he might never hope to escape his night-eyes. Cellini, however, eluded the *pipistrello da dovero*, and one evening took flight over the walls. This attempt cost him a broken leg. He was retaken and sent back to a dungeon and rigorously treated by the outraged governor. In this damp, crawling cell, Cellini the bravo becomes a temporary saint. He tells of his devotion to the Bible, and draws comparisons of himself and his cause with all the martyrs of history. He sang and he prayed. He composed a madrigal beginning—

* This was in 1538. See Memoirs, page 367.

† He goes on to explain: "Se uno venissi per amanazzar voi; voi defenderesti, e ammazzando lui le sante legge ve lo comporterbbono."

"Afflitti spiriti miei
Oimè crudeì, che vi rincresce vita!"

Once, indeed, he thought of suicide; but was prevented from such a disgrace by some powerful, invisible hand. Henceforth he says his cell was a rendezvous for celestial visitors, who healed his wounded leg and disputed with him on religion. Here, in the darkness and silence, he had visions of marvellous grandeur,* and inspirations of greatest import. He became convinced of his virtue and merit, and felt sure of speedy relief and liberty. In 1539, at the request of Francis I., the prison doors were opened and Cellini stepped forth a free man; but marked for life since, as he says, a halo clung above his head for the rest of his days. This, however, did not cause any change in, or serious thought about, his actions. In a short time he was in the midst of violence and pleasures. The visionary was once more the vengeful bravo. He made a virtue of necessity. While under the thumb of the law, he was an admirer of "*la bella virtù*"; under the blue and liberal sky he was a blind pursuer of *i bruti vizi*.

On his release from the castle of San Angelo, Cellini joined the court of Francis I., who was then travelling from city to city in great pageantry and pomp.† Hardships were not wanting. Not every town could lodge the king and his courtiers. Cellini felt the lack of attention and comfort; he complains bitterly of it in his Memoirs. All foreigners became for him *Quei diavoli*, whom he despised with bitterness and reproach. The king finally settled in Paris. He made a gift to Cellini in the shape of the castle of *La Petit Nesle*. Here the Florentine labored for his royal patron with great fervor—producing candelabra, figures of bronze, table ornaments; and repaired the gates of the château of Fontainebleau. During this period Cellini's life was far from tranquil. The very castle given him by the king he was forced to retain by violence. Troubles gathered around him in squadrons. His quick temper was out of place among the Frenchmen. He made enemies among the influential women of the court by his overbearing ways and insolence. There was not a trace of policy in his makeup; pride was dominant, hence the quarrels and lawsuits, and the neces-

* See his account of how he beheld the sun shining in the blue heavens, and of his visions of the Madonna and Child.

† His retinue consisted of eighteen thousand persons and twelve thousand horses.

sity of going armed and in mail. The ceaseless hate of Madame d'Estampes, and a senseless grudge against the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este, at last drove Cellini back to Italy. He lodged in Florence. Here, under Cosimo de' Medici, he was driven into a still more furious pace. In Paris the open purse and boyish heart of Francis were his. Cosimo de' Medici was of a different mould; and Cellini more than once regretted his return to Florence.

It was during this period that the Perseus was cast in bronze and set in the Loggia de' Lanzi with triumphal honors. Cellini considered this work his masterpiece; in it he believed his expectations were fully realized. The best that can be said of it is that the statue represents a high degree of technical excellence. It lacks all the other qualities of true monumental design and sculpture. The spirit of the miniaturist is visible in the conventions of its ornaments and lines. Even in art Cellini was exposing his irascible temper, and something of the virtuoso rather than real, artistic emotion. A natural and skilful technician, Cellini never had capacity for great ideas. He carried the work of his art to questionable limits; at times he seems to have forgotten its natural bounds. Thus the persistent and ungoverned parade of his passions finds some reflection in the mad extravagance seen in the product of his toil. Six years after the casting of the Perseus, Cellini married. His diary ends abruptly; from what cause is unknown. He died at the age of sixty-nine. One of the most energetic workers in the field of his art; a bold and formidable character; dull of conscience and gratitude, virtueless and cynical; intensely vain and sensitive; a recorder of coarse deeds and sentiments; vengeful and forgetful, Cellini stands as one of the most interesting products of the Renaissance. A fellow that in our day we would not care to brush against in a passageway at night, nor argue with at day.

In Cellini the man is more interesting than the artist; in studying him as such, the reader should bear in mind that he represents one extreme of society—the craftsman. In him, however, conscience was seldom awakened. Even in his noisome dungeon of San Angelo no expression of sorrow for his crimes escapes him. If he ever felt remorse, he has carefully concealed its memory. Through the whole of his autobiography he struts, hand on hilt, quick to take offence, with no charity in his

heart; mouthing what is to us of the north intolerable self-praise, and boasting deeds of violence and shame. This is the man of whom Symonds wrote: "That he was a devout Catholic there is no question." The proof for this is given thus: "He (Cellini) made two pilgrimages to Loretto, and another to St. Francis of Vernia. To St. Lucy he dedicated a golden eye after his recovery from an illness. He was, moreover, always anxious to get absolution from the Pope." And again: "He made passionate appeals to God." A sorry spectacle of active Catholicism, and one grossly false. Faith and morals in Italy were not comprised in pilgrimages alone. Absolution was not so sadly misunderstood by the people; the poorest contadino had the doctrine of amendment clear in his mind and stirring in his heart. To cry "Lord! Lord!" is pledge of no man's conviction or profession of creed. Cellini was not even a good Italian, for he never remembered his vows except in great dangers to his person or projects. His heart answered readily enough the spur of material gain; of the spiritual nature of his age he was impoverished. He grovelled in the dust when adversity stalked his shadow, and he reached to absurd heights when prosperous. There is much arrant nonsense written about his "liberty" of conscience, life, and intellect. It was the licentious use of these that made him the being he was. Catholic Italy was never the idolatrous nation that some writers would have the student believe. That there was at this period a complete separation between religion and morality is a statement not only irrational but impossible.

The religious phase of Cellini's life requires more notice than can properly be given here. To understand it clearly would necessitate an exposition of the moral status of church and state, and the prevalent ideas of the *onore* and *onestà* of the period. The student will do well to remember that while the worldliness of the Renaissance partly blinded men to their spiritual interests, yet as a whole the nation stood well together on the vital issues of the moral law. For three centuries Italy had been given over to the study of theology, philosophy, art, and the science of government. The heritage of such pursuits left an indelible mark on national character, and quite forbids the charge that the age was one of Ishmaelites and darkness, priestly tyranny and sensualism. It is a favorite claim with certain writers that "naked sincerity

means truth"—and in the light of these words they extend with complacency the sentiments of a Machiavelli or a Guicciardini as unanswerable evidence of the corruption of the Papacy and clergy; of the state and its society; of laws and justice. We hear that the "Church of Rome" "interposed a veil between the human soul and God." Priests are charged with having exercised some secret tyranny over the souls of men. In the heat of prejudice we hear the rattle of such phrases as "the cowled and cloistered fools"; we have it shouted at us that the corruption of the Papal court involved a corresponding moral weakness throughout Italy; that the example of Rome was a justification of fraud, violence, and ungodliness to the whole nation. These words are drawn in large part from the works of Machiavelli, who claims that Italy lost all piety and all religion owing to the example of the Papal court. Once in his *History of Florence* he says that the Papacy was the cause of the moral depravation and political disunion of Italy.* A few pages afterward he faces squarely about and says it was all the result of the natural enmity that existed between the nobility and the common people. Such friction, he says, is the seed of all disturbances in the Republic.† After preaching that might makes right, and that to the victor belongs the spoils, he complains that laws are made not for common utility but for the benefit of the reigning power.‡ *Costrétto da necessità* is his favorite phrase. He was never conscious of his own faults. Guicciardini, likewise, who so bitterly attacked the temporal power and the Papacy, was, from evidence of his own writings, little better than a theoretical egotist. Neither of these men, whose words are often quoted in connection with Cellini, could keep their own honor clean and fragrant. To fashion political pamphlets was one thing; to act their propositions quite another. Neither of them had energy. Christianity could not do the work of politics; therefore away with it! These men confused its spiritual functions with material duties of worldly government. They never at any point of their discourse gave intimations of their belief in the need of moral rectitude. They never had an innate sense of the fear of God or his ultimate sanctions at the root of their political convictions.

* "Dimodo che tutte le guerre che dopo questi tempi furono dai barbari fatte in Italia, furono in maggior parte dai Pontefici causati," p. 26, *Istorie Fiorentine*, Machiavelli.

† See page 114 *Istorie Fiorentine*, chapter i. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 115.

To turn from such perfervid writings to the romantic lines of Cellini is to regard the latter as almost truth. And yet one of his own countrymen says of him: "He (Cellini) depicted himself as he felt himself to be—that is, animated as a French gendarme; vindictive as a viper; superstitious in the highest degree, and full of whims and fancies—a gallant among his friends, but little susceptible of tender friendship; lascivious rather than chaste; somewhat of a traitor without suspecting himself as such; jealous and malignant, a disturber of the peace; vain without believing it; void of affection, with a portion of talent not mediocre; accompanied by a firm faith in his wonderful wisdom, circumspection, and prudence." The pleasure of reading his diary is largely due to the style of its writing, which is generally clear—"non è fatta a studia"—but dictated under the stress of swift and ardent fancy. Baretti likens the joy we receive in reading his memoirs to that we experience in beholding at a safe distance some beautiful but desperate animal. Cellini's motto in part was "O vivo fuggo, O morto preso," words he cast into the teeth of the captain of police. When left to his own defence he cries out, "Mediante Iddio, nì ajuterò ben da me." The furthest he ever got in his affection was an *amoroso sospiro*. From the night of All Souls' Day to the hour when he was borne to the chapter-house of the Annunziata, his life was one prolonged disturbance. He loved an atmosphere of intrigue and animosity.* He was always at odds with patrons and fellow-workers.

Of his truly marvellous tales, Antonio Cocchi says:† "Realmente non furono altro che sogni o illusioni d'un offesa fantasia." As a definite hint regarding his innumerable affrays, Cellini puts these words into the mouth of a certain character:‡ "Though I have known you (Cellini) so many years, I never knew you in the wrong with regard to any quarrel."

With all the wealth of his imagination, Cellini, neither in art nor in life, ever rose above the level of the senses. He represents clearly that ultra-individualism of the sixteenth century, whose purpose was to magnify the personal rights and liberties of the man himself; so that he was no longer restrained by obligations to a moral or civil law. Energetic aud eccentric, Cellini also

* See account of his life in France.

† See Cocchi's preface to Carpani's edition of 1806.

‡ Bevilaqua, the expert swordsman, whose services Cellini retained in his duel with Rienzo da Ceri.

stands for what that age regarded as admirable—the so-called *virtù* of Machiavelli; which in itself was a false transposition of the Greek ideal *tó kalón*. Because of his restlessness, Cellini never felt, nor cared for, the constraining peace of domestic ties and duties. He was never a loiterer in thought or act. He preferred the province of Bohemia—that land of surprise and fickleness. Here, untempered and alone, he travelled through the heat and dust of an exciting day; a firm believer in a Deity that helped those who helped themselves; conscious of a memorable virtue and unbounded strength; at home with a knife in the dark or a chisel at dawn. Somewhat of a cavalier, he passes down the highways of history at odds with man and law; a dare on his lips; a challenging swing to his arms, a fascinating but graceless bravo.

CANTERBURY.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

HEN, in the early part of the year 597, St. Augustine with his band of forty monks reached the British shores, commissioned by Pope Gregory I. to rekindle in Britain the light of the Gospel, which had been almost entirely extinguished by the barbarous Angles and Saxons, merciless foes of Christianity, Canterbury was the royal residence of Ethelbert, a monarch of power and ability, who reigned in Kent. Thither the missionaries wended their way, and solicited an interview with the king. He was not wholly unacquainted with the ecclesiastical character and functions of Augustine, for he had married Bertha, sister to Charibert, King of Paris, and she had been accompanied to England by a Frankish bishop. With her husband's permission she had caused the ruined church of St. Martin, near Canterbury, to be fitted up for divine service. Ethelbert received the strangers kindly; he assured them of his protection, promised to supply their wants, and gave them liberty to preach to his subjects. And subsequently, when Augustine returned to England after receiving episcopal consecration, the king gave him a palace at Canterbury, with permission to build a church, and he gave him lands for the maintenance of its ministers. Close to the palace was an old church, erected in the time of the Romans but since desecrated. This Augustine restored and enlarged, dedicating it to "the Holy Saviour Jesus Christ." On its site the cathedral now stands. The present edifice, although very ancient in parts, is of a date long subsequent to the age of Augustine; it was rebuilt by Lanfranc in the eleventh century, after the original structure had been destroyed by fire. During the following centuries up to our own day, Canterbury has continued to be the archiepiscopal seat of the Primate of all England.

With this ancient city many of the greatest names and many critical events of English history have been in some way connected; of that history it still retains unique memorials,

and even of what it has lost the traces have not wholly faded away. The traveller who approaches the city from the west meets, in its immediate vicinity, one of these memorials: a clear spring which in former times possessed healing virtues of a miraculous nature, and is still believed by the country folks to be beneficial for the eyes. It is yet known by the name of the Black Prince's Well, from an old tradition that the hero of Crecy and Poitiers drank of its waters when he visited Canterbury in 1357. Only three days after his return from France he went, accompanied by his royal prisoner King John, to give thanks for his victories at St. Thomas's shrine; afterwards he founded and decorated the beautiful chantry in the cathedral crypt which bears his name. Legend says that when he lay dying of the wasting disease which carried him off in the flower of his age, he thought of the wonder-working spring near Canterbury, and sent for a draught of its pure water. But that did not save him, and soon after he was borne to the tomb he had chosen for himself in the chapel of Our Lady of the Undercroft in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, his favorite shrine, which he enriched with splendid gifts. However, the people would not allow their hero to be buried out of sight in the dark crypt; so they brought him to rest by the great saint's shrine, where all men could see his effigy of gilded bronze as he lay there, his sword by his side, his hands clasped in prayer, and at his feet the pathetic lines bidding the passing stranger pray for his soul:

"Pur Dieu priez au célestien Roy,
Que mercy ait de l'âme de moy."

His was the first tomb raised in the precincts of the martyr's shrine, and it remains there to this day, unhurt by the hand of time or the more cruel violence of man. Over it still hang the surcoat, gloves, shield, and scabbard of the prince, those probably which were carried before his remains in his funeral procession.

From Harbledown, where the spring rises, the first, perhaps the best, view of the cathedral is obtained. Deep was the impression made upon the pilgrim bands when they caught sight of its lofty towers, when they saw the glittering angel that in bygone days stood on the central tower. Erasmus, the cold and critical scholar, becomes eloquent as he describes the

THE STOUR WENDS ITS WAY THROUGH THE HEART OF THE CITY.

architectural beauty of the great church rearing itself up into the sky with a majesty that strikes awe into every heart, and evokes a cry of admiration from the lips of all. Behind it lies a background of fertile hills, clothed in autumn with the dark green of numerous hop-gardens; before it stand the massive round towers of the Westgate, the only one remaining of the seven fortified gateways which once guarded the ancient city. Through this, which is considered the finest city gate yet ex-

isting in England, we pass into the principal street. Many are the pilgrims who in olden times entered Canterbury by this gate: kings and queens, foreign emperors and princes, armed knights and learned scholars; newly-created archbishops followed by a brilliant train of bishops, clergy, and courtiers, on their way to be enthroned in the chair of St. Augustine; not to speak of the multitudes of simpler folk who flocked to worship at Thomas à Becket's shrine. The poet Chaucer sings of the merry cavalcade that rode forth in the freshness of the morning from famous London town; knight and merchant, scholar and lawyer, Prioress and Wife of Bath, yeoman, priest, and friar, a motley company from all parts of the realm, to "wenden on their pilgrimage with full devout courage."

Since those mediæval days Canterbury has seen many changes. The sight-seer has taken the place of the pious pilgrim; the Holy Sacrifice is no longer offered in the grand cathedral; its riches have become the prey of the spoiler; the countless number of churches has been reduced, and their magnificence no longer strikes the eye of the stranger. The great cross is gone from over the Westgate; the lofty walls and watch-towers which encircled the city in a complete ring when Chaucer's knight, after paying his devotions at the martyr's shrine, went out to inspect their strength and "pointed to his son both the perill and the doubt," are all gone, and the Conqueror's mighty castle is turned into a coal-pit. Yet the old city is full of quaint bits and picturesque corners, timbered houses with carved corbels and oriel windows, hostelries with overhanging eaves and fantastic signboards of wrought-iron work, hospitals whose charters date from Norman times, and whose records afford many a curious glimpse of the byways of mediæval life. As we draw near to St. Thomas's shrine memories of the murdered saint crowd upon the mind. A little way up the main street we reach a bridge over the river Stour, which winds its way through the heart of the city, the houses rising up straight from its slowly flowing waters, where a low-pointed doorway on the right leads into St. Thomas's hospital, founded, as a fourteenth century charter records, by him to receive poor wayfaring men. Ten poor brothers and sisters still enjoy the fruit of the saint's benevolence, and dwell in the old house built on arches across the bed of the river. The low level of the floor, which has sunk far below that of

the street; the vaulted roof and time-worn pillars bear witness to its great antiquity. An interesting wall painting was discovered here a few years ago; unfortunately it was partially destroyed by workmen before its value was understood. It represents our Lord in glory in the centre; underneath is the Last Supper; to the right the murder of St. Thomas; to the left Henry II.'s penance at the martyr's tomb. During the days when the enthusiasm for St. Thomas was at its height alms and legacies were showered upon this hospice, where beds for poor pilgrims were provided.

The most renowned of the hostelries was the "Chequers of the Hope," where Chaucer's pilgrims took up their quarters. This ancient inn was destroyed by fire in 1865. It stood at the corner of Mercery Lane, still one of the most picturesque streets in Canterbury. It offends all modern laws of street architecture; it is narrow, crooked, dark, and the houses in the upper story project almost to the proverbial proximity at which they were constructed in days of yore, when we are told it was possible to shake hands from the upper windows across the street. Happily the spirit of municipal improvement has not yet touched the time honored walls. This lane, which leads to the cathedral, was formerly lined with booths and stalls for the sale of pilgrimage souvenirs, such as are still found in the neighborhood of all famous shrines on the Continent of Europe. Brooches bearing the effigy of the saint's mitred head were eagerly purchased; also *ampullæ*, small leaden bottles, containing water from a miraculous spring in the precincts, which welled up on the spot where the martyr's blood fell.

The precincts are entered through Christ Church gateway, a splendid specimen of perpendicular architecture, once the entrance to the cemetery, though doubtless the common approach to the cathedral. The front is sadly worn and defaced by the hand of time, yet it is more beautiful in its decay than the newest "restoration." On the stone bench within one may sometimes see at night that functionary of bygone days, a watchman who still calls the hours of the night, and informs the dwellers in the precincts of the state of the weather. Passing through this gateway, the visitor stands in full view of the great cathedral. Erasmus, familiar as he was with the magnificence of Continental churches, was struck with the im-

THE FAMOUS CHRIST-GATE OF CANTERBURY.

posing effect of the cathedral when seen for the first time. He beheld it in its full glory, before its spoliation in the sixteenth century; he saw the stone canopies and sculptured images of the portal all perfect, the traceries and mouldings of the windows, the glorious towers in their pristine beauty and elegance; "Bell Harry Steeple," as the central tower is called to-day,* formerly the "Angel Steeple," unmatched in strength

* The central tower is 235 feet in height.

and height and elegance; beside it the ancient Norman tower which bore the name of Ethelbert. The central tower was not completed until 1495, although the greater part of the edifice was rebuilt in the twelfth century. The nave is cruciform, and in its ground plan is probably the earliest part. There stood the Saxon church of Augustine and Anselm, and probably its Roman predecessor. The present walls, to the height of some four feet from the ground, are the actual walls of the Norman church erected by Archbishop Lanfranc, in the days of William the Conqueror, and enlarged by his successor, Anselm.

It is in the interior of this ancient structure that the hand of the despoiler has wrought the worst havoc. The description given by one who visited it shortly before the ecclesiastical ornaments and rich treasures were removed to replenish the exchequer of an adulterous monarch, or destroyed by the religious fanatic to make room for a changed form of worship, gives us some idea of its ancient glory, "filling all hearts with joy and wonder." Chapels and chantries lined the vast and lofty nave; altars glittered with lighted tapers and gold and silver ornaments; roof and walls were bright with painting and gilding or decked with silken tapestry, and carved images covered with jewels; stained windows, bright with colors unequalled in modern times, casting hues of ruby and sapphire across the floor and lighting up the clouds of incense as they rose heavenward,—all this and much more met the admiring view of the mediæval pilgrim; not to mention the shrine of St. Thomas, embossed with gems, glittering with countless jewels that flashed and sparkled in the light. Those priceless gems were soon to be confiscated by the royal emissaries, the glorious shrine to be destroyed, and only the broken pavement and the marks of the pilgrims' feet in the stone floor left to show to future generations the spot hallowed by the prayer and worship of ages.

Now the spacious nave* and aisles are bare, save for some monuments affixed to the walls, memorials of statesmen and soldiers of more recent times, who have given their lives, not in defence of the faith of Christ but for the spread of an empire on which, it is proudly boasted, the sun never sets. The great west window alone, as the day departs, throws a

* The nave is 187 feet in length and 79 in height. The total length of the cathedral interior is 516 feet.

ray of colored light across the floor, for it is filled with fragments taken from the clerestory of the choir. A lofty flight of steps leads up to the choir, which is shut off from the nave by a stone screen of elaborate Gothic work. In old days the rood with its sacred figures was raised on high there, and in front stood the altar of the Holy Rood. In the floor were procession stones, let in to mark the places of the great dignitaries of the church in solemn ceremonies. Around and behind the choir are chantries and chapels from which the altars are gone, but in which are numerous tombs—more or less mutilated by the hand of the iconoclast—where repose the remains of archbishops, who in the ages of faith ruled the church in England and maintained her rights inviolate. In the circular space at the extreme end of the church is the tomb of Cardinal Pole, the last archbishop who acknowledged the supremacy and jurisdiction of the Holy See over the church in his native country. Near it is the marble chair known as St. Augustine's Chair, in which from time immemorial the archbishops have been and still are enthroned. On great occasions it is moved to a more conspicuous place; in that chair, on the very spot where the shrine of St. Thomas formerly stood, the present metropolitan took his seat at his recent enthronization.

In the Trinity Chapel there is not a stone that is not historically valuable. The tomb of the Black Prince is there; that of Hubert Walter, the faithful archbishop and chancellor who raised the ransom of Richard I.; of Archbishop Courtenay, who tried Wyclif; of Coligny, Cardinal of Chatillon, and others whom it is difficult to identify. It was the shrine of St. Thomas, however, which gave the chapel its interest in old days, and gave it its name too, as it covers the site of the earlier Trinity Chapel, at the altar of which the saint celebrated his first Mass, and in the crypt of which his remains for a time reposed. He had a special devotion to the Holy Trinity, and he it was who introduced into England the festival of Trinity Sunday. Before speaking of the gorgeous shrine to which his body was translated in 1220, fifty years after his martyrdom, we will briefly recall the incidents attending that martyrdom.

For several years preceding Becket's election to the archbishopric there had been serious friction between his prede-

cessor and King Henry II., who persisted in assuming an authority over the church which could not be tolerated. On the death of this prelate Henry was desirous that Thomas, who while holding the office of chancellor had been a complaisant courtier, should be the next archbishop. He carried his point; but to his vexation, on assuming his new office as Primate, Thomas applied all the force of his vigorous will to

THE OLD CEMETERY.

vindicate the rights and liberty of the church, and assert his spiritual authority. Consequently he came into constant collision with the king, and at length the dissensions reached such a pitch that Becket was impeached for high treason, and being declared guilty, was forced to fly to France for safety, and appeal to the Holy See for support. After seven years of conflict, during which the king disgraced his cause by acts of petty vengeance and persecution, Pope Alexander III. threatened to lay the kingdom under an interdict, and a reconciliation was effected. Becket was allowed to return to Canterbury; "I am going to England to die," were the last words he said when bidding the Bishop of Paris farewell. And on his arrival, towards the close of 1170, in Canterbury, where he

was received with every demonstration of joy, the first discourse he delivered was on the words: "We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come" (Heb. xiii. 14). He was not deceived in his anticipation; three of the bishops whom the pope had suspended for disobedience, finding their censure was not removed, crossed over to Normandy, where the king then was, to lay their grievances before him. Henry, whose temper was fiery in the extreme, irritated by their representations, exclaimed in his wrath: "Of all the cowards who eat my bread will no one rid me of this insolent priest?"

Four knights heard this outburst, and emboldened by it, on Christmas Eve crossed the sea and shortly after made their way to the archbishop's palace. After a stormy parley with him in his chamber, they withdrew to arm, and Becket was persuaded by his clerks to take sanctuary in the cathedral. As he reached the steps leading from the transept to the choir his pursuers burst in, shouting, from the cloisters. "Where," cried one of them named Fitzurse, in the dusk of the dimly-lighted minster—"where is the traitor, Thomas à Becket?" The primate turned resolutely back. "Here am I, no traitor but a priest of God," he replied, and descending the steps he placed himself with his back against a pillar and confronted his foes. The four knights tried to drag him out of the cathedral, but he shook them off. "In defence of the church I am willing to die," he said. "Strike, strike!" Fitzurse cried, and blow after blow felled the prelate to the ground. "Into Thy hand, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he ejaculated. Then one of the knights dealt him a blow so violent that his head was cleft in two, and the assailant's sword fell broken upon the marble pavement. "Let us be off," he said; "the man will never rise up again." Thus, at the age of fifty-three, perished this great prelate and saint, a martyr to his duty—the preservation of the immunities of the church.

The brutal murder sent a thrill of horror through Christendom. The king, when he heard what had occurred at Canterbury, was filled with remorse for his hasty words, which had suggested though not authorized the deed. For forty days he did penance, fasting on bread and water; and on his return to England, three years later, he entered Canterbury barefoot, in the guise of a pilgrim, and suffered himself to be scourged by the monks on the scene of the martyrdom.

Becket's remains were placed by the monks in a marble sarcophagus in the crypt, and the desecrated cathedral was for a whole year placed under a ban. The murder took place on the 29th of December, 1170; three years afterward Becket was canonized by Pope Alexander III., and the day of his martyrdom was set apart as the Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury. Meanwhile the popular enthusiasm, kindled by the tragic circumstances of the archbishop's death, rose to the highest pitch. Numberless and striking miracles were wrought at his tomb; and before long there was a rush of pilgrims from all parts to Canterbury. After fifty years the remains of the saint were removed from his tomb in the crypt to the new shrine prepared for him at the eastern end of the cathedral. For centuries that shrine was the most venerated in England; the offerings made at it were of immense value, and it is described as being of unrivalled magnificence, costliness, and beauty. It was covered with plates of pure gold set with large and beautifully sculptured gems of fabulous value. The coffin rested on a structure of stone arches some five feet high, and was, as a rule, concealed under a wooden cover, working on pulleys, which was raised to exhibit the bier to the gaze of venerating pilgrims. When the shrine was destroyed by order of Henry VIII. the confiscated treasures filled two great chests; "such," the annals record, "as six or seven strong men could no more than convey one of them out of the church."

Before leaving the cathedral we must visit the spacious crypt, which is in fact the oldest portion of the edifice. It may be asked what purpose did the crypt which is found in ancient churches serve? The custom of constructing a crypt seems to have been taken from the very early Christian churches in Rome, which were in many cases built over the tomb of a martyr, and therefore had a lower and an upper church, the former being used for divine service in days of persecution. The crypt of Canterbury Cathedral is the finest in existence; the capitals of the massive pillars are worth examination, as they are carved with many quaint and strange devices. In former times the whole crypt was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; in the centre was her altar and chapel. "The Virgin Mother," says an old writer, "has there a habitation, but somewhat dark, enclosed with a double iron railing, for fear of thieves, for indeed I never saw anything more loaded with

riches. This chapel is not shown but to noblemen and particular friends. Lights being brought, we saw a spectacle of more than royal splendor." Surrounded by exquisitely carved stonework screens, and a beautiful reredos with delicate traceries and mouldings, richly colored and gilt, was the altar of Our Lady, twinkling with hundreds of silver lamps. Under a pinnacled canopy stood the famous silver image of the Mother of God — "Our Lady of the Undercroft," as it was titled — before which many a sufferer had sought and found relief. On each side were placed the gold candelabra wherewith the Black Prince enriched his favorite shrine. Of this magnificence nothing remains but a few traces of the decoration of the roof.

The undercroft of the south transept is now appropriated to the French service, which dates from the settlement in Canterbury of Protestant refugees in the year 1575. Tradition says that while a portion was set apart as their "temple," the remainder of the crypt was assigned to them for their occupation as silk and wool-weavers. This settlement of foreign Protestants had its influence on the religious and commercial history of the city. A large number of families of French name and descent still reside in Canterbury.

Passing through the extensive precincts, shaded by fine lime-trees, the visitor will see St. Augustine's College, close to the old city wall, once a school and monastery, now rebuilt and used as a training college for Protestant missionaries. A little farther are the ruins of the ancient church of St. Pancras, the first church, the historian Thorne tells us, dedicated by St. Augustine, in what were "the remains of an idol house where King Ethelbert, according to the rites of his tribe, was wont to pray." He adds: "There is still extant an altar in the south porticus of the same church at which Augustine was wont to celebrate, where formerly stood the idol of the king." Recent excavations have revealed the foundations of a church of Roman structure, with an altar base in the position mentioned by the historian.

St. Martin's Church, which has already been mentioned, is still used for divine service, unhappily according to the rites of the state establishment. This church dates from the commencement of the fourth century, when Maximus, before his elevation to the purple, was sent as general to Britain. Previously to his proclamation as emperor he became a Christian, and it is

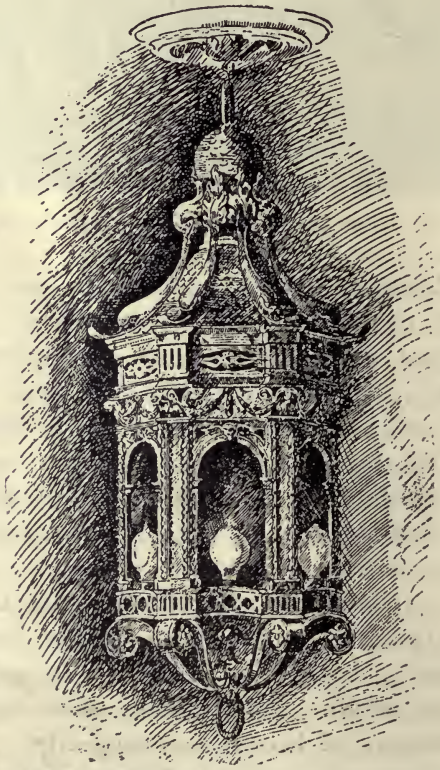
said that some of the British troops who followed him, returning to their native country from Rome, erected for themselves a church close to the small Roman encampment on St. Martin's hill. The Venerable Bede mentions this church as having been erected during the Roman occupation of Britain, and as being dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, who had been a friend and

THE CHOIR OF THE CATHEDRAL.

counsellor of Maximus. From his testimony we also learn that it was in this church that the members of St. Augustine's mission assembled, "to sing, to pray, to say Mass, to preach and to baptize." There King Ethelbert was baptized; and with him, it is said, ten thousand of the men of Kent embraced Christianity. The font in which the monarch was baptized still exists. The church itself has had a remarkable history, surviving disuse and decay, the savage destructiveness of the Saxons, the devastation of Danish invaders, and the apathy of later times. Its great antiquity renders it an object of much interest to antiquarians, although the "restorations" of subsequent centuries have done much to destroy the remains of the ancient architecture. Part of the walls both of nave and chancel are evidently of Roman workmanship.

Another of the relics of olden times that abound in this

ancient city is the "Dane John," a pleasure ground close to the town walls, open from time immemorial for the amusement of the citizens. In the centre is a high conical mound, from whence a view of the surrounding country is obtained. This mound is a puzzle to antiquarians; however old the wall is, and it is constructed of Roman brick, the mound is older, for the wall takes a bend obviously to include it. Some suggest that the singular name of Dane John comes from *Donjon*, a castle keep, but it was not the castle keep. Others allege that it is a Danish earthwork; but it seems of earlier date than the Danish invasion. However this may be, these minor points of interest appear insignificant in comparison with the historical and ecclesiastical interest—of no ordinary kind—which sheds a halo around the elegant and venerable structure which our forefathers were at such pains to embellish, and where thousands of pious pilgrims formerly knelt in prayer.



BEFORE THE STORM.

BY DEVEREUX.

BEAUTIFUL Ocean! fair are thy waves,
Flowing beneath the bright sun.
Thy moody caprices man fearlessly braves,
The charm of thy courses to run.

Soft as the summer-time whispering tales
Of far-away harbors of bliss.
Eagerly wooing the white spreading sails,
Embracing the vessels you kiss.

No word do you breathe of the dangers around,
As softly you sigh in the breeze.
Like the panther who crouches before the death-bound,
You seem to be fawning to please.

But when on your bosom the sailor beguiled
Surrenders himself to your charm,
As the maniac ravages foaming and wild,
You loosen your passion for harm.

The low-lying storm yonder looms like the night,
Fit comrade to thee in thy hate,
Stealthily creeping to share thy delight,
Thy lust of destruction to sate.

Treacherous Ocean! sea serpent thou,
Charming thy prey but to kill;
Never more lovely, more subtle than now,
When all on thy surface is still.

Legislative Library Ontario

A WAYSIDE SHRINE.

BY CHARLES CURTZ HAHN.

PEOPLE making the "overland journey," as it was called in years gone by, to California are impressed by the desolateness of the wayside stations along the great railroads after one goes beyond civilization, into the alkali region of what was once known as "The Great American Desert." These lonely stations consist of a box-like telegraph-operator's office, a diminutive waiting-room in which few people ever have occasion to wait, and a living-room for the operator and his family, if one is so unfortunate as to belong to him. The only other structure within miles of the place is a great water tank, a few rods up the road, with its wind-mill pump and its iron spout hanging high over the rails. This description will fit any of a score or more of stations on two, at least, of the great lines stretching across the continent and climbing over the Rockies into the golden, sunlit land of the Pacific Coast.

Singleton, out on the alkali plains of the Texas and Pacific Railroad, was one of these. But here the monotony of the dead sandy level, which had wearied the eyes of the travellers along the road, was relieved by a gully, which started a dozen rods east of the station and ran at cross-purposes with the compass towards the north-west, growing deeper as it ran until, evidently weary of finding an outlet lower than itself, it gradually widened and lost itself in the burning plains.

But near the station it made a perceptible gash in the surface of the earth. The bottom was really moist at times, and between the sides one could be partially sheltered from the fierce beating of the sun, while a few blades of grass struggled after a foreordained failure of existence.

On the side next to the station, and consequently concealed from it, stood a little girl, clad, seemingly, in a single faded calico garment, which reached from her neck to half-way between her knees and ankles, displaying a leg which no sculptor would care to model as an expression of grace. On her head was an old, wide-brimmed straw hat, as torn and dilapidated

as her dress. Her appearance gave one the idea that sun and alkali had shrunk both figure and garment.

Not so odd was her appearance, however, as the object before which she was standing in almost mute adoration. Cut in the side of the ravine was a little grotto, if so humble a hole in the ground could be designated by such a name, which she had dug with a fire-shovel borrowed from the station. It was only a few feet in width and scarcely deep enough to hold a pine box once used to contain crackers. Upon the rear of this had been placed a smaller box, and both had been laboriously covered with brown wrapping paper, such as comes from the grocer or hardware man around sugar or nails. Yet it was evident from the pride and happiness showing in the little maid's face, that for her this hole in the side of the gulch had some potent meaning.

Upon the upper, smaller box, had been fixed a cross, made by tying two sticks together with a string, and on each side of it the end of a candle had been made stationary by dropping a bit of melted tallow on the box and pressing the candle end upon it. On the front was pasted the solitary ornament belonging to the child—a holy picture which she had taken from her prayer-book—a little print of the Virgin and Child. Upon the larger box, which might be considered the altar of this wayside shrine, were reverently laid the treasures of the little devotee; a bit of colored glass, picked up at the foot of a telegraph pole, where it had fallen when no longer fit for insulating electric messages; a round, smooth, and highly polished piece of hard coal, chosen by her for its depth of coloring, and one or two pebbles of a size and color which had pleased the eye of this child collector as she wandered around the station.

Pitiful as they appeared, the treasures of her heart were here laid upon the Altar of the Virgin. And, to her, no temple with lofty spires and gleaming marble altars could have been half so radiantly beautiful as this papered cracker-box stuck in the side of a dry ravine.

The child sat down on a lump of earth removed from the niche during her labors of construction, and her eyes glanced wearily over the burning plains, across which the iron rails ran. It was a weary, old look in the little face, a face which, by all the laws of God, man, and nature, should have been plump, dimpled, and smiling; and the far away look in her

eyes was pathetic to see, even in one who has grown wrinkled and gray under the world's rough hand.

As she sat there, her mind busy with the reasons for this shrine in a slough from which the water had dried centuries ago, she became lost in childish meditation. There was a picture in her little brain, faint and now fading, of a passenger coach and a sick mamma; the alighting at this wayside station, and a bed in the hot waiting room. Then, all of a sudden her mamma refused to speak to her, and the operator had brought in a long board and laid her mamma upon it. The little maiden had tried to hug her mamma, but mamma was stiff and cold, and would not even smile.

Some things in the next few days were very weird and dim in the maiden's mind. She could remember several men putting her mamma in a box, and of a walk out on the burning sand, —a hole and mamma put down into it. She had cried when they did this, and grasped the hand of the station agent, who had hold of one end of the rope which was letting the long box down into the ground. But her strength was too feeble to stop him. Then the men rattled the sand and earth down upon her mamma, and Miriam sat down and cried.

The next few days were very vague and misty in her mind. She remembered snatches of conversation between the agent and the train-men, from which she had gleaned that she had a father somewhere, but no one knew where. And the agent said that she should stay with him and his wife for awhile at least.

She remembered her papa, a kind-faced man with black whiskers, who used to cuddle her in his arms, and she wanted him, oh so much, now! She knew the station agent had telegraphed all along the line, telling of the waif left at Singleton station, and asking about her father; but he could learn nothing.

Then, as the long, hot days dragged themselves across the desert, the idea somehow filtered into her little brain that if she could only do something to propitiate the Blessed Virgin, she would be able to find her papa. For all her short life she had been carefully trained in the belief that the Mother of God was a sure refuge for her children. Now, in her extremity, she decided to test this refuge! Test it? No! The childish faith needed no test! She would simply do something to please the Virgin, and the Virgin would bring back her papa! There was no doubt about that! Doubt is left for older people.

But what could a little girl out on the plains find to do that would please the Lady in Heaven? Carefully she ran over her small accomplishments and opportunities for "extraordinary works of devotion," but none of them offered such an opening as she thought would be satisfactory. Once she almost decided on the conversion of the station agent, but the magnitude of the undertaking discouraged her. Her ways of grace were decidedly limited.

Miriam's heart was very sad when, like a rift in the cloud, came an inspiration! She would build a shrine to the Good Mother of Jesus!

Wearily, day after day, she dug into the bank of the ravine, until an irregular and entirely inartistic hole had been excavated. With infinite pains and labor, which brought blisters to her fingers, she toiled on until her self-imposed task was finished; and then her heart exulted!

She had done something to please the Virgin! She had built her an Altar in this lonely land, and the Virgin would find her papa for her!

While Miriam was thus dreaming she heard the whistle of the east-bound express coming across the plains, and a few minutes later knew, from the sounds of unusual activity around, that it had stopped at the station. But for once the great sensation of the day had no attraction for her. She still dreamed on; then, at least five minutes later, recovered with a start and found herself wondering why the express had not passed by. In the midst of her busy thoughts she had completely forgotten it. It was still standing on the main track by the station, and she heard voices; one railroad man was saying to another:

"It will take an hour to clear the track"; and then cursed their luck in being held at such a God-forsaken place.

There had been a wreck of a freight train a few miles east, and the express was being held at Singleton until it could be cleared away. There were not many passengers, and the few there were found nothing in the bare plains to draw them from the coaches. Save one, an official of the road, Chicago bound, who alighted and walked around to stretch his legs. The process led him to the ravine where Miriam was seated, and he stood gazing at her and the queer little hole in the earth for a moment before she discovered his presence.

"Quite a play-house, my little woman!" said the official,

for he was a genial man, with a love for children, whatever strikers and disgruntled employees might think of him.

"'Tain't a play-house," replied Miriam promptly.

"Oh! I beg your pardon. What is it then, if I may ask?" the manager persisted, with a smile which won the confidence of the little priestess.

"It's a shrine t' th' Bless'd Virgin. I built it myself 'cause I want to 'pishate her 'n' find my papa."

The general manager was not a Christian, yet there was something so wistful and earnest in the face of the ragged girl before him that his face became unusually grave as he asked:

"Who are you, daughter? Maybe I can help you find your papa."

"Oh! did the Blessed Virgin send you?" Miriam exclaimed, jumping up, and a smile spreading over her face. "Did she? Oh! I'm so glad."

"Not so fast, little one," the official replied, a trifle sadly. "But, who knows? Perhaps she did. Tell me who you are, and why you have dug this queer little hole in the ground."

Rapidly Miriam told her pitiful story. There was not a doubt in her mind now, notwithstanding his disclaimer, that this man had been sent by the Virgin to help her. And at the end of her recital the man cleared his throat as he asked very gently:

"What is your name, little one?"

"Miriam."

"Miriam! How long have you been here, child?"

"Oh! a long time. Most a year, I guess," the girl answered wearily.

"And what was your papa's name?"

"I know that 'cause it's in my prayer-book," and lifting a corner of the brown wrapping paper from her altar, she drew forth a child's prayer-book.

"There, you can read it," she said, turning to the front fly-leaf and handing the book to the manager. He took it from her hands and read:

"William Kennedy."

"Um–m," was all he uttered for a moment. Then, stretching out his hand to the girl, he gravely said:

"Come, little one. Let us go up to the station. Perhaps I can find your papa for you."

"I knew the Blessed Virgin sent you!"

"Perhaps she did, without my knowing of it," the general manager replied thoughtfully.

"The wreck is cleared away," was the operator's greeting, as the official appeared at the station, leading Miriam by the hand.

"Where's the engineer?"

"Here, sir," replied that person, who had left his engine in charge of the fireman and was talking to the conductor.

"Can you make up fifteen minutes more between here and Tucson?"

"If we don't run across another wreck I can."

"Then, conductor, hold the train a quarter of an hour longer."

But the train was not held that long. Ten minutes proved sufficient for all requirements. The general manager hastily probed the station agent for Miriam's history; and as he was only too glad to find some one interested in the waif, the station agent speedily told all he knew about her.

"I know a William Kennedy, who has been mourning the loss of his wife and child for nearly a year," said the general manager, when the recital was ended. "He came to our road from Kansas City, and told a story of having met with an accident just as his wife and daughter started for California. He lay in the hospital, unconscious, for weeks, and when discharged, he could get no trace of them. It nearly drove him crazy. That was why the operator here and the train-men on this division could learn nothing of him—he was in the hospital, ignorant of the fact that his wife had died. And at that time he was not engaged on this road. He is a civil engineer, and last month was employed to survey a branch road for us through Texas. If you have no objections I will take the girl along with me and hunt him up. If he does not prove to be her father, I will take her on home with me. She will be no worse off than here."

"Couldn't be," muttered the engineer.

Well what more need be told? The general manager took Miriam with him. The engineer made up the forty minutes lost, and the east-bound express reached Tucson on time. At the terminus of that division they found William Kennedy. He was Miriam's papa. And to this day the little girl, now grown to be a woman, firmly believes the general manager was sent by the Blessed Virgin in answer to her prayers.

ALEXANDER III. AND A POLISH PRIEST.

BY J. BRODHEAD.

IN the modest hamlet of Podborz, not far from Tomaszof, an industrial town near the Western frontier of Russian Poland, there lives a saintly priest whose name is scarcely known outside the limits of his rural parish. Nevertheless the influence of this Polish priest, Father Zudmowski, is almost as far-reaching as the Empire of the Autocrat of all the Russias. Since 1872 he was the friend, confidant, and counsellor of Alexander III., who made his acquaintance while visiting Field Marshal Baratinski, at a time when there seemed little probability that he would ascend the throne of the Romanoffs.

Unable to overcome the priest's aversion to leaving his humble parish for a more important mission near St. Petersburg, Alexander the Third purchased a hunting estate in the neighborhood, in the forest of Beloweshki.

To this castle of Spala it was, for years, the custom of the Czar to retire from time to time to enjoy the society of Father Zudmowski. Here the untiring royal worker sought surcease from the toils of state and the solace of human friendship, a boon so rare and precious for one whom Providence had so unenviably exalted above his fellows.

By a judicious use of his influence, Father Zudmowski has greatly ameliorated the condition of the peasantry in his native land. To him is due, to a great extent, that admirable institution "The Peasants' Land Bank," organized on lines that would satisfy the most advanced socialist, and which has done more than anything else to neutralize the baneful effects of Semite usury in rural districts, resulting as it always did in the absorption of the land by Hebrews. No Jew is now allowed to possess more than fifteen acres, and these he must cultivate himself, or at any rate he is not allowed to have a Christian farm tenant.

This Peasants' Land Bank, endowed with a capital of many

millions from the Public Utility Fund, issues loans to the peasant on the security of his farm up to ninety of its valuation. In order to obtain or renew a loan the peasant must furnish a certificate from the local committee, established for the purpose of examining into the real needs of the farmer soliciting such aid. He pays no interest, but cannot sell or mortgage any part of his property without the consent of the bank.

Father Zudmowski is about seventy-six years of age. He has seen many bishops and priests, exiled forty years ago for having taken part in the Polish insurrections of 1863, restored to their native land by the present Emperor. Above all, he saw to some extent the long-standing breach between Rome and Russia healed at last. Alexander's representative at the Vatican was the bearer of an autograph letter from the Czar to the Pontiff—the contents of which are known only to these two, and perhaps to Father Zudmowski. In 1849, when Pius IX. was an exile at Gaeta, two documents, regarded as Russian state papers, were published in Paris. One of them, entitled "The Papacy and the Roman Question," is of singular interest read in the light of the present:

"The Papacy cannot much longer remain shut up in this fiery circle. . . . How, in view of what is passing, shall it be forbidden to Christians to hope . . . that on the eve of the combats now approaching God will restore to the church the plenitude of her strength, and that for this purpose he will come, in his time, to heal with his merciful hand the wound in her side made by the hands of men?—this wound (*i. e.*, the schism between the Eastern and Western churches) which has bled for eight hundred years. The orthodox Greek Church has never despaired of the cure. She awaits it, she reckons on it, not only with confidence but with certainty. Despite the separation of several centuries, she has not ceased to remember that the Christian principle has never perished in the Church of Rome. She knows also that, at the present hour, as during the centuries past, the Christian destinies of the West are still in the hands of the Church of Rome, and she hopes, with confidence, that at the hour of the great reunion she (the Church of Rome) will restore to her (the Greek Church) this deposit intact."

It is impossible to overestimate, from a moral and political stand-point, the importance and the desirability of this reunion of the Western with the Eastern Church, represented by Russia since 1453.

This reunion is in the nature of things, and bound to take place sooner or later. Russia has no quarrel with Rome, like England or Germany. She never shook off the yoke of the Roman Pontiffs. Her great misfortune was that she never bore it. Her saints are our saints, her sacraments are our sacraments.

If, on the one hand, the Latin Church has preserved intact the sacred deposit confided to her, nowhere is the generating principle of Christianity more deeply engrafted and vigorous than it is among the Russian people. No nation is more imbued and impregnated with the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-abnegation, this vital essence of Christianity which lies deeper than creed, and of which it was said "If the salt hath lost its flavor wherewith shall it be salted." Among the Western nations the lust for filthy lucre and all the ills entailed by the ruthless struggle to acquire it, have so weakened this great principle that, suiting the theory to the practice, science and literature have devised theories to justify the *status quo* social. We hear everywhere of "the struggle for life, the survival of the fittest," "the law of supply and demand," etc.

But notwithstanding the narrow views of naturalists, who, with eyes bent earthwards, see but one side, and that the meanest of the grand scheme of creation, the struggle for life and the survival of the fittest are not the last words nor the be all and end all.

The faculty of self-renunciation and self-sacrifice is, and will always remain, the basis of man's moral nature—nay, of *all* nature.

The reunion of the West with the young and vigorous nation of the East would be like the infusion of new blood and virile elements, that would quicken the life-giving pulsations of the Church Universal. Nor is this all. History repeats itself, and if the observations of thoughtful travellers are not astray, there are indications that the wave of Islamism, which beat so fiercely upon the shores of Europe in the

centuries past, has only receded. It is not spent, by any means.

The Crimean War was waged against the Moslem by Nicholas I., overtly and emphatically, not as Czar of all the Russias, but as the head of the Eastern Church. Nor have these two opposing armies disbanded since then. Their final struggle is yet to come. And as the victories of Charles Martel and of Ferdinand and Isabella saved Europe in the past from becoming a province of the Sultans of Bagdad or Iconium, so the outcome of the final struggle between *Slav and Moslem* will herald and inaugurate the era of a New World in the Old.

NOTE.—Referring to my *Slav and Moslem*, Cardinal Gibbons wrote: "*The subject is one of peculiar interest—particularly to the Christian student.*"

SWEET THOUGHTS.

BY MARIAN S. PINE.

BUILD in thy heart a nest;
There let sweet thoughts, like birds
On golden wing,
Sing, sing,
The livelong day.
Their warbles blest
Will charm pale Grief and Care away,
Drown Envy's soul-consuming words,
And all thy Passions sweetly lull to rest.

DIVORCE AND ITS EFFECTS ON SOCIETY.

BY DR. GEORGE GIGLINGER.

THE laws of a free, self-governed people are but the reflection of the degree of civilization which these people, in their march through the ages, have reached as a nation. These laws are not only their own creation, but they are their standard of morality, and by them are individuals and nation judged. The effect cannot be greater than its cause, and human laws cannot be higher than human ideals of right and wrong. Lax divorce laws point, therefore, to a lax public opinion on marriage, and nothing but a change of public opinion in this regard will bring about a change in the marriage laws. The census of divorce in the United States for the past year is given as 45,000; Chicago leads with 4,341, Greater New York follows with 2,146, Philadelphia 1,772, San Francisco 1,760, St. Louis 1,596, Indianapolis 1,391, etc. According to Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., 500,000 divorces have been granted in the United States within the last twenty years, and 1,500,000 children have seen their homes broken up. This is a vast army of divorced people, and leaves more desolation and bitter tears in its path than an invading army of 500,000 men.

Before casting a glance at our own times and suggesting remedies for existing evils it may not be amiss to look back to the historic ages of the Romans, Greeks, and Jews. What were the marriage laws in ancient times, and what were their effects on society? Look at Rome. According to Dr. Mueller the family life of the early Romans was exemplary, and a goddess called "Bona Dea" (the Good Goddess) was its protectress. For more than five hundred years divorce was unknown among the Romans. Spurius Carvilius is mentioned as the first man who rejected his wife on account of her sterility. Gellius says that his motives for rejecting her were based on scruples of conscience, for he loved her; but being obliged, according to custom, to take an oath that marriage was entered into with the intention of bringing forth offspring, which intention being frustrated, he thought that the love he felt for his wife was subordinate to the obligation imposed upon him by

the oath, and he therefore dismissed her. The Romans venerated a special goddess named "Viriplaca," who was supposed to settle disputes between husband and wife. The first marriage of the Roman woman was the ideal marriage, and on many a tombstone the inscription may be read "Univira" (to one man); man also thought it an honor to remain faithful to his dead wife. Statius says: "To love a living wife is delight, but to love a dead one is a sacred duty." The noble Roman families pointed with just pride to a blameless family life. Both married and unmarried men would do well to remember the words of Seneca, viz., that it is impious to expect a woman to be chaste if the man himself is a corrupter of the weak sex. Lucius Antonius was expelled from the senate because he had deserted a virgin whom he had married; Ædilius Mancinus, who was attacked in a disreputable house, could get no satisfaction before a court of justice; and punishment was inflicted on Sergius Silus simply because he had promised money to a married woman. As long as the family life of the Romans was free from reproach the Romans were heroes and happy, but with its fall they became cowards and malcontents. Mommsen very appropriately says: "Five hundred and twelve years elapsed from the foundation of Rome before the first formal divorce was granted; but the divorcer, till his death, was pursued by the obloquy of his fellow-citizens." In those days nothing could withstand the onset of the Roman legions. Then Rome ruled the known world. But, in the time of Julius Cæsar, celibacy and childlessness became more and more common; the family institution fell. The Latin stock in Italy underwent an alarming diminution. Marcus Aurelius tried to bring the Romans back to a sense of duty; but the Roman virtue was gone, the people had no sense of a personal responsibility to their gods, who were simply things of their own fanciful creation, and Rome perished.

Now, casting a glance at Greece, we should keep in mind that the Greeks were a poetic people and much taken with the beauty of form; but in spite of all this, and in spite of philosophic schools that made sensual pleasures the end and aim of life, they held chastity in high esteem and no goddess was more honored among them than the chaste Athena. It is true that the Spartan marriage laws were very lax, but the fact that, for a considerable period of time, they were a source of scandal to the other Greek states, is a redeeming feature. We

read that even the Spartan Gerodates when asked by a stranger what punishments were meted out to those who were unfaithful to their marriage vows, answered: "My friend, there are no such people amongst us." The family institution was at that time the palladium of Greece, but the nation got tired of this fundamental institution, and Polybius, her historian, writes that the downfall of Greece was not owing to the war or to the plague, but mainly to a general repugnance felt for marriage and a reluctance to rear large families, caused by an extravagantly high standard of living.

If we now look at the Jews we find that among them the *libellum repudii* was only tolerated on account of the hardness of their hearts. We read in the book of Genesis: "Wherefore a man shall leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife, and they shall be two in one flesh," viz., they will be as inseparable as unity is from itself. The Jews were faithful to this divine command until they witnessed during their captivity in Egypt the transgressions of their oppressors. In later years, on account of their weakness of faith, their corruption of morals, and "their hardness of heart," a man was permitted to give a bill of divorce to his wife and dismiss her. This permission did not regard conjugal infidelity, for which the penalty of death was decreed, but was very vague, for a man could dismiss his wife if she "found not favor in his eyes on account of some uncleanness." This law was rarely resorted to until a short time before the coming of Christ. Christ, however, restored marriage to its original purity and indissolubility, for we read in St. Matthew, chapter xix.: "And there came to him the Pharisees tempting him and saying: Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause? Who, answering, said to them: Have you not read that he who made man from the beginning made them male and female? And he said: For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be in one flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. They say to him: Why then did Moses command to give a bill of divorce, and to put away? He saith to them: Because Moses by reason of the hardness of your heart permitted you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so. And I say to you, that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another,

committeth adultery: and he that shall marry her that is put away, committeth adultery." The first impression in reading this text is that Christ did away with divorce except in the case of adultery, in which case divorce may be granted. We admit that this text considered by itself has been a source of much perplexity and confusion, but it is not beyond interpretation, and a flood of light is thrown on it when compared with other texts that bear on this matter. The most important of these texts is: St. Luke xvi. 18.: "Every one that putteth away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery: and he that marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery." This text admits of no exception and is plainly to the point. St. Mark in the tenth chapter says: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. And in the house again his disciples asked him concerning the same thing. And he saith to them: Whosoever shall put away his wife and marry another, committeth adultery against her. And if the wife shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." If Christ intended to make adultery sufficient cause not only for divorce but also for remarriage, he should have mentioned it when he addressed his Apostles, whom he commissioned to teach all nations. St. Paul, answering some questions addressed to him by the Christian converts at Corinth, says: "But to them that are married not I but the Lord commandeth that the wife depart not from her husband. And if she depart, that she remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband; and let not the husband put away his wife." And in the seventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans he says: "Know you not, brethren, that the law hath dominion over a man, as long as he liveth? For the woman that hath a husband, whilst her husband liveth, she shall be called an adulteress, if she be with another man." St. Paul, after having stated in plain words that he is teaching not his own doctrine but the word of God, says that only death can dissolve the bond of matrimony, and that as long as the husband liveth she is an adulteress if she be with another man; hence she must either remain unmarried or be reconciled to her husband.

Considering now the text of St. Matthew, mention may be made of the fact that about forty years before Christ there were two main opinions on the causes for which a woman could be dismissed. Rabbi Schammai and his followers main-

tained that the *libellum repudii* could be given only on account of fornication and in a few other exceptional cases. Hillel and his followers claimed that the wife could be dismissed whenever the man was dissatisfied with her. The question of divorce was a vital question at the time of Christ, and according to the text of St. Matthew it contained two distinct truths, viz., of putting away the wife, and of marrying again. The preposition "except" belongs to the first part of the sentence and not to the second. It modifies the general statement made by our Lord "whosoever shall put away his wife committeth adultery," and has no reference to what follows, "and shall marry another."

Permission is given to put away in case of fornication, no permission is given to marry again. The meaning of the text of St. Matthew is, that if a wife be guilty of fornication, the husband, in putting her away, is not guilty of adultery; but if he puts her away without grave cause (fornication), he thereby unjustly denies to her the rights which she acquired over his body when contracting marriage; and exposing her to the sin of incontinence, which in her case is adultery, he is also to some extent responsible for this sin. If he marries again he is guilty of adultery. A Protestant writer says: "Suppose we find this precept: 'Whosoever shall flog his son, except it be for disobedience, and shall put him to death, shall be punishable by law,' who would suppose that disobedience justified the father not only in flogging but also in causing the death of his son by excessive flogging? If the law-giver intended to give to the father this extreme right he would say, 'Except in case of disobedience, whoever shall flog his son and put him to death shall be punishable by law,' or else, 'Whoever shall flog his son and put him to death, except it be for disobedience, shall be punished by law.' The exception must logically and grammatically be referred to statements which precede and not to those which follow unless it be expressly mentioned." The exceptive words in St. Matthew, therefore, give permission to put away the wife on account of fornication, as Rabbi Schammai's followers contended, but they give no permission to remarry.

Whence the alarming increase in divorce in our own day? Because marriage is no longer looked upon as symbolical of the union of Christ with His Church, which is inseparable; but is the loose bond which unites a pleasure-seeking husband and wife. A marriage which rests on pleasure as its foundation cannot long satisfy the cravings of human passions, and its

stability decreases as the passions increase. Marriage is unfortunately looked upon by many as a simple contract between man and woman, which contract may be nullified by mutual consent. Many have a wrong conception of the nature of marriage; they are forgetful of the fact that it is a sacred public institution on which depends not only their own personal weal and woe but that of society. It is contracted in most instances from a sense of love, but it must be continued from a sense of duty. In the marriage contract liberty is sacrificed on the altar of duty, and though love may pass away, duty remains. Married people owe this sacred duty to God, to themselves, to their offspring, and to the safety and stability of their country. By loose marriages race-suicide is encouraged and the welfare of state and society is threatened. An English judge, Lord Stowell, when deciding the case of Evans *vs.* Evans, said: "It must be carefully remembered that the general happiness of the married life is secured by its indissolubility. When people understand that they must live together they learn to soften, by mutual accommodation, that yoke which they know they cannot shake off. They become good husbands and good wives, for necessity is a powerful master in teaching the duties it imposes. If it were once understood that upon mutual disgust married persons might become legally separated, many couples who now pass through the world with mutual comfort, with attention to their offspring and to the moral order of civil society, might have been at this moment living in a state of mutual unkindness, in a state of estrangement from their common offspring, and in a state of most licentious and unreserved immorality In this case, as in many others, the happiness of some individuals must be sacrificed to the greater and more general good." Truly golden words, for marriages of divorced persons are but "registered" concubinages and their effects upon society are even worse than those wrought upon it by the Mormons. These support several wives, while divorced men have several wives without supporting any. The case of the wife who deserts her husband is no better, and is even deserving of a severer censure, because when woman induces man to do wrong, she being the weaker, will be the greater sufferer in the end.

Strict anti-divorce laws should be enacted in every State of the Union, so strict as to render human weakness sitting on

the bench unable to put asunder what God hath joined together. A personal responsibility to God must be inculcated in the minds of our young men and young women. God must not be considered simply as a force of nature but as a personal Being who rewards and punishes, and to whom we are indebted for all we are and have. Our human and eternal happiness both depend on our fidelity to him. Unless married men and women are guided by higher motives than a mere external obedience to human laws, the institution of marriage will and must suffer; for human laws are inadequate to root out the abominable crime of race-suicide by which the fundamental laws of nature are violated, and which is a prolific source of much unhappiness and of divorce. President Roosevelt's name will go down to posterity because, as the highest representative of the people, he had the moral courage to point out the great wrong which secretly threatens to destroy our nation. Our system of co-education, especially after the age of fourteen or fifteen years, is also responsible for many hasty marriages and much unhappiness in the married state, because it sets aside the laws of nature, which require a different training for the girl from that of the boy, according to the different natures and different callings in life. Experience is also in contradiction with the theory that by bringing boys and girls together (especially between the ages of fourteen to eighteen) their temptations are lessened and that greater purity of life is thereby attained. Boys and girls find, on the contrary, that instead of being gods and goddesses they are but very frail human beings with like temptations, the satisfaction of which they can easily procure. Another great evil and fruitful source of divorce is that the people of moderate means in their mad desire to shine in society and enjoy all the luxuries of life, live far beyond their means, neglecting home and sacred duties. Self-sacrifice being unknown to them, a very slight disagreement is sufficient to break the sacred bond and separate them.

Many other considerations on this subject might be advanced, but it will suffice to say that only by returning to the chaste virtues of our forefathers we shall be enabled to strengthen and make inviolate the sacred bond of marriage. Stringent laws should be enacted, and a healthy opinion should be fostered by our press, by the leaders of society and all those that are concerned in this vital question.

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

I.

HEN the average man fights shy of anything that smacks of philosophy, he scarcely realizes that he is affirming a philosophy of his own—at least the unfruitfulness and perhaps the inconclusiveness of philosophical thought.

More than that. He still less is conscious that we all must have and do have a philosophy. Oh! it is very crude, perhaps; unsystematized, incoherent, and somewhat contradictory. But by the very fact that man is a rational animal, and not a mere brute or an idiot, a philosophy of some kind more or less wittingly affects, helps to shape, and in some measure determines his opinions, beliefs, criterions of judgment and conduct—in a word, his life.

Poor Mr. Jourdain! amazed to learn that you spoke prose. Be good enough to know that you *think* philosophy. But be reassured you are neither an Addison nor—a Plato.

II.

Yes. And the natural philosophy of the human mind is not such a bad thing of its kind. In fact when we laboriously unlearn it for some chance article "made in Germany," or elsewhere, it is not so sure that the exchange is very wise or profitable.

You know you exist. You know you think—oh! ever so little, but you *do* think. Great heavens! what are all these newspapers and magazines but flattering appeals to your powers of mind and thought. You know there are other beings and things around you—real people and real things. And your phenomenon of hunger will not be appeased by anything but a real dinner, any more than your possible phenomenon of impecuniosity will be satisfied with anything other than real money, if you can get it.

But go to any of the department stores of manufactured philosophies; and presto—you are not any longer satisfied with anything whatever; nor sure that even your soul is your own.

III.

The pity of it is not only that the half-understood speculations, good and bad, which men of ability construct around some hint of very abstruse truth, which has carried themselves away to drifting conclusions, become substituted for our more direct intuitions. But that in losing these and absorbing the others in every insinuated form from a thousand channels—changing our mental vision, our natural speech, and our native criterions of common sense, we lose all taste for sound philosophy; we even come to distrust the very name, and to forget that we were born with any philosophy at all.

The philosophy which reassures us of the validity of human reason, of the certitude of any belief, of the reality of things around us, of the substantiality of a spirit within us, the veracity of consciousness and conscience, and the verity of our responsibility and accountability—that philosophy is worse than a Cinderella left at home. No prince of us all—and we are all princes of unknowing or uncaring—will even try to fit her slipper, even to our poor common dressed and common sense native philosophy.

IV.

It would be an interesting, and perhaps not so unprofitable an enterprise, if in regard to the main subjects of thought and of life, some one would rule out parallel columns showing under the different heads the fundamental pronouncements of each school—leaving a blank column for entries of common sense and common belief.

The idealist, the materialist, the associationalist, the relativist, the agnostic—what entertaining (when intelligible) declarations they would exhibit concerning our common concepts of men and things, mind and thought, free will and virtue, law and responsibility, origin and destiny, cause and effect, substance and phenomenon, consciousness and personality, reality and certitude—truth and goodness.

To see in juxtaposition and parallel columns with our common words and notions, the statements of various schools; the pure ideologist declaring that there is no certainty in the objectivity of things outside of us; the transcendentalist, of one kind, that being and not-being are the same thing and both

unreal; the materialist that ideas are mere brain-secretions; the relativist that "mind and nervous action are simply subjective and objective faces of the same thing"; and finally the associationalist that "self" is "a series of feelings conscious of itself as a series."

V.

Yes. Every one of us has a natural philosophy—even if it be only a pocket-edition, and pretty poor-looking from ill-usage. If we might only restore ourselves to that, as preliminary to a fresh glance at the world around us and the spirit within; as an anti-toxin against the half-hatched microbes with which every page of journals, magazines, novels, and current literature has become permeated by systems which, whatever of truth they contain, *squirm all over* to avoid pronouncing the names of soul and God.

Oh! to return at least to that native philosophy, to the natural ideas, the rational instincts and intuitions whereby we pronounced some things to be real, some truths to be certain, some acts to be wicked; and ourselves sure to give an account of our uses of mind, will, and life. To that philosophy whereby in hope or in anguish, in life and at death, our lips sincerely and humbly lisp the words:

Deus meus! Oh, my God!

SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.

I.

The gift of synthesis is rare, as criticism is proverbially easy. As the vision flies back over the slowly-covered ground of human speculation, how few are the names of constructive genius, inaugurating or epitomizing whole eras in the march and direction of that speculation.

From Descartes to Kant seems but a day's journey; and back from our day to Kant hardly a stone's-throw. Yet the impetus given by the latter has led human thought from idealism run wild, through materialism run amuck; and into the little-less dismal swamps of a hopeless agnosticism. Until again rays of a new idealism seem breaking out under cover of his name and teaching.

The twentieth century opens up within Catholic ranks with

an already well-started neo-scholasticism, taking up the threads of Aristotelian and mediæval philosophy, and restoring the continuity of metaphysical speculation where it seemed broken off by Descartes.

It is easy to republish and merely copy; and perhaps in some small measure to refurbish and exploit with empty imitation. But where on the horizon is the constructive mind to mark the new era with a new direction, authoritative in effect as in name?

II.

The golden age of scholasticism was afterward rendered sterile by petty casuistries,—if we may coin the word, by micro-dialectics. With consequent blindness to the continuous growth of thought and knowledge, of accumulating experience and reflection, and of the development of the sciences of observation. And much more, to the changed modalities of human society and human activities.

Yet in the works of the masters lay the germs of recognition, of suggestion and of power of assimilation of these things.

To-day we are confronted with something of a like danger and a like problem, if the advance of human knowledge, outside, alongside, or in anywise, is ignored, unavailed of, or treated as alien—outlawed of hearing or consideration, except superficial and hostile.

Quite to the contrary in attitude and deeper substance is the true trend of that philosophy which we prefer to call Classic—the continuous and Catholic philosophy which takes account of and assimilates, not only whatever of truth and good may have gone before, but all coexisting and contemporaneous effort to give intelligent and scientific answer, as far as humanly possible, to the mysteries of life, substance and being; of self and world and God.

III.

It is perhaps in their total breach of continuity with older systems and ancient truths, their philistine and provincial ignorance and disregard of the great past, that most radically err in starting point the numerous "isms" which have made of philosophy, as of religion, instead of a unity, a noun of

multitude; and of the highest and noblest domains of human thought a science of *nescience*.

Mere newness is muddled together in lieu of synthesis, or patched into mechanical agglomeration under the name of association; whereas the very essence of synthesis is to be organic, and infused with living and real unity.

The true way, indeed, is not the easy one of eclecticism. Eclecticism is not synthesis, any more than a bundle, irrespective of its contents, is an organic unity. The biologic principle alone spells life. Eclecticism is a mere museum of dry bones; while synthesis is a living organism of dynamic energy as well as static matter.

IV.

There is little danger, however, of an eclecticism from the outside, which will take in Aristotelian and scholastic philosophy. That philosophy holds to-day this peculiar position, that errant sisters have no wish, and seemingly no hope, of adapting their categories to hers. And while perpetually shifting their own ground in some new shuffle of names and concepts, they ever fight shy of the principles which might save them from a diversified, but always recurrent, agnosticism.

The antinomies of certitude and uncertainty at least seem to believe in their mutual antagonism.

But may it not devolve upon the clearer sight and surer hand of the elder sister to lean out a little, and seek if in their wanderings the others may not have gathered some fruits and flowers by the wayside; if some of their new categories have not meanings of information, of assimilation and of truth?

V.

Perhaps a fuller study in the light of modern investigation of the theory of ideas and their coerciveness on the human mind; less exclusiveness of pure dialectics as against other channels and powers of mind in arriving at truth; a greater recognition of the province of Will and the appetitive faculties in relation to Intellect; greater allowance for the ethical and æsthetic faculties and the intuitions of the heart as against abstract logistics; an enlarging of the Aristotelian theory of induction, more in harmony with prevailing processes and habits of men in acquiring their knowledge and convic-

tions; better assimilation of the results of sciences of observation, physical and psychological; modification in terminology and methodology better adapted to ease of understanding and natural appealingness, and closer to the habits of language and thought of the age. Is there not reason to add: some change in an undefinable *modality* of seeming antagonism to triumphant and rightly cherished modern principles, individual, political, social, and economic; to fly in face of which is to shut the very doors of hearing, and the very "wish to believe," in the mind, heart, and conscience of the inquiring, striving, and progressive modern world.

In brief: scholastic philosophy, like all human science, however sound in its substantial tenets, must be modernized in presentation and perfected by assimilation of whatever light and truth the human mind and race may have appropriated—or it must rot.

VI.

This classic, continuous, organic, Catholic philosophy has on its side—if it will but seek to make itself understood, and if it will but wish to make itself *loved*—the natural philosophy of the human mind.

It is the philosophy of reality, of certitude, of consciousness, of conscience and of common sense. It holds the credentials of the continuity, solidarity, and of the actual working and living postulates of the race. Its empire is Catholic, and itself is the capital and fortress of faith in true universals of knowledge and science. It has the weapons of precision and clear analysis as well as an unapproached coherency and consistency of synthesis. It proclaims and defends both the validity of reason and the necessity to us of sense—experience. It holds fast to and substantiates the highest and noblest categories of thought to which the human mind, however indistinctly, still for ever clings. It furnishes the rational groundwork for all that is best, most elevating and inspiring in nature, character, conduct, belief, hope, and aspiration.

It is indissolubly linked—and humanity realizes it more and more, age by age, with one sporadic effort after the other—with the supremest affirmation given to man to lisp, to live and hope by: the name of God. It is the human door to Faith.

Views and Reviews.

1.—It was a happy thought to put together the chief encyclicals* of Leo XIII. in a convenient volume like the one before us. For there is a great wealth of Christian wisdom in the late Pontiff's letters to the modern world; a wisdom which we need to learn if family and state and the salvation of the individual are to be placed beyond the perils now besetting them. The Encyclicals on the Christian Constitution of States, on Christian Marriage, on Christian Citizenship, and on the Duties of Labor, with their clearness of principle, loftiness of tone, and sureness of authority come upon the turbulence of our social restlessness as the voice of old that ordered the tempest upon the lake to be still. And for high standards of devotion there are the really great letters on the Holy Spirit, the Holy Eucharist, and on Christ the Redeemer. Finally, to mention the Encyclicals which testify to Leo's affectionate desire to do what he could for the illumination of those outside the church, we have the pronouncements on Christian Unity and Anglican Orders, and his most consoling letter to the American hierarchy in which he gives his solemn approval to our missions to the non-Catholics of this country.

Perhaps some will think that it would have been well to omit the Encyclical on Freemasonry from this selection. The document aims throughout at conditions so unquestionably European that there is room for considering it unentitled to a place in a book like the present one. Father Wynne's introduction is very well done and very eulogistic. Perhaps, however, it is a little extreme to declare: "If to-day a Brunetière, without fear of contradiction, can proclaim science bankrupt, it is in a great measure because Leo's Encyclical on the study of St. Thomas and scholastic philosophy inspired Catholic scientists, and through their influence non-Catholic scientists as well, to study both theology and science more ardently, systematically, and conservatively, and with such success in reconciling their apparent disagreements that the best scientists of our day recognize how each is but a study from a different aspect of the same great First Cause."

* *The Great Encyclical Letters of Leo XIII.* With Preface by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

2—Father Coppens, S.J., in giving his latest production* to the public adds a worthy book to religious literature. The study of the Catholic religion ordinarily is a labor to the non-Catholic wishing to go below the small catechism, for the very sight of the tomes of theologians should make him tremble. Yet it is safe to say he could be satisfied with a small volume skilfully condensing in itself the proofs for, and an account of the historic development of, Catholic doctrines. The book in hand was not compiled to supply the need to which we refer, but is intended as a guide to teachers and students of the Catholic religion; yet it was our fancy while reading *The Systematic Study of Religion*, that many an educated non-Catholic would be spared precious hours wasted in delving into book shelves were he to meet with this work in the beginning of his doubts about his own faith. As a text book it is excellent—concise, fresh, and free from the dry, formal method which makes the student's task uninteresting. The truths relating to the church are synthesized under three heads, namely: the Teaching and Authority of the Catholic Church, the Doctrines of the Catholic Church, and the Duties of Catholics. The logical sequence of the divisions of the work is worthy of praise. The student and the teacher of religion should be thankful for the labor removed from their shoulders by the use of a work like this.

3—In 1589 was printed for the first time a spiritual treatise known as the *Spiritual Combat*, or Conflict, which since then, in various forms, under different names, and in many languages, has been presented countless times to the public. Was it written by Lorenzo Scupoli, the Theatine, or by Juan de Castaniza, the Benedictine, or by Achilles Gagliardi, the Jesuit? In all probability by one of the first two; yet to which of these the authorship should be ascribed is uncertain. Nor indeed does any great importance attach to the controversy; for what is of most interest and significance is the fact that the little treatise has had a career which entitles it to rank among the greatest spiritual books of the world; a career so distinguished, in fact, that some men venture to compare it to the *Following of Christ.*

At one time or another the work has appeared in Spanish,

* *A Systematic Study of Religion.* By Charles Coppens, S.J. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

Latin, Italian, French, English, German, Portuguese, Flemish, Greek, Armenian, Basque, and Arabic. Within two hundred years of its first publication it passed through 260 editions. St. Francis de Sales declared that it had been, under God, his teacher in all the exercises of the spiritual life, and for eighteen years, so he told St. Chantal, he had carried it in his pocket. Before the sixteenth century ended an English version was made, and for the last three hundred years new editions and translations have been appearing, closing with the beautifully prepared book now before us.

This new publication * contains besides "The Spiritual Conflict" another and larger treatise, "The Spiritual Conquest," possibly written as a sequel to "The Spiritual Conflict," and at any rate full of precious and sublime instruction on the life of prayer. Whether or not the author of "The Spiritual Conflict" was really Juan de Castaniza, certain it is that he and his fellow-monks were largely responsible for its wide circulation, and that the pages of it breathe that truly Benedictine spirit which is familiar to the readers of Father Baker's *Sancta Sophia*, and of the works of Blosius. Those who read the present volume will find in it much that will help them to understand and to practise that simple, effective prayer which it is the glory of the Benedictines to have spread, and which has always been so consoling and uplifting a thing to souls in whom severely methodical meditation begot weariness and doubt.

4.—The power of St. John Chrysostom, Newman told us long ago in *Historical Sketches*, lies less in figures and periods and Oriental richness than in keen feeling, living ideas, and practical earnestness. And now there is a chance for the unlearned to test this verdict by appeal to a characteristic work of the great Doctor of Antioch, a compact, neat, and well-Englished version of his treatise on The Priesthood,† edited by a Catholic priest, and hence free of the explanatory (?) notes that have accompanied some previous Anglican translations. The six books on The Priesthood are in the form of a dialogue between St. Basil and St. Chrysostom, and substan-

* *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest.* By Dom J. Castaniza, O.S.B. Edited with Preface and Notes by the Very Rev. Jerome Vaughan, O.S.B. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

† *On the Priesthood: A Treatise in Six Books.* By St. John Chrysostom. Translated by the Rev. Patrick Boyle, C.M. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

tially reproduce a scene that occurred about the year 373 A. D. As was customary then, these two men, having been publicly elected by the popular voice, were about to be forced to accept the episcopal dignity; but Chrysostom by a skilful stratagem contrived to keep out of reach and at the same time to "betray" Basil into the hands of his electors. The dialogue takes place between Basil—now conscious of the trick but already consecrated a bishop—and Chrysostom, who with golden-tongued eloquence endeavors to vindicate his conduct from the reproaches of his friend.

The treatise consequently is made up chiefly of a splendid discourse upon the sublime dignity and arduous duties of the priestly state, which comes with striking significance from the lips of a man who exerted himself to the utmost to escape the burden of the honor he revered so truly. That great thoughts and moving exhortations fill such a treatise will, of course, surprise no one; but what will prove strange to many is that the discourse is so animated, brilliant, sprightly even, that an intense interest is kept alive from the first page to the last. The book, of course, is too well known to need any recommendation here, but it is worth while to say that in its present form it will make most acceptable reading and do much good; most particularly to readers personally acquainted with the graces and the trials strewn upon the path priests have to tread.

5.—Some of our readers will recall an extremely acceptable series of meditations on the Penitential Psalms, brought out a short time ago over the pseudonym "Peregrinus," and very pleasantly introduced to the public by Father Tyrrell. That volume was succeeded by meditations on the Psalms of the Little Office; and now at last the identity of "Peregrinus" is revealed in the signature M. S. Dalton attached to a series of *Readings on the Gospels*.* The author (is it a lady?) thus provides us with another well written and suggestive volume to please the people so constantly demanding substitutes for the overworked translations of foreign-made books. Really, there is a sense of refreshment in the reading of original works that seldom or never comes from a version, and so a new power for good resides in books like the one before us, where Faber's familiar hymns are often quoted and

* *Readings on the Gospels for Sundays and Holy Days.* By M. S. Dalton. With Preface by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Southwark. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

where the lesson of the Gospel for the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost occasions the repeating of Browning's suggestion, to live like those who "never doubted clouds would break; never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph; held, we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake."

6.—The Blessed Sir Thomas More is, we dare say, too little known as a spiritual writer. Yet, though engaged in a most active, even a most stormy life, occupying at a critical time one of the highest positions under the king, he possessed a carefully trained insight into spiritual things, an extensive and detailed knowledge of the Scriptures, and an exceptional power of bringing home to the soul in a very practical and a very forcible way the value of the eternal truths. Though a man of many trials and sufferings, which finally ended in heroic martyrdom, he possessed in a particular way that spirit of evident Christian joy which St. Paul, in writing to the Philippians, says should be the ever present characteristic of the follower of Christ. And Sir Thomas More exhibits that spirit of joy in every page. The great truth and work of Christ are not depressing upon his spirit, but rather form together the "sweet yoke" that he delights to bear. His illustrations are oftentimes pleasant even to laughter; his applications always pointed, and often abounding with wit. Sir Thomas was a man in the world who knew men of the world perfectly; his knowledge of the human heart was accurate and complete, and he can show up its weaknesses and its self-deceits, expose its false arguments, or lead it in a very kindly way to comfort and to knowledge with an accurate and a strong hand. What is perhaps the best of the ascetical works of this holy martyr has just been published—the first time since 1557—by the Art and Book Company of London. It is entitled *The Four Last Things*,* and is edited by D. O'Connor. The treatise makes but a very small, handy volume, and is itself unfinished. The first edition is faithfully reproduced even to the exact old English, with but very few exceptions, and the average reader will find it a bit strange at the beginning; but the strangeness will change after awhile to attractiveness. No critical notes are given, as the volume is intended to be one of devotion only; but a critical

* *The Four Last Things.* By the Blessed Martyr Sir Thomas More. Edited by D. O'Connor. London: Art and Book Company.

edition by a distinguished French professor is promised shortly. The author's text is from Ecclus. vii. 40: "Remember the last things, and thou shalt never sin." Though the volume be short, there is a wealth of reference in it to Scripture and to the Fathers, and much food for meditation. Death and the remembrance of it are first considered, and afterwards this abiding thought of death as an efficacious remedy against sin—the sin of pride, of envy, of wrath, of covetousness, of gluttony. All is done in such a philosophical and practical way as to form a volume of particular worth, of sterling merit, that will be of advantage to all who will read. Its size and its exceptional merit remind us of the old adage that precious goods come ofttimes in small packages.

7.—A most fitting companion volume to this of Blessed Thomas More is *A Spiritual Consolation and other Treatises** by his fellow-martyr, Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Blessed Thomas More had but time to write on death alone of the four last things. Blessed John Fisher addressed his *Spiritual Consolation* to his sister Elizabeth, a Dominican nun at Dartford, in Kent, while he was imprisoned in the Tower, and it is both a regret and a warning as to the proper preparation for death. The words of his *Spiritual Consolation* have a peculiar value because they were written, one might say, in the presence of death. To possess their full fruit, the reader should follow the admonitions which the worthy author gives to his sister: "When you shall read this meditation devise in your mind, as near as you can, all the conditions of a man suddenly taken by death; never read this meditation but alone by yourself in a secret manner, and pray beforehand that the reading may work in your soul a good and virtuous life."

In like manner Bishop Fisher addressed to his sister the *Ways to Perfect Religion.* The foundation of the religious vocation, and that which makes all things in the religious life easy, is the love of Jesus Christ, and in the considerations that follow are put forth the reasons why that love should fill the soul of the religious. The sermon on the Passion is a touching description of the sufferings of our Lord, an eloquent, powerful plea for penance, and a fruitful meditation on the words of St. Francis: "Quis es tu et quis sum ego?" It is

* *A Spiritual Consolation and other Treatises.* By the Blessed Martyr John Fisher. Edited by D. O'Connor. London: Art and Book Company.

not alone of great value in itself, but we may well judge from it the manner of preaching in pre-Reformation times, the ability of the orator and the intelligence of the hearers. The sermon here redounds to the praise of both, and from the context the bishop is evidently addressing the lowly as well as those in high places. Another significant point is that it abounds in Scriptural quotations. The sermon is remarkable for the beauty and depth of its thought, its simplicity and its power, its homely yet very timely and apt illustrations.

The volume will give evidence to the reader as to why Canon Mackey should say that "had he lived in happier times Blessed John Fisher would have been a St. Francis de Sales."

8.—The story of how converts reach the church is perpetually interesting and for ever new. How often soever we hear a soul tell its pilgrim's tale of journeying from the home of its birth to the Holy Land of truth, we listen as if we had never heard such things before, surprised always by fresh revelations of the beauty, the heroism, and the glory that attend the wayfaring for faith. Accordingly we welcome joyfully the latest compilation * of convert experiences. We have read it with many a rejoicing of heart and uplifting of soul, and we advise our readers to read it for the strengthening of their faith, the support of their hope, and the stimulating of their zeal. The little book puts in a striking way the manifold attractiveness of Catholicity. One seeker is won by the certainty of our sacraments; another by the church's power to produce saints; another because from childhood the Catholic Church had appealed to him as mysteriously beautiful and divinely true; and nearly all because of the Catholic idea of infallible authority in the teaching of faith.

But in a soul's progress to the church the heart has its agonies no less than the intellect its trials. The seeker must face a world of opposition. From friends who cannot understand; from the world which condemns without trying to understand; from fellow-workers in one's state of life who attribute the step to folly; and from those of one's own household who attribute it to ingratitude; from all sides, in a hundred different manifestations, come reproaches, scorn, and terrified appeals to the postulant who is knocking at the door of

* *The City of Peace.* By Those Who have entered It. New York: Benziger Brothers.

the Catholic Church. Says one who contributes a chapter to the volume we are reviewing: "It is true, if I become a Catholic I shall lose my profession, my social standing, as well as nearly all my friends. I know not exactly how I shall live; above all, how I shall support my wife and child." Just here lies one of the most potent but unobtrusive arguments for the church. How wonderful it is that while the future convert is still outside the fold all these obstacles from family, friends, and society cause him inexpressible pain and agitation, but after he has been received, though they still may grieve him, do not take away from his perfect interior peace. In the one case they all but overwhelm him; in the other, he calmly walks over them like Peter upon the sea. Surely here if anywhere are to be seen the divine strength, the martyr-spirit, the power of loving God unselfishly, which can come only from on high. Indeed this argument, written into every page of this little book, is to our mind the most persuasive that these pages contain.

There are many ludicrous things in these brief histories, especially with regard to High Anglicanism in its sad posture of trying to embrace everything Roman and at the same time to hold fast to a truly Protestant independence of Rome. Thus, Dom Bede Camm tells us that the sin of schism comes on like seasickness on one's way across the Channel from the Continent; for it is a Ritualistic contribution to Moral Theology to maintain that whereas it is a duty for Anglicans in Europe to attend Roman Catholic service in the absence of their own, it would be a grievous sin of schism to do the self-same thing in England. And another great leader of Anglicanism, consulted by a co-religionist in doubt as to his position, solemnly advised his petitioner to fight against his doubts and say the Rosary! Still another cautious churchman permitted a fellow-believer to say the Rosary, but cautioned him against saying it on his knees! If said standing, the danger of Romanism would presumably be averted.

Miss Swift's paper we think the most interesting of all. We shall not now describe it, but assure our readers that this book is worth getting, merely for the charming essay which tells how a Salvation Army brigadier was led to a Dominican cloister.

One essay in the book we would wish omitted. It attempts

to build up a formal argument for the church, but it is fantastic and pitiably weak. In conclusion we congratulate the Irish Catholic Truth Society on bringing out such a volume. It will do great good.

9.—Granted a little sympathy, a willingness to think with the author, a not too great aversion for Catholic truth and Catholic practices, a not too strong prejudice for Protestantism, and this little book, *Back to Rome*,* will prove very acceptable to those outside the church. The writer throws together many of the attractions of Catholic life and truth, presenting them in very pleasant language. The reading is easy, the style is agreeable, the quotations—they are numerous—are to the point, and the thought is not seldom either new or newly presented.

For instance, here is an idea that deserves place in many a solider discussion of the spiritual difficulties of modern society. We take it from the letter on *Confession:*

"You may smile at what must, at first sight, appear a very eccentric and startling idea, but I am thoroughly convinced that those wretched and weary-looking persons who are supposed to be suffering from 'nerves,' who fly from one place to another for change of air and change of scene, are, as a matter of fact, morally and not physically ill, and that what they want is not bodily but spiritual treatment. Their souls are diseased and out of sorts, and they will never recover until they have discovered what is really amiss with them. My impression is, that confession and absolution would cure many of them."

Many illuminating thoughts such as these, whether of the author's own or from the minds of the illustrious men who are generously quoted, are to be found in this book. "Scrutator" has also done us the service of taking up and clearing away a great many of the lighter matters that go so far in hindering non-Catholics from really coming to the central points in the claims of the church. Catholics will enjoy the volume; non-Catholics, if, as we said in the beginning, they can bring to the reading of it a little sympathy with the church, will surely profit by it, and it may easily be that by this means the modest volume may, in not a few cases, justify its title—*Back to Rome.*

* *Back to Rome.* A series of private letters, etc., addressed to an Anglican Clergyman, by "Scrutator." St. Louis: B. Herder.

10—This little work* purports to be a translation into modern musical notation of the "Ordinary of the Mass," according to the Solesmes edition of the Graduale.

The chief obstacles to the spread of Plain-Chant are, first, the peculiar notation in which it is written; and second, that the notation when mastered gives no indication whatever of the pitch at which the music is to be sung. As those to whose lot it falls to teach Plain-Chant are generally musicians who have been brought up exclusively on the ordinary notation of music, it follows that any attempt to teach such persons Plain-Chant must be made through the medium with which they are acquainted. Modern notation deals with the absolute pitch of sounds; by which is meant, that each line or space of the musical staff represents one musical sound, which is called after one of the first seven letters of the alphabet. The musician has also learned that each of the keys of his instrument is also called by one of the same seven letters, and that when he sees a note on a line or space, all he has to do is to strike the key which has the same name as the note on the staff. Though modern music recognizes only two scales, the major and the minor, yet there are with regard to position on the staff fifteen different ways of writing either scale, and consequently of any melody written in that scale.

The notation of Plain-Chant deals only with the relative pitch of sounds; which means that each note on the staff has a certain fixed relation with a note whose name is fixed by a *clef*. There are two of these clefs, called the "do" and "fa" clefs. If we take the do and the fa clefs to mean C and F respectively, we will find that some of the melodies are too high for our singers and others are too low. The shape of a note in either notation gives an idea of its duration. The notes in Plain-Chant have no absolute duration; they depend entirely upon the syllables to which they are sung. The notes in modern notation have an absolute duration; thus, a white note *without* a stem has exactly twice the duration of a white note *with* a stem, and a black note with a mark across its stem has exactly half the duration of a black note which has no mark across its stem. As the modern musician has been schooled through the whole of his musical life into giving

**Kyriale seu Ordinarium Missarum in recentioris musicæ notulas translatum.* Rome–Tournai: Desclée, Lefebvre & Soc.

these exact values to the various notes, it follows that modern notes with fixed values are not the proper signs to represent the notes of Plain-Chant, which have no fixed values.

It seems, then, that the only feasible way in which Plain-Chant can be translated into a semblance of modern notation, is to retain the square notes of Plain-Chant and place them on the modern staff at a pitch suitable to the average choir-singer.

In the present work, the author has taken the "do" clef to mean C, on the third space of the treble staff. On the very first page we find the "Asperges me" ascending to G above the fifth line—a sound which can be reached by some sopranos and tenors only; while a little further on in the book we have in the "Mass of the Blessed Virgin Mary" a compass of two complete octaves; from A below the staff to A above it.

This is bad enough; but we are expected to read also an extra line of characters placed above the notes. The modern musician has been taught that a dot placed over a note makes it short (staccato). Our author uses the dot *over* a note to lengthen it. Again: the sign of the *mordente*, which means a group of *three* notes accented on the first, is here used over a note to show that it is to be sung as *one* very short note. The *tie* is also improperly used in the case where *three* notes are used to signify one long note; one *tie* is placed over the three notes, whereas two should be used; from the first to the second and from the second to the third.

If there is one thing more than another which distinguishes Plain-Chant from modern music, it is the absence of measured time; yet in this work each piece is marked for the metronome! We fancy that a musician sitting at his piano with this book and a metronome for his guides would get a very queer idea of Plain-Chant.

11.—M. Auguste Sabatier at the time of his death in 1901 was dean of the faculty of Protestant theology in the University of Paris, and the greatest theologian among the sectarians of France. He was a Unitarian, and considered it inadmissible to formulate any other doctrinal propositions than those affirming the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the moral pre-eminence of Christ. Consequently we may ante-

cedently understand his position in this brochure * on the doctrine of atonement. He places the whole value of our Lord's death in its moral beauty as an act of heroism. He admits in it no expiatory value whatsoever. Conscious that in maintaining such a position he has some very troublesome texts of Scripture to deal with, he devotes a good part of this pamphlet to procuring a way out of the *prima facie* meaning of these texts. The whole Pauline teaching is an insistence on the atoning value of our Lord's death; so are the Joannine writings; and so are many words of our Lord Himself as reported in the Synoptic Gospels. "The Son of Man is come to give his life as a ransom for many"; "This is my blood which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins," are texts which express vicarious atonement about as clearly as human language can; and M. Sabatier's summary disposal of this testimony only serves to discover the untenableness of his thesis. The more New Testament study is cultivated, the surer it becomes the religion of Christ is indissolubly bound to definite doctrinal propositions, of which the atoning value of our Lord's death is one of the chief. Mystery there always will be in the *how* of atonement, but the fact of it is written large in the New Testament. M. Sabatier makes great matter out of the diversities in the explanation of the atonement which from age to age have characterized Christian theology; but that atonement itself by the passion and death of Christ is an essential part of the Christian religion, he makes but a very unsuccessful attempt to deny. And obviously, if the fact must be conceded, we need not be troubled by the insufficiency of this or that academic theory deduced from the fact.

M. Sabatier, too, is in error in supposing that the atonement-doctrine is weakened by recent discoveries which throw fresh light upon the book of Genesis. For the religious teaching of that book is beyond the assault of howsoever hostile a science; and no matter what modification be introduced into the traditional exegesis *ad literam*, the doctrine of the creation, the fall, and the Redeemer to come are clearly there, as the soul and substance of the book; and such will they remain despite any change of attitude on our part toward the Biblical style and manner of expressing them.

* *La Doctrine de l'Expiation et son Évolution Historique.* Par Auguste Sabatier. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.

Naturally in this work there are signs of great ability. The historical sketch of atonement-theology is a good summary of a wide field, though unsatisfactory, both because nearly all summaries are unsatisfactory, and because of the prepossessions of the author. The style is clear and fluent, and the spirit in the main is gentle, tolerant, and conciliating. The pamphlet would furnish a good exercise in refutation for the theological classes of our seminaries.

12.—Macaulay once said of Dryden that he was entitled to a first place in the second rank of writers. We feel that we may say something of the kind concerning Mr. William Samuel Lilly, of Cambridge. Among the writers who follow the thought of great men, and do the work of setting forth that thought in living, popular literature, he must be acknowledged a leader. A commendation such as this may be thought a left-handed compliment; Mr. Lilly we know would rather be a genuine "*auctor*" than a "*redacteur*," but those who have followed his writings will probably agree with our location of him, and we mean him, moreover, no disrespect. He is doing a necessary work and doing it skilfully; and if he falls short of the one distinguishing test of genius, which is creative power, he ought to deem it no mean glory to be high in the ranks of those few who are in possession of the talent of interpreting and explaining to the general world what is the outstanding thought of the masters.

Now, Mr. Lilly is an able apologist for the church. Apologist and historian too, for the characters, in spite of many fatal examples, are not incompatible. In fact, the truth that a good historian, a man not afraid of the truth, can be a capital apologist, is demonstrated in this volume,* *Christianity and Civilization*.

The essays have, for the greater part, been printed before; some of them in magazines, some in a previous book, *Chapters in European History*. The best of them is perhaps that on the pontificate of Gregory VII., "The Turning-point of the Middle Ages." Here Mr. Lilly is singularly strong in description, and broad in his grasp of the epoch. A dreadful epoch it was—that preceding the accession of Hildebrand—and our

* *Christianity and Modern Civilization;* being some chapters in European History, with an introductory chapter on the Philosophy of History. By W. S. Lilly. London: Chapman & Hall; St. Louis: B. Herder.

writer spares nothing of its ghastly scandals. One is almost tempted to explain as he goes along through Mr. Lilly's vivid, almost photographic reproduction of the scandals of that age of the Papacy, "an enemy is doing this." But no, the enemy is a friend, and a better friend because he deals with the foe in a wiser, if a bolder, way than many a more loudly-proclaimed friend might do. His invitation to "look on this side" is discomforting, but, unlike the mother in the play, we are reassured when he says "and on this." Lights and shadows are here indeed, but the lights come last and are strongest—such is the theme of this apologist.

Take again the chapter on the "Inquisition." Mr. Lilly's cold-blooded exposure of the authentic mode of procedure of the Inquisition, his nonchalant agreement with many of the worst charges of the enemies of the church, and further than this, his apparent discovery of weapons that they had not known, and might have used with savage force—all this is rather startling, and we wonder as we read whether, having admitted so much of evil, he can yet make the good predominate, and bring the church unscathed through many an apparently fatal situation. And the truth is that he does succeed, not by subtilty, nor even by strategy, but by an honest insistence upon principles—in this case the principle of the inevitable influence of the world upon the church, an influence that, though undoubted, is not destructive, nor capable of disproving the least of the claims of the church.

Much of Mr. Lilly's success in thus extricating himself and his cause comes from his judicious application of the dicta of greater than he, masters hostile or friendly. And throughout he displays a most conspicuous ability to write interestingly, to handle large questions comprehensively, and to impart to the ordinary reader a deal of information, of history, of philosophy, and withal he seems not to warp the truth in fitting it to a very smooth and graceful literary style.

13 —This interesting story,* which will be welcomed by boys of the junior college type, reads like a true history, and one wonders, with such an abundance of material, that the writer has been so matter-of-fact and wanting in enthusiasm, sometimes even to the point of dryness. The book treats of the

* *Wilfred Sweet.* By Rev. Walter Leahey.

life-story of two boys, Wilfred and Basil, who start with few advantages, but with kind friends, who eventually send them to college. The college, St. Mary's, Belmont, N. C., is well described. The Benedictine Bishop and Abbot, Leo and "Frater Aloysius," are painted to the life, but the fire which devastated this institution, as well as the "earthquake in Charleston," both events being fresh in memory, might have been more graphically pictured.

The boys, however, continue their studies; but Wilfred loses heart before he graduates, returns home, and in a very short time is engaged to be married to a Miss Hilda O'Farrell, and writes to this effect to his friend Basil. But Wilfred does not marry on account of a dream he reads in his paternal friend's MSS. Breaking off the engagement, he returns to college to study in the seminary for the priesthood. Basil then returns home, and ere long marries the same Hilda O'Farrell. She is killed on their wedding trip, and he returns to the seminary, and both friends are finally ordained priests. There is a rapidity in the narrative which brings the climax on, with surprising quickness, in a few pages. The book will find friends, no doubt, and will figure prominently on the premium table. It is eminently Catholic and holds several useful lessons.

14.—Whether as a text-book for Catholic colleges or a hand-book for the student in libraries, the new and revised edition of "Jenkins," by Father Viger, is valuable. All who have read this excellent work will acknowledge its good taste and usefulness. The volume* is composed particularly for Catholic students, and great care has been taken to point out the works of authors that are hostile to faith or morals. But by far the greater portion of our classical English is permeated by the spirit of Protestantism; it has been hard to discriminate in every instance, but no hand-book that we know has done better, and few as well. High schools and academies should give ready welcome to this volume, as it is brought quite to date in its present form. Most of the latest authors, many of them living, are fairly discussed, and extracts from their best works given. We bespeak for this new edition of Jenkins' Literature the wide-spread and increased circulation which it deserves.

**Jenkins' The Student's Hand-book of British and American Literature.* Revised and new edition by Rev. G. E. Viger, A.M., S.S. Baltimore: John Murphy.

15 —The graceful muse of Miss Skidmore is known thousands of miles from her home beside the Western Sea, and this little volume* adds sweetness to her fame. Many of the poems are rich with sentiments of tender piety, and will not fail to find lovers in Christian hearts. The beautiful old legends, musically versified, are particularly charming, and might be read aloud with profit by the fireside, in the home circle, or in the school-room; they would cheer the invalid's sick-room, and drop seeds of precious holy thought in innocent minds. We mention particularly The Silver Dove; A Legend of the Weeping Willow; The Monk Fernando; The Mission of the Mignonette; The Ballad of Frau Bertha; and The Rosary of Flowers.

The book is daintily bound in gray with a tinted sketch on the cover. Most attractive is the volume as a birthday or Christmas gift.

I.—THE NEW VOLUMES OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. VOL. II. (xxvi.)†

This volume contains, notably, an introductory essay on "Recent Political Progress" by Professor Edward Dicey, C.B., who finds that the manifold "tendencies of human thought, policy, and statecraft in the last quarter of the nineteenth century," if they must be named in a word, may best be described as indicating a general conservative reaction. The gentleman, naturally enough, but we imagine unwisely, concentrates his attention mostly on the conditions existing in England and on the Continent. He is, apparently, not of those who are impressed with the growing preponderance of the United States among the exponents of "human thought, policy, and statecraft." He despatches us in about the same amount of space as that which he concedes to Japan. But the essay is most thoughtful and otherwise quite comprehensive. The writer at the end of his essay states that the last thirty years of the nineteenth century proved to the most ardent of the educationalists that mental instruction is not the only thing needed to raise the moral, intellectual, and

* *Roadside Flowers: A Book of Verse.* By Harriet M. Skidmore. San Francisco, Cal.: A. M. Robertson.

† *The New Volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica.* Constituting, in combination with the existing volumes of the Ninth Edition, the Tenth Edition of that work, and also supplying a new, distinctive, and independent Library of Reference, dealing with Recent Events and Developments. Vol. II. forming vol. xxvi. of the complete work. New York: Encyclopædia Britannica Company.

material status of the masses. The writer evidently agrees with this, and it is a most interesting statement, taken particularly in the light of the recent words of Sir Norman Lockyer, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in his Southport address. Sir Lockyer argued that the one great need of England was brain-power.

But this is a digression; yet it will prove the entertaining nature of this opening essay.

The rest of the volume is a continued evidence of the high standard of the *Britannica*. The names of many of our countrymen are among its contributors: Carroll D. Wright, on "Building Societies"; Walter F. Wilcox, on the "Census"; Charles F. Lummis, on "California"; Bishop Lawrence, on "Phillips Brooks"; ex Postmaster Smith, on "James G. Blaine"; Professor Sloane, of Columbia University, on "Bancroft," the historian; Joseph Jefferson, on "Edwin Booth"; Dr. Lyman Abbott, on "Henry Ward Beecher"; and others. Add to this that articles on two American cities, "Baltimore" and "Boston," appear, and that even the national game of "Base-ball" finds place in this same volume, and it will be seen that the *Britannica* is opening its eyes to things American.

In biography, besides the articles already mentioned, there is one on "Bismarck" that is irreproachable in its discussion of his relations with the church; one on "Browning," and one on "Carlyle," by Leslie Stephen; on "John Bright," and on "Lord Beaconsfield," by Frederick Greenwood. Archæology is represented by an illuminating article on "Babylonia," by Professor Sayce; Christian Antiquity, by an article on the "Canons of Hippolytus"; there is a discussion of "Bacteriology of Cancer"; of "Bimetallism"; and of "Buddhism," by Rhyo Davids; "Canada," by G. M. Dawson. These are surely enough to make this second of the new volumes a noteworthy one.

2.—DR. CLARKE'S LIFE OF LEO.*

There was probably no layman in this country so well equipped to write a life of the late Pontiff as Richard H.

* *The Life of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.*, Vicar of Jesus Christ and Bishop of Rome; Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles; Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Provinces, Sovereign of the Temporal Dominions of the Holy Catholic Church; together with Extracts from his Pastorals and Encyclicals. By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D., Author of Lives of the Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States, etc. Fully Illustrated. Philadelphia: P. W. Ziegler & Co.

Clarke. His many biographies of deceased prelates have given him a skill and experience in estimating at their proper value the lives of ecclesiastical personages, and his historical sense has enabled him to measure their influence on their day and generation. It is natural that he should be selected to write an important life of Leo, and he has done it well.

Ten years has he spent in gathering material, in studying carefully contemporaneous events, in weighing the influence of movements and measures, and the portrait that he has painted is well rounded and perfect in its many details

Of course the time has not come as yet to write a severely critical biography of Leo. The measure of his enduring greatness can only be judged accurately in the perspective of history. On the other hand a biography that is a mere eulogy is thrown aside as worthless. Dr. Clarke has held a just mean between the two extremes, and has presented Leo to us with discernment and historical sagacity.

The relations of Leo with the church in the United States receives an extended treatment, probably for a double reason. Dr. Clarke knew that this portion of his subject would more readily interest American readers; and for a second important reason: he was thoroughly acquainted with the influence of Leo's measures on the church in the United States. His estimate, therefore, of the controversy on "Americanism" is peculiarly just. Particularly is he emphatic on the point that whatever reason may have existed elsewhere for the Letter of the Holy Father, there was no "rift in the lute" when it was a question of the loyalty or orthodoxy of the American Catholics, as the Holy Father himself testified in no uncertain way in his later letter to the bishops. In his letter he said:

"If we found pleasure in the state of things which prevailed among you when we first entered upon the charge of the Supreme Apostolate, now that we have advanced beyond twenty-four years in the same charge, we are constrained to confess that our first pleasure has never been diminished, but on the contrary has increased from day to day by reason of the increase of Catholicity among you."

Another merit of this biography is the fact that it includes all the particulars of Leo's death and burial. There are some blemishes in the proof-reading that in such a work are unpardonable; as, for examples, in the spelling of names of

American bishops: Bourke for Burke, Nerez for Neraz, O'Day for O'Dea, Kinney for Kenny, and others. In the illustrations a picture of Archbishop Hennessy is given as the present Archbishop of Dubuque. A little more care on the part of the publishers might have avoided these mistakes.

3.—INDULGENCES, THEIR USE AND ABUSE.*

The present volumes form the first French edition of the classical work of Father Lepicier, originally written in Italian. The work has been for some time translated into English, is well known to many readers, and has received universal praise. In its present form, however, the work has been much augmented and contains an additional preface by the author. The work of H. C. Lea, which has received considerable notoriety, and which makes bold claims for erudition but never attains it, was the occasion in part for this new publication. However, all who know this work of Father Lepicier at all will gladly welcome this latest result of his labors and rejoice to know that it has been translated into still another language.

Father Lepicier handles his subject after the manner of a true scholar. His references are always to first authorities and to most reliable ones; he goes into the depths of every subject; he leads the reader logically and safely to the fundamental questions revealing to him the extent to which indulgences are related to the most vital points of Catholic faith. To many Catholics this subject of indulgences may seem but a superficial one, and perhaps it is their ignorance in the matter which leads them into so many mistaken and oftentimes grave abuses. It is well known that Protestants have long found indulgences a great stumbling-block to the Catholic faith; and not infrequently the ignorance of Catholics, their utter inability to explain a very common factor in their religion, causes that obstacle to remain. And yet the doctrine and the granting of indulgences is but an immediate logical outcome of the central truth of Christianity—the redemption of mankind by Jesus Christ.

We insert these remarks in order to show the timeliness and the utility of the present work. Father Lepicier's volumes are

* *Les Indulgences: Leur Origine, leur Nature, leur Developpement.* Par le R. P. Alexis M. Lepicier. Translated from the Italian. Two vols. Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1902.

suitable for the theologian and the layman, for the Catholic and the non-Catholic. The author, as we have said, treats the whole matter comprehensively. He begins with the nature of sin and of good works, the culpability of the former, the nature of penance, the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ, and the communion of saints. In the second chapter he enters into the rational foundation of indulgences, the degrees of vicarious suffering, the true nature of an indulgence, and the origin of this expression in the Church. From this he proceeds to the indulgences for the dead; their infallible application, in which opinion he differs from some theologians; and then treats of indulgences as regards Scripture and tradition. The second part of the first volume goes into a field of church history which has been worked over many times—that of penitential discipline. The author shows himself well acquainted with its literature, and gives most interesting and instructive essays on the early practices with regard to penitents, their reconciliation, the treatment of the lapsi, the definitions of the early councils, early pilgrimages, etc. The historical argument by which he proves that through all ages the granting and gaining of indulgences have been the practice of Christendom is one of the best treated and most forcible of the work.

The second volume treats of the development of indulgences, first from the tenth to the fifteenth century, after that of the Crusades and the indulgences attached to them, of the Great Jubilee of 1300, of many succeeding ones and of their extension; and approaching the sixteenth century, he writes of the use and the abuse of indulgences, then a history of the revolt, the doctrine of Luther and his conduct, and of the providence of God with regard to the church. The work closes with a chapter that brings the history up to date, that draws a lesson from the philosophy of history, and concludes with a paragraph on the harmony between the true doctrine of indulgences and our own human nature.

An excellent index completes the work. We can but pray that it will be appreciated as it ought to be, that its readers will increase in numbers, and particularly that every priest will take advantage of its treasures.

Library Table.

The Tablet (8 Aug.): A leader on "The Fate of Douai" criticises the British Parliamentary leaders for their apparently lax handling of the confiscation of the English Benedictines' property by the French government at Douai. In the conclusion of an article on "The Bishop of London and Egbert's Pontifical" is shown the inconsistency of the London prelate in regard to the use of ritual in the Anglican services.

(15 Aug.): Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., reviews two recent books treating of the Bible: "Babel and Bible," by Dr. Fred. Delitzsch, and "First Bible," by Colonel Conder. Of the first he says that it is a much overrated book, and accounts for the interest evidenced in it by the fact that it was delivered in lectures before the Kaiser, who wrote a public letter concerning it. Of Colonel Conder's work he speaks in rather approving terms, and considers it to be of considerable value.

(22 Aug.): A first instalment reviews the Parliamentary paper containing the story of Lord Lansdowne's sacrifice of the British interests at Douai. The Rev. Wilfrid Lescher, O.P., contributes an article on "Leo XIII. and the Scholastic Philosophy," in which he comments upon the Encyclical "Æterni Patris," and tells what the late Pontiff did for the world by the Scholastic Philosophy.

At the request of the Bishop of Limerick, is published correspondence between the Bishop and Mr. Philip Sidney of London, arising out of the publication by Mr. Sidney of an article in the *Hibbert Journal* containing references to "the sale of bogus relics." The bishop's stand is that Mr. Sidney was far from being acquainted with the matter of which he wrote, and that if such "sale of bogus relics" was carried on it was done so in secret without the knowledge of ecclesiastical authorities. The official correspondence of the British and French governments concerning the English Bene-

dictines and Passionists in France is begun in this issue.

(29 Aug.): Announcement is made of the appointment of the Right Rev. Francis Bourne, Bishop of Southwark, to succeed Cardinal Vaughan in the see of Westminster. An appreciation and short sketch of the new archbishop's life is given.

Wilfrid Ward contributes the first instalment of an article entitled "An English Benedictine House," being a sketch of a community of Benedictine nuns now established at Oulton in Staffordshire, England.

The Roman Correspondent gives some interesting items in connection with the election and attitude of Pope Pius X., and reports that Italy is eagerly awaiting the publication of the first encyclical.

International Journal of Ethics (July): An Emerson Memorial meeting was held at the University of Chicago last May, and two of the papers read on that occasion are given in this number. In the first, entitled "Emerson—the Philosopher of Democracy," Professor Dewey, of the university, deprecates those who would deny to Emerson the title of Philosopher, and predicts that "the coming century may well make evident what is just dawning, that Emerson is not only a philosopher, but that he is the Philosopher of Democracy"; and says further that "Even the worshippers of that which to-day goes by the name of success, those who bend to millions and incline to imperialisms, may lower their standard, and give at least a passing assent to the final word of Emerson's philosophy, the identity of Being, unqualified and immutable, with Character."

In the second article, under the heading: "Emerson's Views of Society and Reform," Mr. William M. Salter claims Emerson as being "one of the chief influences for reform in the second quarter of the last century." After reviewing Emerson's work as a reformer Mr. Salter thus concludes: "I look for a religion once more that shall believe in the infinite in man, that shall teach the doctrine of the soul, and no one makes such and all divine possibilities credible like him whom we are honoring to-day—Ralph Waldo Emerson."

Mr. R. Bren of Birmingham, Eng., in an article on "The Ethics of St. Paul," says that "In the ethical development within the church no teacher counts for more than Paul." He writes sympathetically of St. Paul's ethics, and expresses the opinion that: "This dominant ethical strain of the Apostle keeps him alive, makes him intelligible for us to-day, in spite of his Jewish accents, of his methods of argument learnt in the Rabbinical schools. His largeness of manhood appeals to us powerfully. He approaches to modern ways of thinking at many points."

The Month (Sept.): Fr. Herbert Thurston contributes an interesting article on "Conclaves past and present." The paper is enriched by some quaint pictures, representing "the plan" of several famous conclaves of the past. The Countess de Courson writes about the long exile in France of Mary Beatrice of Modena. Sister Mary Wilfrid, O.S.D., describes her conversion to the Catholic Church, and the peace and joy she found in "the church founded upon the Rock against which no heresies can prevail, the Visible Church of God with its Visible Head."

The acts of the Jesuit "consult," held in London on April 24, 1678, which became in the hands of Titus Oates a treasonable "consult," at which it was resolved to kill King Charles II., are given. Needless to say, nothing except questions concerning the society were discussed.

A quotation is given from an article in the February number of the *Missionary Herald*, of the Baptist Missionary Society, by a certain Rev. S. Holman Bentley, of Walther's Station, Lower Congo, in which the Catholic missionaries laboring in the same field are accused of immoral teaching. He says: "Many times I have heard those who have received Roman teaching say that they would not like to follow our religion, for our God is too exacting. They as Romanists can do as they like, so long as they confess to the priests; our people cannot lie, steal, live impure lives, dance and drink; but they have no such restrictions." The intrinsic impossibility of this charge is evident from the

fact that the Missionary Fathers at Tumbeg are Redemptorists, who have never been accused of erring on the side of laxity.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (July): The recent work of Père Lagrange, *La Méthode Historique à propos de l'Ancien Testament*, receives the enthusiastic commendation of M. Ermoni. The reviewer takes occasion to applaud the spirit of the great Dominican, who, he says, in these delicate matters of Scriptural criticism, is neither too bold nor too conservative—a judgment of Père Lagrange now becoming generally prevalent. Joseph Leblanc discusses the old question of what Tertullian means by his apparently materialistic view of the soul. He scruples not to say that even from the date of the *Apologeticus* Tertullian believed in a material construction of the human soul, and that, as the unfortunate African fell away to Montanism, his materialistic views became more pronounced. M. Turmel gives a succinct summary of what the patrologists of the day think of the so-called *Epistle of Barnabas*. His article is merely a catalogue of opinions concerning the date, authorship, and contents of this apostolic writing.

La Quinzaine (1 Aug.): In an able article on "The Church and Present Social Needs" Abbé Guibert discusses the position of the Catholic Church in reference to the needs and tendencies of modern society. In answer to the objection so frequently urged by the enemies of religion, that the church is opposed to all true progress, an enemy to the modern spirit of individual liberty, as well as a menace to the social peace and security, the author shows, by a straightforward appeal to the spirit and teaching of the religion of Christ, as well as to its history past and present, that the church has always and above all else proclaimed and upheld the innate dignity and worth of the individual man, his personal rights and liberties, and that as in the past, so now within the Church of Christ is to be found a saving balm for all the wounds of suffering humanity, a sure remedy and safe solution for the many evils and perplexing problems that beset our modern society.

(16 Aug.): The continuation of a series of interesting

articles on the marriage question by George Fonsegrive. Discussing the much-vexed problem of divorce, the writer points out its alarming increase within the past half century; the methods employed and arguments adduced by its advocates, and finally some of the resulting evils that threaten the family, home, and society itself.

(1 Sept.): Writing of the mission of the modern critic in the field of art, Camille Manclair points to the necessity of a closer, more sympathetic understanding between the artist and his judge, as also an increased sense of responsibility, and greater technical knowledge of his art on the part of the critic.

In reference to a book recently published by Paul Thureau-Daugin on the Catholic Renaissance in England, Adolphe Lair contributes an interesting account of the Oxford Movement, with a sketch of the principal figures, Newman, Manning, Wiseman, and concludes by pointing out, as an encouraging example to the church of France, the marvellous results achieved in the cause of God and religion by this handful of earnest men in perfect sympathy with the intellectual and social life of their age and country.

Le Correspondant (10 Aug.): In an article entitled "une grande grève Americaine" Albert Gigot gives a brief history of the late coal strike in Pennsylvania. The author traces it step by step in its origin, causes, development, and finally its peaceful and satisfactory settlement by the commission appointed by President Roosevelt.

(25 Aug.): "France et Angleterre" is an attempt to explain the causes of the present friendly relations between France and England. A review of the conditions, foreign and domestic, of the British Empire plainly shows, the writer declares, why it is England's interest to be friendly to France. Referring to the humiliations that France has suffered at the hands of England in the past, he advises caution in dealing with this powerful enemy of the past who now comes bearing the "olive branch of peace."

Études (Aug.): Léonce de Grandmaison begins in this issue a series of articles on Harnack's *Die Mission und*

Ausbreitung des Christenthums in den ersten drei Jahrhunderten, in which he proposes to briefly summarize the leading ideas of that great work, which he believes manifests more than any of Professor Harnack's works his profound knowledge of ancient ecclesiastical history and literature, his artful manner of dealing with facts, his desire to be impartial, and his respect of the character and virtue of our early fathers in the faith.

Revue du Monde Invisible (July): Mgr. Élie Méric, continuing his discussion of the interaction between the human body and soul, sets forth in detail his theories concerning the possible existence and function of an electric fluid in the body, and calls attention to the opinions and observations of Dr. Jodko, of St. Petersburg, which he thinks supports his own hypothesis.

The editor calls to the notice of his readers the detailed account of an apparition given by "a learned and pious clergyman," Abbé E. D. It is the story of a young novice in a convent in France, who is said to have seen and conversed with a religious who six months after death appeared to the novice to beseech her prayers and assistance.

Science Catholique (Aug.): Abbé Fontaine finds that Abbé Loisy's doctrine in *l'Évangile et l'Église* is equally as rationalistic as that of the Protestant faculty of Paris, the extreme German rationalizing Protestants, and Matthew Arnold—whom the writer seems to consider still living.

In his continued study of the Apologetic problem, M. le Chanoine Gombault exposes the vice of the traditionalist method. Dr. Surbled follows up his recent article on the therapeutic value of hypnotism as an aid in courts of justice.

Annales de la Philosophie Chrétienne (June): Abbé Desjardins writes on the manner in which the various vices and virtues are typified in the architectural monuments of the thirteenth century, chiefly in France. Abbé Martin discusses the demonstrative value of prophecy. Under the heading *Dogme et Raison* is to be found a considerable correspondence received by the editor in response to his suggestion that the readers of this periodical should express their views as to the best means of meet-

ing the prevalent opposition to all dogma. Though most of the letters are somewhat wide of the mark, they are interesting as showing the state of mind prevailing among many of the French clergy. One writer declares that in the very large diocese to which he belongs, the congregation which controls ecclesiastical education there has, as a preventive measure against heterodoxy, succeeded in suppressing the teaching of English and German in the little seminaries. Another writes of the diocesan conferences: Certains de nos confrères, qui n'ont jamais lu la Bible, prennent des airs de docteur, ils tranchent toutes les questions, ou plutôt ils les éloignent par ces mots: rationalisme, négation de la divinité de Jésus-Christ, Kantianisme, etc.

Revue Thomiste (July–Aug.): The professor of moral philosophy in the Catholic Institute supports the thesis that a demonstrative proof of God's existence may be drawn from the idea of moral sanction. In *Le Surnaturel et l'Apologétique* P. Mercier, showing that miracles are the indispensable proof of the supernatural, the apologist must beware of ceding so far to rationalistic tendencies as to depreciate in any way the value of this proof. R. P. Jansen, C.SS.R., criticises adversely the statement made by the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the Holy See favored probabiliorism so far as to indicate a desire that this system should finally prevail over probabilism.

La Revue Générale: This number opens with a eulogy of Leo XIII. by Mgr. de T'Serclaes, and a thoughtful review of the late pontificate by Mgr. Lamy. M. du Bled, in his paper on the occult sciences, treats principally of chiromancy in France, and expresses the opinion that it contains a grain of truth. M. Pety de Thozée discusses the causes and consequences of the decrease of the birth rate. There is a very attractive description of some of the scenery along the lower Rhine and the Moselle from M. Ferdinand Séverin.

Studi Religiosi (May-June): Padre Semeria summarizes the history of the Galileo case. He warns us against two extreme states of mind regarding it, first that of unbelievers who declare that the incident either compromises infallibility or sets the church in opposition to

science. Nothing of the kind follows from the event. The church's infallibility never was in question, and this isolated error of a congregation of theologians by no means fixes the attitude of the church. The other extreme is that of unwise apologists who dismiss the whole matter as though due entirely to Galileo's own perverse insistence, making him out as altogether wrong and the Index and Inquisition as altogether right. Galileo's glory, as it was also the cause of his misfortune, was in holding the Copernican theory not only as a mere possibility, a mathematical hypothesis, but also as a scientific hypothesis. He lived and died faithful to the church, and his case is a perpetual warning to theologians that they be not intemperate in preferring the charge of heresy.

Civiltà Cattolica (15 Aug.): An article on the meaning and scope of the Index gives warning against the notion that because a book is not actually on the Index it may be read with impunity. The actual list of prohibited books is small, for the Index-Congregation cannot take cognizance of every work of evil tendency appearing from our multitudinous presses. Consequently, in judging of this matter of doubtful books, one must not consider the question settled by the titles in the catalogue of the Index, but must go to the general rules laid down for our guidance by ecclesiastical authority, rules which are solemnly carried out in a certain specified number of cases by the Congregation of the Index. These rules are contained in Leo XIII.'s Constitution "Officiarum ac Munerum," and should be read, in order that the wider principles of the matter be understood.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Aug.): F. Nobili-Vitelleschi, commenting upon a French volume concerning the decadence of the Latin races, says that not by abandonment of Catholicism, but rather by conforming to the inexorable progress of the world, will these peoples avoid decay. T. M., in writing of the United States of America and the Disunited States of Europe, says that the æsthetes of old Europe may well pardon a certain carelessness of form in Americans, who are such lovers of truth and such fortunate doers of good.

(16 Aug.): G. Grabinski writes appreciatively of Newman's conversion and the Catholic revival in England. From the *Cittadino* of Genoa is quoted an interesting letter about a visit to Tolstoi, by Padre Semeria and Prof. Minocchi, the Italian scholars.

Razón y Fe (Sept.): P. Amado appeals to the Catholics of Spain, in the name of national honor and of religion, to prevent clerical exemption from military service being abolished or restricted. P. Aicardo writes against a project now on foot to adapt the public instruction on foreign models, saying that "English, or German, or French, or Yankee instruction, though good for the people of those parts, is unsuited to the Spanish youth, whose education must reproduce the noble and generous type of his forefathers."

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Aug.): Rev. O. Pfulf, S.J., contributes a most appreciative estimate of the life and character of Orestes A. Brownson, whom he believes to be the greatest son that the United States has as yet given to the church—"An American to the very marrow, passionately devoted to the Republic and filled with pride of its solidity and strength." The writer treats at considerable length of Dr. Brownson's conversion to Catholicism, and dwells on his ability as a philosopher and polemist, and the influence which he wielded in these fields in behalf of the church.

Revue des Questions Scientifique (July): M. le Mis de Nadaillac, writing on "South Africa," describes the entrance, in the year 1890, of Cecil Rhodes and his party into what was then a wild and unknown district. He shows how wonderful is the transformation which Mr. Rhodes by his genius and perseverance wrought in that desert in the heart of Africa, giving a lengthy description of its condition at present and its prospects for continued prosperity.

Comment on Current Topics.

Pope Pius X.

A thrill of pleasure surely has been felt by every Catholic in America at some indications of the personal disposition of Pope Pius X.

His openly expressed dislike to be shut up "in that box"—the *sede gestatoria;* his welcome to the laboring people of Rome; his informality of reception in audiences; his lunching with his friend Perosi, the musician; his partial suppression of the Swiss Guard; his ordering of a table "set for four" to dine with his secretaries—whatever of absolute exactness these reports possess, there is conveyed at any rate a personal tendency towards democratic simplicity which evokes at once a pleasurable response in the heart of every man born and bred in the atmosphere of democratic institutions.

No exaggeration is intended either of fact or inference. It is not to be forgotten that the government of the church, even humanly, is the exercise of a "world power." The administration of merely executive functions over three hundred million persons throughout the entire globe; in all kinds of countries and races; all manner of social and political organizations; customs and habits; circumstances and requirements; means of influence and guidance—all this involves a system of precedents and order, an intrinsic complexity and importance of function, which from the natural, physical point of view alone, demands formality and conservatism of method, at times obnoxious in some quarters, and perhaps almost inadequate in others.

But, on the whole, it is true of this modern age that the trend of its thought and inclination is democratic, and it is best led and taught by democratic ways. Whatever tends towards our own standards of life and intercourse, of relation between men as men, if it respects the sacredness of lawful authority, of office and of function—that surely must elicit the readiest and heartiest response of freemen.

All hail, then, to Pope Pius X.! The world has welcomed him enthusiastically. With triple reverence do we hail the spiritual powers with which he is endowed by his office—reverence all

the deeper because it goes beyond personality and form to the spiritual Faith that invests its object with highest sacredness—divine power and infallible guidance in official teaching.

France and the Concordat.

The question of the endurance of the Concordat is becoming a most momentous one in France. The late unveiling of a statue of Renan was not so much a tribute to the man as to the principles which he sought to propagate and their practicability at the present day. It was seized upon by the friends and supporters of the Combes ministry to press still further their war against religion. The speeches were of the most extreme type, and that the aim of the present government is ultimately to wipe out all religion is scarcely beyond doubt. M. Pressense's bill for disestablishment is receiving many supporters; the death of religious belief is the topic of open discussion by leading writers in the reviews; M. Combes has repeatedly declared that if present conditions continue the Concordat must go.

Whether its discontinuance would be advantageous or not to the Church is a question much discussed. It was lately presented to the Bishops of France. Some denounced its continuance in unmistakable terms; others championed it almost as strongly; still others spoke in a guarded manner, and would not commit themselves absolutely, leaving the matter to the Holy See.

The strongest repudiator of the Concordat under the present exasperating conditions in France is Mgr. Le Camus, Bishop of La Rochelle. These are his courageous and inspiring words to his people: "A truce to considerations of merely human character when it is a question of the liberty of the church, of its right to live, to preach, to make a conquest of souls by the truth and in charity. Whether the Concordat is more and more destined to say all that our enemies make it say, and to say no longer what it has hitherto proclaimed so loudly, it is now for us nothing more than a deplorable piece of dupery. Nothing is worse than to feel that we are being strangled by the very hand which should protect us.

"There are men who cannot be despised, who must be reckoned with; the men who think nothing of their own welfare, of money, and even of life itself. Let us be such. The

spectacle of men of God held in the leash for a little bread and material protection by the promoters of unbelief will ever be regarded with supreme pity; and what will seem inexplicable to the generations to come is that we, Catholics and Frenchmen, men free by national temperament and grace, have so long delayed to cry: 'We have had our fill of slavery and we will have no more of it!'"

The Religious Situation in the Philippines.

The religious situation in the Philippines is gradually settling itself in a way that will conduce ultimately to the best interest of the church and the people in the islands. In this permanent settlement there were a few points which, themselves having been finally settled, furnished the basis of the arrangement. One of these points is the permanency of the American occupation. To most people there never was a doubt about this. Some few, however, imagined that the American authorities would withdraw in time. But even the ones least disposed to realize that the flag is there to stay have come now to accept the situation as a permanent one.

With this in view the church has accommodated herself to existing arrangements, and four able and sagacious men have been selected to occupy important sees. These newly consecrated bishops have taken the opportunity of their presence in New York to pay their respects to the President, and to each the President has affirmed his policy. It is simply this: The prime necessity of a successful administration in the Philippines is to make the people contented; the people will not be contented if they are suffered to rest under the impression that the American government is non-Catholic in its personnel or inimical to the church in its administration of affairs. Hence the bishops who are the evangels of the newer life for the church there, while they went to Rome for their consecration and spiritual authority, they called on the President to get his assurances of hearty good will and God-speed, and they come to the people with both the authority of Rome and the sympathy of America.

As to other points of settlement, the church will in all probability be placed under the administration of the legislation of the Council of Baltimore. The old Canon Law of a necessity will fall into desuetude, because it is founded on "the

benefice," and now the benefice is a thing of the past. The separation of church and state throws the support of the clergy back on the voluntary offerings of the people, and in the long run the type of Catholic developed under this system will be vigorous, loyal, and devoted. The new policy will be to give the native every opportunity of development. There will be no position of dignity and responsibility to which he may not aspire. As for the religious orders, they will be necessary for the betterment of the church. It is hoped that their monetary affairs will be settled in the early future, so that they can go back among the people as missionaries. They have been an integral part of the church in the Philippines and their usefulness is not by any means at an end. They may become most efficient auxiliaries of the bishops in caring for the spiritual needs of the people. With the wisdom that has always characterized the policy of religious orders they will readily see that the old order has changed, and that it will be necessary to adapt themselves to the new state of affairs. The scarcity of priests in the islands is so notable that the bishops must avail themselves of the religious, and the religious will see that their success in the work of evangelization will be secured by subordinating themselves to the supreme spiritual authority of the bishops.

The Question of Trades Unionism.

The question of "Trades Unionism" is destined to become of paramount importance during the coming year. Whether a man is at liberty to sell his labor how and in what manner he choses, and whether the law will protect him in this liberty, are problems which perplex our best publicists. A case is now before the tribunal of public opinion for discussion and settlement—that of the Miller case in Washington. The methods adopted during the past summer by some of the labor leaders, of compelling men to labor as and how they deem best, "to strike" when it seems advantageous to the interest of the men, and so on, are doing not a little to paralyze the industrial interests of the country. It will soon become a question whether the moneyed interests of the country will not be obliged to yield the complete management of their business to the leaders of the labor unions, and if there should be any official settlement either in public sentiment or in any authoritative tribunal that trade unions are supreme, that they

can compel every wage-earner to work as they dictate or not work at all, it would be most fatal to progress. Labor is as absolutely dependent on capital as capital is on labor, and if capital is made a slave by labor to do its behests, to employ whom and in the manner only as labor says, it will retire from the field of industry, and not only will all progress be stopped but the best interest of labor will be defeated. The oath of the International Typographical Union has never been strictly interpreted, nor do the members themselves desire that it shall be. Otherwise it would place trades unionism above both church and state. But that such an oath could be deliberately written out and exacted by organizers, only goes to show that there is no limit to which certain unwise leaders will not go in order to secure their ends. Labor has certain undoubted rights; one of them is to organize to protect itself, another is freedom from oppression, and still another is to be paid a living wage; but in the great struggle that is now on to secure these rights, the greatest care must be exercised not to violate certain other fundamental rights that are included within the personal liberties guaranteed to every citizen.

Macedonia and the Turk

Again the cry goes up loud and pitiful from the people of Macedonia to the Christian nations, to the lovers of human justice, to come over and help them. Eight times during the last century did the same appeal go forth, and eight times was it unheeded because the ears of the Powers were waxed deaf with selfishness. And the unspeakable Turk, in the murdered men, women, and children at Adrianople, in the score of villages devastated through Monastir, in the unholy massacres reported from many other places, only repeats what he has done many, many times before.

If there were signs, even the smallest, of his improvement, of his sorrow, or of his amendment, his case might not be so utterly exasperating. But he has learnt nothing in all his five and a half centuries of contact with civilization; nay, rather has he held himself up as the scourge of Christianity and of all progress. Every power of Europe knows his deceit, his hatred of the Christian, his determination to ride roughshod, like the Vandals of old, over every law of human justice and of human toleration. Every power of Europe has its own courts

in Turkey where it can see that justice is done to its own subjects, and its post-offices, in order that its mail may not be opened and stolen.

Why is the Turk thus tolerated and endured? The Powers, if they but wished, could drive him from the continent of Europe within a month; yet their jealousy, their mutual fear of one another, their supreme selfishness and desire to acquire advantageous territory, cause them to stand off, while on the altar of that greed thousands of helpless victims are being offered up in sacrifice to the unspeakable Turk.

If the world once arose in its thousands, and marched across deserts to save a tomb from desecration, what ought it do to-day, if it has advanced in "civilization" and "humanitarianism," to save—not a tomb, but thousands of its fellow-men and women from death and an infamy worse than death? But there are so many obstacles in the way, we are told at every turn.

The Bulgarians' latest appeal to the Christian Powers, asking them to force Turkey to use legitimate methods of warfare, has gone unheeded. Bulgaria herself threatens to rise, and with the Macedonians, and perhaps the Servians, she could put an army in the field that would make the Turks tremble, for it is known that their army is not well equipped. If Bulgaria conquered, she would become the most important state of the Balkans, and thus incur the enmity of Russia and Austria. No matter where one turns or for what solution he seeks, there looms up a great, threatening power, while in its shadow the Turk continues to massacre.

But may Bulgaria rise—even if her rising put a torch to the powder-magazine of Europe; for when the clouds of war will have cleared away, the Turk will not be seen on the continent—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

WITH much sorrow we received the news of the sudden death of John A. Mooney, LL.D., who was one of the most devoted friends of the Columbian Reading Union. His lamented death was the result of an accidental fall at Hurricane, in the Adirondacks, where he was staying with a party of friends. His party had taken an afternoon drive to Clifford Falls, about four miles from the Wiley House. Mr. Mooney left the carriage to get a better view of the gorge from the brink of the precipice, and fell into a crevice the top of which was covered over with thick brushwood. He dropped about fourteen feet, striking his head on the rocks below. He received a fracture of the skull, and did not regain consciousness, dying a few minutes later.

John A. Mooney's father was a well-known brownstone dealer of New York, and the son had always lived in this city. He was educated at St. Francis Xavier's and St. John's College, Fordham. From the former institution he received the degree of LL.D. Mr. Mooney was a man of broad scholarship. He was the author of a number of books, among them being the *Life of Giordano Bruno* and *Criticisms of the Modern French Novelists.* One of his latest writings is a life of Archbishop Corrigan, of whom he was an intimate friend. Besides his general attainments, he had the reputation of being one of the best Dante scholars in this city. He was a frequent contributor to Catholic magazines.

Dr. Mooney was a bachelor, and left no immediate relatives. He was a member of the Union League and Catholic Clubs. The funeral took place from St. Agnes' Church, East Forty-third Street, the pastor of which, the Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, was an intimate friend of Mr. Mooney. During the Mass of requiem the church was filled with the many friends of the deceased. Dr. Brann was the celebrant of the Mass. The Rev. Thomas F. Myhan, rector of St. Ann's, was deacon, and the Rev. Joseph McLoughlin, S.J., a godchild of Mr. Mooney, was the sub-deacon. An eloquent eulogy was pronounced by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop Farley, who was present within the sanctuary, performed the final absolution. One of Dr. Mooney's latest contributions to literature was published in the New York *Times*—April 18, 1903—dealing with the study of St. Francis of Assisi among non-Catholics. It is an excellent specimen of his keen penetration, incisive style, and varied learning, and as it may assist many of our readers in forming their opinions on a complicated subject it is here in part reproduced:

Following the old school of Protestant writers who could find little to admire in any saint and much to condemn in every friar, a new school now arose that discovered many virtues in Francis at least; virtues, however, that marked him as "Lutherist" rather than Catholic. Even Henry Thode, whose labored studies of early Franciscan art should have served him better, joined the gentle Francis and the ungentle Luther as brother reformers. Others there have been to claim Francis as one of that elusive band fancifully denominated "the precursors of the Reformation."

Now the rationalists have seized poor little Francis, and they seem bound

to make him one of their own. The tall pedestal upon which they have lifted him is none too high, though it is much too narrow at the base, and the foundation is as wabbly as their most weak reason and reasoning. Credit is none the less due them for giving a quietus to the fanciful notion that St. Francis of Assisi was a thirteenth century Protestant, or a precursor of Luther and Calvin, any more than of Henry VIII. or of Cranmer or John Knox.

Though differing from Renan in details, M. Sabatier's view of St. Francis is radically the same. Francis is rather a most beauteous flower on the ever-blooming tree of humanity than one lovely blossom among the thousands that have burgeoned from the ever-blooming wood of the cross, or one shining jewel in the crown of the Catholic faith—a crown in which the believer sees new gems set from day to day, as Heaven wills. And thus the saint of Paul Sabatier and of those who follow in his tracks, however winning a person, is no true saint, but a mere natural good man, in whom the supernatural is no living source of the visible spiritual life. The Christianity that Sabatier thinks he perceives in Francis is not the clearly defined Credo of the saint, but, instead, the unformulated, variable philosophy of the writer's private brand of rationalism. Most affectionate, expansive, in the expression of his regard for his hero, he admires especially one of the saint's many virtues—the virtue of poverty. Poverty, poverty, the beauty of poverty, the ideal perfection of the poverty of Francis, the injustice, the harm done to mankind by those who lowered the saint's ideal—such is the burden of his artful song.

Had not Paul Sabatier written his *Vie de St. François d'Assise*, it is more than probable that A. Macdonell's book, *The Sons of Francis*, would never have seen the light. After his own fashion, the later writer has elaborated portraits that the French guide had already sketched. Among the sons of Francis he has placed those who were and those who were not sons of the saint. He, too, is a lover of the *poverello*, an enthusiastic lover, and his enthusiasm, not for the saint alone, but for a few of his early companions also, is so youthful, so hearty, that he cannot fail to disarm even those who love truth more than passion or sentiment unmeasured.

Having frankly warned his readers that he is biassed, A. Macdonell lays down a proposition lovers of truth cannot accept. No one can faithfully write a saint's life who is not a psychologist, so Mr. Macdonell asserts. Forewarned, forearmed—we know the historical and the biographical psychologist; they are both arrant romancers. Remembering M. Renan's rare psychological art, and with the evidence before him of Sabatier's expertness, A. Macdonell should have hesitated about boasting of his own modest talent.

In the thirteenth century every Catholic was bound, as every Catholic is to-day, by the teaching of Christ, who, practising poverty, condemned not at all wealth honestly acquired and charitably used. Should A. Macdonell be deeply disturbed because the Idea of St. Francis was, as he mistakenly imagines, destroyed, we see nothing to hinder his revival of the Idea by giving all that he has to the poor and then following the Master. That Francis, honoring poverty, conferred extraordinary benefits on Italy and on the rest of Europe during the thirteenth century and after, there can be no doubt—economic benefits; and we can see that before long some student less psychological and more scientific than the author of the *Sons of Francis*, will be led to measure these benefits, and perhaps to draw a lesson that will be fruitful

among the economists and the sociologists of the future. For nigh seven centuries the ideals of St. Francis have been operative. To-day they are operative. Many sons has the sainted poor little man of Assisi—Friars Minor, Capuchins, Observantins, Conventuals, Récollets—all seeking this very day to serve mankind in all ways, like their lovable and loving father and patron.

JOHN A. MOONEY.

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We are indebted to the Hon. F. A. Latchford, of Toronto, Canada, for a pamphlet containing the account of an expedition in August, 1902, to determine the location of the old Huron Village of St. Ignace II., where Brébeuf and Lalemant were put to death March 16–17, 1649. The investigation was under the direction of the Rev. A. E. Jones, S.J. A brief description of the place is given in the following extract from the report:

As a lookout for the child of the forest, grown familiar with the ways of the wilderness, and with his keen vision sharpened still more by his every-day contact with nature in her every mood, the site of St. Ignace was a near approach to the ideal. And had it not been for the innate apathy of the Huron, of which Brébeuf time and again complained, St. Ignace, instead of falling an easy prey to the enemy, might have proved the bulwark of the nation. But he lacked the vigilance of the Mohawk and the Seneca, and paid dearly for allowing himself to be lulled into the quietude of a false security.

Turning towards the north and north-east, the eye ranged over the waters of Sturgeon Bay and the greater Matchedash, and took in a wide stretch of country in the Muskoka district, while, a little further east, it swept over Gloucester Pool, the mouth of the Severn, and no small extent of the North (or Black) River Valley. But all these local advantages, as rehearsed above, all the charms of the panorama which unfolds itself before the gaze of one standing on the site of St. Ignace, might well be dismissed from thought with a passing note of admiration, were not memories of a far higher order of excellence woven round it. Vastly grander visions of the beautiful and sublime in nature are to be met with within the confines of this great Dominion, and in an endless variety of kind, from the beetling crags of Trinity Rock, the towering mass of Cape Eternity on the Saguenay, to the fairy scenes of enchanting beauty in the Islands of the St. Lawrence; from Niagara, with its deafening roar of waters plunging to depths unknown, to the silent solitudes of the Selkirks, whose glittering peaks cleave the very clouds above—all these and others surpass it immeasurably, either in majesty of outline or in perfection of detail.

But no spot on the wide expanse of this continent was hallowed by a nobler sacrifice for the Master than was consummated on this hill-top a few acres in extent, and which lay for two centuries and a half lost in the recesses of the forest. There where we were standing stood, long since, two Christian heroes whose lives ebbed slowly away amidst unspeakable torments. Unlike the martyrs of old who stood in the great amphitheatres of Rome, awaiting death from the wild beasts of the arena, they had no friends among the onlookers to encourage them by voice or gesture. They stood alone in the wilderness of the New World with a few neophytes, sharers in their sufferings, among a howling band of savages, more ferocious than lion or leopard. And as the flames curled round their blistering and lacerated limbs, the smoke of the sacrifice ascended as sweet incense to the throne of the Eternal.

M. C. M.

"The Saints in Paradise."—By Fra Angelico.

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LEO XIII.: A CRITIC'S MISTAKES.

BY REV. JOHN J. BURKE, C.S.P.

IN the New York *Times'* "Saturday Review" of September 19 appeared a review of *The Great Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII.*, edited by Father Wynne, S.J. The reviewer was Mr. Wolf Von Schierbrand.

The writer opens with much praise for Leo XIII. as a man. He says that "no unbiased mind will withhold from him the tribute of highest admiration." Mr. Von Schierbrand then makes the distinction between Leo the man and Leo the "Churchman."

Such a distinction is a necessity in any matter of exposition and criticism, and it is fully warranted by tradition and common usage. But it is a distinction that is not at all warranted in forming an ultimate moral judgment of any individual, be he public or not. The use of it in the *Times'* review, taken with its context, throws light on the misapprehension and the misunderstanding under which the reviewer himself labored. He gives the attribute of moral goodness to a man whose principal actions he condemns. He might answer that he does not condemn them on moral grounds, and that may be true; we would not wish to do him the least injustice. But to say that Leo did not adapt himself to his age, when Leo maintained that he continually studied it, and that it was ever dear to his heart; to write that Leo was opposed to liberty, when in a special encyclical Leo put himself forth as its champion; to say that Leo was opposed to principles and govern-

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

ments which Leo in turn defended and commanded his subjects to obey,—seems to us very much like charging this same man, Leo, with serious moral fault. But the review offers an occasion at least to bring out a general moral principle which is most important.

In making the distinction mentioned, the *Times*' reviewer evidently takes it for granted that Leo as a private individual and Leo as head of the church were quite distinct, with different responsibilities, and even different wills—a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. He supposes, in other words, that Leo could do, in the matter of morality, or actually did, many things as Pope which it would have been wrong for him to do as an individual; in other words, that his office exempted him in certain respects from the moral law, and that his actions as an official are not to enter into our estimate of the man; for the *Times*' reviewer praises the man beyond words, but condemns the official. This is the only explanation that would, from the stand-point of logic, at all justify his writing, and from his point of view he is justified in making the distinction.

But with a little thought one will see that all the actions, private or public, official or non-official, of Leo or of anybody else are the actions of the man in question; that Leo consequently was responsible for all his actions, and that every one of them, without exception, has its necessary share in any true judgment concerning his character. It is perhaps a common fault to think that an official position will justify an act which the individual holding the position believes to be wrong, and which he would not do if he were not an official. We have known men to recite the Athanasian Creed while in their souls they did not believe it. They justified their immoral act on the ground of their official position.

It is a common view also, and one that seems to possess the writer of the criticism, that the Pope as Pope is not bound by the same moral laws that bind him as man; that in a sense he is officially beyond law—a law unto himself.

Against all this the Catholic Church teaches that every individual, be he the highest or the lowest, is bound by his conscience; that that conscience is to him the voice of God, and that it governs all the actions of his life, no matter in what field they may be performed, and that by the conformity or nonconformity of every act with that conscience the said act

is good or bad. Were he to violate that law grievously, no matter what his position, he would be guilty of sin.

If it is forbidden to him as a private individual to be unjust to his fellows, it would be equally sinful, yes more so, to be unjust as Pope; if he is commanded as an individual to forgive those that hate him, the same law is binding upon him in his official acts as Pope, even if they have to do with millions of people; if as an individual he is forbidden to seek revenge, he is equally forbidden to seek it as Pope, though he be dealing with the most powerful nations of the earth. The Pope in the truest sense of the words is the servant of the servants of God, with the care of the whole church as a moral care resting upon his soul, and it was the realization of that stupendous fact that made Cardinal Sarto weep, and even draw back, when he was elected Pope of the Universal Church.

This truth will also help us to sympathize with the *Times'* reviewer in his mistakes—which appear grievous to Catholics, but which are evidently the result of limitations begotten of ignorance in the matter; it will also bring home that other truth, that every reporter or correspondent is not at all competent to give a proper estimate of such a character as Leo XIII.

In fact that work belongs to one who has a true notion of the duties and responsibilities of the Papacy, who can appreciate something of its breadth and comprehensiveness, something of the power to look upon things as the Pope looks upon them, for is it not an old axiom that sympathy, or at least sameness, of view is the first requisite for a good critic?

Of course, a ruler or an official may find many of the acts of his office distasteful, but that only adds an element of merit to the performance of his duty; if he deemed the act immoral, he would commit sin in performing it, no matter what advantageous fruits it might produce.

Again, we may disagree entirely with the opinions of those whom nevertheless we may call very good, as Pope Leo XIII. wrote in his Encyclical of 1898 of the non-Catholic Scotch: "Many of the Scottish people who do not agree with us in faith sincerely love the name of Christ and strive to ascertain his doctrine and to imitate his most holy example."

The point to be insisted on here is simply that, whether

we agree or differ, all the actions of a man, be they private or official—all have their share in our estimate of his character.

The use of the word "Churchman" in the *Times*' article would never appeal to the Catholic sense, for it represents a view which on principle is foreign to the Catholic mind. The critic uses it to portray Leo's personal attitude as Pope, and he would make that attitude narrow and intolerant indeed. A reader might well judge from it that Leo deemed himself the head of a sect that was constantly warring with others, or the ruler of a church that was jealous of other churches, or the pope of an ecclesiastical body that was necessarily to reach out after temporal authority and human respect, whose existence depended on the number of its members.

The concept of Leo's true attitude, the attitude of all the popes, that they were the rulers of the Church founded by Jesus Christ; which was not to depend on human power nor human wisdom nor numerical strength either for its life or for its continuation, but which was preserved in being by the special power of God; a church which in its spiritual supremacy and freedom naturally possesses all the powers, rights, and privileges that flow therefrom; which is above creeds and communions and sects; which, like Christ Himself, has the whole world for its field and every soul for its care; which possesses a religious teaching given it from above, of certain positive principles with logical conclusions, all of which form a science; which has the responsibility of delivering that teaching to the world, and so instructing and governing and guiding men in the truths of this life and the next,—such a concept it is most necessary to grasp, to understand, to begin with as a supposition at least, if one is to judge and estimate rightly the acts and the character of a Pope.

And now, coming to the second question, is Leo as a matter of fact guilty of the shortcomings with which the *Times*' reviewer charges him?

We might have no ground of complaint against the reviewer as to the first point, but with regard to the second we cannot but emphatically charge Mr. Wolf Von Schierbrand with deliberate misrepresentation. Nothing but a mental obliquity, purposely self-inflicted, could lead him to write as he does.

He had the encyclicals of Leo before him; he had heard the world-wide chorus of universal praise ring about his ears; he must have read critical opinions by Catholic, Protestant, and Agnostic; yet he deliberately contradicts them all. And a peculiar feature of that chorus of praise was not simply that Leo was a man who was true to his principles, but that he had enunciated principles which, if followed out, would bring peace to society, be the bulwark of good order, and do away with the gravest problems that now harass the mind of every serious thinker on social conditions.

The *Times'* reviewer says that Leo did not adapt himself to his age; that he adhered to the teachings of such ancients as Augustine, Tertullian, and Jerome. Leo XIII. sought to give the world the teaching of Christ, which in its principles is unchangeable. He quoted these Fathers as great interpreters of that teaching. An American would not be charged with not adapting himself to the age if he sought to direct present events by the teachings of Washington or Jefferson or any of the fathers of the Republic.

As Christ is the Saviour of the world, so his teachings are the salvation of society. Studying the conditions of every class, sympathizing with all that was good, feeling for the repressed, loving liberty and law, Leo sought to apply these teachings to present conditions, and thus to make stable modern progress and modern development. If this be not heartily, sincerely adapting one's self to the age, then Christ himself did not adapt himself to his age nor sympathize with mankind.

A further proof that Leo understood and sought the interest of all his fellow-men may be found in the fact that there is not an important question in the religious, political, social, economic fields that he has not treated; not a theory of government or of socialism which he has not discussed, and either defended or refuted in principle or in detail.

And that he treated them with a wisdom suited to present-day conditions is attested to by the workingmen in Rome, who called him Father and erected a statue to his honor, as well as by the judge of a Minnesota court who lately employed his words to voice a judicial opinion.

We might fill the pages of this magazine with testimony to the very practical manner in which Leo has adapted himself to

the age, given by men of every creed and of recognized pre-eminence.

Mr. Carroll D. Wright, the United States Commissioner of Labor, wrote: "I think the encyclical of Leo XIII. on the labor question gives the foundation for social science in this century. It is a vade mecum with me, and I know that it has had an immense influence in steadying the public mind."

Mr. John Mitchell wrote: "It gives me much pleasure to join in paying my humble tribute to His Holiness Leo XIII., whose broad-minded, liberal views have won for him the respect of all classes of society regardless of their religious belief."

Dr. Schurman, of Cornell University, "delights to recall Leo's potent and exalted service in the promotion of justice, virtue, and piety among all peoples." Dr. Schurman continues: "I have always been greatly impressed with the high and wise statesmanship which Leo XIII. has exhibited in dealing with the fundamental problems of the modern state." *

A Protestant minister, Reverend J. Wesley Johnston, writes: "Leo was neither dramatic nor spectacular. But he was tolerant; he was of liberal mind; his outlook was broad; his grasp on affairs was that of a statesman; his ambitions were never personal; he was a priest but a man as well; his sympathies and activities were far-reaching; his ministry, though primarily Romanist in its purpose and desire, was of world-wide scope and influence. We find him, therefore, taking a deep and abiding interest in the problems that agitate and distress a great mass of men. His was not a cloistered faith, . . . he acted as peacemaker, mediator, arbiter; he championed the cause of labor, yet guarded sacredly the rights of capital; he adjusted differences, settled disputes, restored harmony between factions and nations, and in every way possible sought to secure an era of fellowship and good-will." †

Mr. Wolf Von Schierbrand writes that Leo was opposed to our American government. The Rev. Lyman Abbott, of the *Outlook*, wrote: "Pope Leo XIII. has rendered, in my judgment, an incalculable service to humanity at large by what he has done to dissipate the impression that the Church and Democracy are inimical to each other, and to make it clear that

* *Catholic World*, March, 1903.
† *North American Review*, September, 1903.

one can be a loyal and faithful son of the church and a loyal and faithful citizen of a free republican government."*

Again, we will quote Leo's own words: "Thus an effectual barrier being opposed to tyranny, the authority in the state will not have all its own way, but the interest and rights of all will be safeguarded—the rights of individuals, of domestic society, and of all the members of the commonwealth, all being free to live according to law and right reason" (*Encyc. Human Liberty*).

This surely is in perfect harmony with the only rational interpretation of the phrase "all men are born equal."

The right of a people to rebel is thus dwelt upon: "Whenever there exists, or there is reason to fear, an unjust oppression of the people it is lawful to seek for such a change of government as will bring about due liberty of action. In such case an excessive and vicious liberty is not sought for, but only some relief for the common welfare, in order that while license for evil is allowed by the state, the power of doing good may not be hindered" (*Idem*).

Again: "It is not of itself wrong to prefer a democratic form of government if only the Catholic doctrine be maintained as to the origin and exercise of power. Of the various forms of government the church does not reject any that are fitted to procure the welfare of the subject" *(Idem).*

"Neither does the church condemn those who, if it can be done without violation of justice, wish to make their country independent of any foreign or despotic power. Nor those who wish to assign to the state the power of self-government, and to its citizens the greatest possible measure of prosperity" *(Idem).*

"Catholics, like all other citizens, are free to prefer one form of government to another; for none of these social forms (empire, monarchy, republic) is in itself opposed to the principles of sound reason nor to the maxims of Christian doctrine" *(Encycl. Allegiance to the Republic).*

"The right to rule is not necessarily bound up with any special mode of government" *(Encycl. Christian Constitution of States).*

Leo XIII. wrote thus particularly of America: "Precisely at the epoch when the American colonies, having with Catho-

* *Catholic World*, March, 1903.

lic aid achieved liberty and independence, coalesced into a constitutional republic, the ecclesiastical hierarchy was happily established amongst you, and at the very time when the popular suffrage placed the great Washington at the helm of the Republic, the first bishop was set by apostolic authority over the American Church. The well-known friendship and familiar intercourse which subsisted between these two men seems to be an evidence that the United States ought to be conjoined in concord and amity with the Catholic Church.

"For the church amongst you, *unopposed by the constitution* and *government of your nation*, fettered by no hostile legislation, protected against violence by the common laws and the impartiality of the tribunals, is free to live and act without hindrance. All intelligent men are agreed, and we ourselves have with pleasure intimated it above, that America seems destined for greater things. Now, it is our wish that the Catholic Church should not only share in but help to bring about this prospective greatness. We deem it right and proper that she should, by availing herself of the opportunities daily presented to her, keep equal step with the Republic in the march of improvement, at the same time striving to the utmost by her virtue and her institutions, to aid in a rapid growth of the States" *(Encycl. Catholicity in the U. S.)*

The *Times'* reviewer says that Leo contends for church supremacy, and this in the political sense. We will allow Leo to answer for himself:

"And now before going any further we must indicate a craftily circulated calumny making most odious imputation against Catholics, and even the Holy See itself. It is maintained that that vigor of action inculcated in Catholics for the defence of their faith has for a secret motive much less the safeguarding of their religious interests than the ambition of securing to the Church political domination over the state. Truly this is the revival of a very ancient calumy, as its invention belongs to the first enemies of Christianity" *(Encyc. Allegiance to the Republic).*

So we might continue with like quotations, but we think that what we have quoted will be more than ample for our purpose.

Mr. Von Schierbrand says that Leo was intolerant. Now, every man of principle must be intolerant of error. So was

Leo. But he was most tolerant, kind, sympathetic, with those who in ignorance might hold error.

We have already referred to his words about the non-Catholics in Scotland. In his encyclical, "Catholicity in the United States," Leo writes of those who are not Catholics: "With not a few of them, dissent is a matter rather of inheritance than of will. Surely we ought not to desert them; but with mildness and charity draw them to us, using every means of persuasion to induce them to examine closely every part of Catholic doctrine. Great is the power of example, particularly with those who from a certain inborn virtuous disposition are striving to live an honorable, upright life, to which class very many of your citizens belong." That same interest and love Leo extends to the Indians and the negroes.

In his last letter to the American hierarchy Leo wrote: "But in this circle of congratulation, while the voices of all are welcome to us, that of the bishops and faithful of the United States of North America brings us special joy, both on account of the conditions which give your country prominence over many others and of the special love we entertain for you."

The *Times'* reviewer says that Leo was opposed to liberty, religiously illiberal, intolerant, and narrow. Leo writes in his encyclical, "The Christian Constitution of States": "Nor is there any reason why any one should accuse the church of being wanting in gentleness of action or largeness of view, or of being opposed to real and lawful liberty. The church, indeed, deems it unlawful to place the various forms of divine worship on the same footing as the true religion, but does not on that account condemn those rulers who for the sake of securing some great good, or of hindering some great evil, allow patiently custom or usage to be a kind of sanction for each kind of religion having its place in the state. And, in fact, the church is wont to take earnest heed that no one shall be forced to embrace the Catholic faith against his will, for, as St. Augustine wisely reminds us, 'man cannot believe otherwise than of his own free will.'"

Leo's constant attitude in the matter of liberty is well described in the words of a non-Catholic, Dr. Washington Gladden, "that he had faith in liberty that is not mere lawlessness."

In his encyclical "Immortale Dei" Leo distinguished be-

tween the good and the evil in the free range of human action,—in other words, distinguished between liberty and license. And our free American Republic by law does not permit absolute liberty, else would license be her undoing,

"Men have a right freely and prudently to propagate throughout the state what things soever are true and honorable, so that as many as possible may possess them, but lying opinions than which no mental plague is greater, and vices which corrupt the heart and moral life, should be diligently repressed by public authority, lest they insidiously work the ruin of the state" (*Encycl. Human Liberty*).

And all these quotations are written in good type in the book which Mr. Von Schierbrand reviewed, and which, like every careful reviewer, he conscientiously read. A little more thought, a little more intelligence, and, let us say, a little more broadness of view, would lead Mr. Von Schierbrand to realize what so many others have paid testimony to: the truth of those words of the preface, "the late Pontiff, by adapting himself to his age and studying carefully its needs and possibilities, has so far influenced its thought and tendencies and so plainly altered its current of events, as to have opened a new era in its history."

AUTUMN CHARMS.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

A FALLING leaf! What meteor of night,
What sun that misses its high goal of light,
Illumes the darkness with its failing breath
As brightly as this star the night of death?

A fading rose! What other fire of earth,
What dying splendor of the summer's hearth,
Contains in ashes warm as Beauty's noon
The whole magnificence of flaming June?

A voiceless bird! What first of nightingales,
What thrush that sings in summer's leafy vales,
Finds such sad sweetness in the throat of song
As this last bird in silence all day long?

A shrinking brook! What spirit of the wood,
What sprite that dies in summer's solitude,
Pours out its life as brightly on the sod
As this wild thing that bathes the feet of God?

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

SCHOLASTICISM.

I.

ONE, who have delved a little below the surface of scholastic philosophy, can fail at least to have conceived great respect for its admirable consistency and coherency; and for its exacting precision in terms and thought.

Aye! there is the rub. Not the so-called jargon; the uncouthness of form and speech. Not its divergence from easy and accustomed methods of discourse and presentation. I dare say more. Not the main body of doctrine—when understood—the substantial affirmations of fact and reality, of consciousness and certitude, which it conveys, explains, and defends.

I am not speaking of the professional infidel, but of the general outsider. His main trouble at bottom, when he sincerely approaches the system at all, is that it is too exactingly precise; holds him down too strictly to know just what he means, and to stick to it, without loopholes of escape into hazy neighboring asylums.

Why! its mere ugliness of form would have generated admiration. And what of the shades of Kant and Hegel? No. But its persistent precision, its unconquerable snarlishness of that tramp of thought—the indefinite—*there* is where the general run of a down-at the heels humanity shies and takes offence.

II.

I love scholastic philosophy. But I sympathize with the tramp. The heaving breast of humanity lies behind those rags. Many a breeze of the unconventionalities of freest life—anyhow of the real life of the multitude—often lurks in his vagrant utterings. A conception (which it is of course his natural prompting to emphasize) that there is no such great intrinsic difference between his rags and my lady's gown—between the accurately-tailored, and somewhat fancifully colored, garment;

and his chance measure of cloth and patch—which both cover, after all, a *quantum of nakedness.*

Poor tramp! You are not wholly wrong. At least, you are certainly human. Our philosophical vestments, however textured, are not so essentially different from those which invest your concepts of reality and life.

And do we not hear the echo of divine words saying: "Is not the body better than the raiment?" And again: "the life greater than the food?"

III.

Yes. Life is the thing. The real life, and the entire life. And not merely the dialectical snip of it.

After all, the human mind cannot have become Pasteurized into permanent sterility just in the *thirteenth* century.

To insist on availing ourselves of its glorious intellectual achievements; to point out the excellences of the paths it has blazed out towards the infinite truth; of its sublime rationalizing of divine truths; of the necessity and duty of continuity, and grasp after unity, in the development and effort of human speculation: Excellent.

But it is human after all. It is a system of rationalizing after all. It is not a supernatural revelation, not a divine word, further than any other sublime effort of the human mind is divine.

To make a fetich of it; beyond properly recalling the human mind to the value and validity of its substantial conquests and acquisitions in the domain of truth, is to nudge human philosophizing unto a pedestal which divine dogma and revealed truth alone are entitled to enthrone.

IV.

A defect, perhaps, of exaggerated and intolerant scholasticism (but mainly subjective and resting mostly in the mental attitude of some extreme votaries), is not essentially a tendency to insufficient discipline in the sciences of observation, and insufficient allowance for the laws and the facts of induction. Probably this is largely an indirect and accidental result; and an effect of prevailing conditions of the time.

But it seems to me to lie more deeply in lack of adequate perception and recognition of *other* avenues and agencies of

knowledge and conviction, of ascertainment of truth—which *do actually obtain* with the mass of humanity; and in fact, with the natural human intellect.

Call these: intuitional, emotional, volitional, ethical, æsthetic, innate, connatural, categorical, traditional, or empiric—immanent appetites for, and perceptions of, the true, the good, and the beautiful:—Surely as many feet have travelled and actually make life's journey, to the divine and the true, along such *undialectic* and uncovenanted ways.

V.

Far be from us the notion of rationalizing all truth, of arriving at and justifying every divine fact, natural and supernatural, by the light of human reason alone. On the contrary, it has seemed to me an overwrought and strained insistence, a forced and factitious wrenching asunder, to "abscind," as the schoolmen might say, from the data of Faith and Revelation; from divine testimony of light. And having seemingly done so, assume to construct artificial and independent disciplines of psychologies, ontologies, cosmogonies, and theodicies—behind every line of which the truths of faith still lurk in mask. And then to expect that one outside the bulwarks, or the footlights, should recognize these divorced schemata as convincing of the presupposed postulates.

No. So framed, these artificial systems bereft of their total armament, may be at home, giants of defence. But they prove in practice pigmies of offence, in open field, against the unpredisposed outsider.

In that light, perhaps, well may have been invented that ill-sounding legend to hand around the shining face of Truth: Apologetic.

VI.

To return. A chief credential of scholastic philosophy, as it seems to me, is that it is the *continuous* philosophy, consonant with divinely revealed data, of the growth and progress of human speculation. Beyond its intrinsic excellences, it bears on the forehead the Apocalyptic sign. Not only consonance with the natural philosophy and common sense of the human race in its fundamental affirmations; but enlightened, confirmed, and consecrated by the sign and name of God. In last analysis, its supreme sanction is its harmony with divine facts.

Unfortunately, the battle of the day is with those who

question that fundamental sanction, and the validity of those very credentials. Grossly as they violate, in doing so, the primary instincts, intuitions, and beliefs of the human race—putting at issue the very facts of consciousness and self-evidence, of substantial personality, and of substantial objectivity in the external world:—yet it is not by pure dialectics alone, nor perhaps mainly, that the philosophy of truth, reality, and certitude can best be vindicated and enforced.

That philosophy, while cogent in syllogistic power, needs, perhaps, to be broadened by fuller adaptation to and assimilation of all the methods and avenues by which the human mind, will, and heart can be, and in fact are, affected in the pursuit of truth.

It needs, possibly, a freer adaptation to new mental attitudes,—which necessarily accrue in new generations and environments;—assimilation of new lights,—which are necessarily implied in new and continued looking; greater receptivity for the continuous growth and development of human thought and speculation; for new forms and phases of that natural seeking after reflective explanation of truth—of which it is itself so splendid and shining an exemplar.

It needs perhaps, especially in the mental attitude of some of its votaries, more accommodating and appreciative recognition of *other*—it may be dialectically less-success-deserving, but practically and actually efficient and at any rate concurrent—instrumentalities of reaching out for and dealing out the word of truth.

And lastly, and perhaps mostly, it needs to harmonize itself, *face, speech and spirit* (wherever not inconsonant with revealed dogma), with the cherished predispositions and tenets of this freer and democratic age:—tenets and modalities of mind and will which were not prevalent and dominating in the ages when that philosophy received its scientific formulation.

None more than the Masters, it is easy to believe, would have taken account of, and synthesized, all the knowledge and categories of time and relation of their day. As indeed the prince of them all specifically did.

VII.

To conclude, within the limits of a brief essay, and not in mere criticism of a system of philosophy of which the intel-

lectual eminence, coherency and consistency with common sense, are a delight to the truly unprejudiced mind which makes itself familiar with it; but let us add a word, possibly, by way of suggestive inquiry.

Would not an insufficient recognition of the multiform ways by which the appealability of truth makes itself felt and accepted by the infinitely diversified personality of man, be lamentable?

Would not a very intense insistence on dialectic precision—not only alien to the natural exercise of mind by man—but also in some measure failing of sufficient recognition of the inadequacy of our concepts of truth and reality, and still more of our verbal expression of them, be equally unfortunate?

Should not room enough be made in the system for the participation of will, heart, and imagination; the cogencies of their half-intuitions, aspirations, and symbolisms; by which they actively share in divining, portraying, bringing home, and making welcome to us the beautiful and lovable facts and realities of truth?

VIII.

Man, born of a divine affirmation, is not made for negations. Finite, but created free, he shows his origin and his destiny by being also born with that intellectual longing called "Why?" It is the very mark of his conscious intellect, and a proof that he was not made to live by bread alone. "Why?" may be doubt, but it is also spiritual hunger.

And it needs all the faculties of man's being to frame true answers,—the totality of his powers, nature, and personality to make, in his turn, true affirmations of the deeper and higher facts around and above him. The lights of Faith as well as the lights of imagination, the intuitions of the heart and the unspelt desires of the will, as well the processes of analytic reflection.

Fashioned with infinitely diversified dispositions and aptitudes, manifold innate and energic powers, and varied combinations of intensity of those powers; impressionable by innumerable and variant cogencies, intellectual, volitional, æsthetic, ethical, and physical, the totality of his one personality reaches out for, is affected by, and embraces the truth from myriad facets, through myriadfold avenues and methods, and by all the quivering and dynamic activities of Life—and not simply by the cold clinic, or geometric formulation, of abstract dialectics.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

BY A MISSIONARY.

(CONCLUDED.)

AT HIS BAPTISM.

JOHN was baptizing in the Jordan. Jesus came with others to be baptized, and then, for the second time, the heavens opened to glorify the Son of Man. The Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape as a dove, *remaining upon Him;* and the voice of the Father in heaven said: "Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased." The glory here witnessed to is twofold: (1) the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost, and (2) the divine Sonship. This twofold glory Christ gave to His Church that it might be one.

1. Every society has a spirit or principle of life. Otherwise it is a corpse, not a living body. What gives to civil society its enduring life is our social human nature, and the spirit of a business corporation is the love of gain. Now, the Church of Christ differs from all other societies in this, that its animating principle is a divine Person dwelling in it. Our Lord sent His own Spirit to abide in the Church and to be to the Church what the soul is to the body of a man, so that His Church is in very truth the Body of Christ, as St. Paul calls it. "All these things one and the same Spirit worketh, dividing to every one according as He will. For as the body (of man) is one and hath many members, and all the members of the body, whereas they are many, yet are one body; so also is (the Body of) Christ. For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one Body. . . . Now you (Christian people) are the body of Christ" (I. Cor. xii.) By this indwelling of the Holy Ghost the Church is a living organism, and its corporate activities, such as the administration of the Sacraments, have thence a divine efficacy. "I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you for ever." He still abides with those included in that "you." The comment of St. Augustine in the fourth century is very suggestive:

"What the soul is to the body of a man, that the Holy Ghost is to the body of Christ, which is the Church. What the Holy Ghost does in the whole Church, that the soul does in all the members of one body. But see what ye have to beware of, to watch over, and to fear. In the body of a man it may happen that a member, the hand, the finger, or the foot, may be cut off. Does the soul follow the severed member? While it was in the body it was alive; cut it off, its life is lost. So a man is a Christian and a Catholic while he is alive in the body; cut off, he becomes a heretic. The Holy Ghost does not follow the amputated limb. If therefore ye would live by the Holy Ghost, hold fast charity, love truth, desire unity, that ye may attain to eternity."—*Sermon on Pentecost Day.*

That this indwelling of the Holy Ghost is included in the Gifts of Glory may be proved from II. Cor. iii., and the numerous texts quoted in proof by Newman, Serm. 18, vol. iii., *Parochial and Plain.* How it makes for unity is as evident as it is difficult of analysis. How is a tree one? How is any organism one? All we can say is that the Spirit of God has on earth a Body, a social Body, and that this Body is one. "One Body and one Spirit" is St. Paul's description of the Church. But Scripture does inform us fully as to some aspects of the unity effected by the Spirit. Christ said to the Apostles: "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you. . . . The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I have said to you." Unity of faith through possession of the Truth is evidently one intended effect of the indwelling Spirit of Truth. Christ significantly calls this unity *peace*, and St. Paul: "Be careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the *bond of peace.*" We know by experience and history that diversities of faith mean war, often in the military sense of the word, and always in the social and mental sense.

2. *The Divine Sonship.*—Christian unity is not the unity of a race or a nation. Neither is it, on the other hand, built on the basis of our common humanity. If this had been a suitable basis for a world-wide unity in religion, the institutions of the Old Law would not have been restricted to one nation. A new basis had to be created, and Christ created it. For "as

many as received Him, He gave them power to be made the sons of God, to them that believe in His name: who are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God"; and therefore, in their degree, like unto Him of whom St. John adds: "We saw His glory, the glory as it were of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Elsewhere in Scripture the gift of divine sonship imparted to Christians is variously spoken of as "grace," "glory," "life," "regeneration," "the new man," "partakers of the divine nature." It is a new life which manifests itself in the activities of faith, hope, and charity. It is not simply a new way of life that can be learned, but a new life superadded by gift to the natural life of man. By this gift the Church is, in the strictest sense, a brotherhood. All sons of God are brothers of Jesus Christ. We are more intimately related one to another by this bond of brotherhood than we are by our common descent from Adam. The latter can be the basis of a world-wide political unity or world power only when naval and military force overawes, and even then the expansion is limited, and the imperial power must often content itself with the externals of loyalty. But our brotherhood in Christ is the basis of a world-wide body politic, a spiritual empire, which secures unity in faith, worship, and discipline, without the aid of one gun on sea or land. This body politic is the Catholic Church. To become a citizen of this Empire the natural man has to be born again. "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God." When the new life thus received is allowed to develop and is suitably nourished, it gives the person possessing it a power of attraction which is an added uniting force. It is the power of holiness, and a conspicuous example of it in the world was the personality of Pope Leo XIII.

AT HIS TRANSFIGURATION.

I.

A parable shall introduce this chapter. A certain very rich man, known as Mr. King, wished to contribute to the welfare of his country. One day he invited some of his friends to visit him, and when they were seated in his office he said:

"I have made my last will and testament, and I have

named you the executors of it. As it is somewhat complicated I think it advisable to give you the outlines in advance. You are to take a billion dollars of my money and invest it. The annual proceeds of this amount you are to distribute, in the manner directed by the will, among the poor of this state for three hundred years."

One of the friends interrupted him, smiling: "Mr. King, we are willing to act for you in this patriotic design—at least I am; but you surely do not expect us to live three hundred years?"

"No," replied Mr. King, "I do not expect any of you to live so long; but by the terms of the will you are formed into a corporation, and it is the corporation which will, I hope, live for three hundred years. I have arranged for the appointment of successors in office, and also for the addition of others to your number when need of them is felt."

Another of the friends had been thinking of the whole scheme, and did not quite like it. He said:

"It seems to me that the work imposed upon the corporation is not likely to prove an unmixed benefit to the country. The beneficiaries under the will are the poor of this state. But will not the undeserving poor of other countries flock in, attracted by the prospect of aid from the corporation?"

"I have foreseen that objection," replied Mr. King. "If the work of the corporation attracts good citizens, so much the better, even if they be poor; but, as you say, there must be discrimination. Considering the motives which actuate politicians in times of election contests, I fear I cannot leave it to the public authorities to draw the line. I have therefore provided that all those who are to benefit by the provisions of my will must become members of this corporation and form one society with you—not all distributing officers, of course, but all one society. Now, to become and remain members of this society they must possess certain qualities and perform certain duties which will be effective in enabling you to discriminate."

The friends were still far from conviction that the scheme was feasible. One of them remarked:

"This society, when fully organized, will cover the whole state. It is easy to imagine divided interests. One section will claim, for instance, that other sections are getting more of the benefit than their due share. Fault will be found with the

management of the fund, with the distribution of proceeds, with the conduct of officials. Disputes may result in complete rupture of the society, each side claiming control of the fund. The means of the society may be wasted in litigation, and the poor of the society may not know where or how to obtain the intended benefit."

"That," replied Mr. King, "is an aspect of the matter to which I have given much thought. I cannot wholly prevent disputes and divisions; but I have made provision that the poor may at least always know where to look for redress. It is necessary to provide that, in case of rupture, there will be no reasonable doubt as to which of the separated bodies will continue to be *my* society. You will, of course, have a president. Now, I have not left it to you to elect the first president. I have named him myself, and have given to him such powers that his co-operation and sanction will be essential to the operations of the society. His successors in office will succeed to his powers, so that on whichever side he is *there* is my society."

Thus, any large scheme of benefit to men must reckon with the various interests, prejudices, selfishnesses, and local jealousies inherent in human nature. Careful organization may not alone suffice to save it from shipwreck on these rocks; but without careful organization disaster is swift and inevitable; and the more far-reaching the scheme the more elaborate the organization must become. Our Lord foresaw all our difficulties and divisions in religion, and He foresaw especially the tremendous dividing power of race and nationality. Nevertheless He prayed and worked for a world-wide unity. Is it possible to think of Him providing for this unity and at the same time leaving the essential element of organization to the efforts and disputes of men? The fruitless efforts made in our day to unite bodies which are alike in faith and worship, as well as in race and language, show that a divinely provided organization is essential to unity. Even if unity in faith and worship could be otherwise secured, the evils of sectarianism would still flow from numerous independent organizations. Such bodies, when in contact, are essentially antagonistic, no matter how much alike they may be. As the Hon. Mr. Balfour, the present Premier of England, says: "Friction and jealousy seem absolutely inseparable from divided organization,

even if behind that organization there be no deep seated or substantial difference of opinion." St. Paul says the same thing in other words: "Let the *peace* of Christ dwell in your hearts, wherein also you are called in *one* body." That is, one body, one organization, is the divinely appointed means of peace. The unity with which Christ repeatedly compares the unity of His Church is that between Him and the Father, "that they may be one as We also are." Now, the unity of Father and Son is a unity of substance as well as of mind and spirit, and the corresponding unity of the Church must be organic as well as mental and spiritual. Hence our Lord speaks to the Apostles as to a corporation having a perpetual succession: "I am with you even to the end of the world." "The Holy Ghost will abide with you for ever." "You will sit on twelve thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel." This last sentence was addressed to the Apostles when Judas was still one of the twelve, though it could not apply to him personally. It included him only as one of the corporation. St. Peter so understood it, for his first act of authority was to move in the appointment of a successor to Judas (Acts i.) To expect to find elaborate organic provisions in the Gospels would be to look upon Christ as a man, whereas He is God made man. The universe is marvellously elaborate, but the creative act which brought it into being was far from elaborate. If you wish to know who made the world, the clearest informant is the Book of Genesis; but if you wish to know what kind of world it is that God made, the better way is to examine the world itself. This is what men of science do, and they are right. Similarly, if you wish to know who created the Church, the clearest informant is the New Testament; but if you wish to know what kind of Church it is that Christ created, the more scientific way is to examine the Catholic Church of to-day, especially since an organism like the Church develops from within, as does a grain of mustard-seed, and is more easily understood in a state of maturity than in its first stages of growth. However, many have denied that this Church is the work of God, and Christ has deigned to let us see enough of His creative act to make that denial unreasonable.

Christ is a King; He was proclaimed a King at His birth, and He was put to death for claiming to be King. His kingdom is the kind called imperial, His subjects are not a homo-

geneous people, nor confined to one territory. They are in Heaven as well as on earth, and all power is given to Him in Heaven and on earth. To see His Kingdom of Angels and Saints in Heaven men have to pass through death; but one day He told the Apostles that some of them, even before tasting death, would see this Kingdom of God. "And it came to pass that about eight days after these words He took Peter and James and John, and went up into a mountain to pray. And whilst He prayed His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistening. And His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light. And, behold, two men were talking with Him. And they were Moses and Elias appearing in majesty; and they spoke of His decease which He should accomplish in Jerusalem. But Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep. And awakening they *saw His glory*. . . . And a voice came out of the clouds saying: This is My beloved Son; hear ye Him."

It was such glimpse as mortal man could bear; but it gave to the Apostles ocular proof that in the life beyond the grave Christ is King, the centre and light of a Kingdom in Heaven, with power to call the highest there to attend upon Him. Hence St. Peter says in his second epistle: "We have not followed cunningly devised fables when we made known to you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ; but have been made eye-witnesses of His Majesty. For He received from God the Father honor and glory, this voice coming down to Him from the excellent glory: This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him." Christ refers to His Throne in Heaven when he speaks of the time when "in the regeneration the Son of man will sit on the Throne of His Majesty." He came to extend this Kingdom on earth, to acquire a new Kingdom by right of conquest. Secular powers extend their sway by shedding the blood of others, Christ extended His by shedding His own. And the Kingdom on earth thus founded He committed to the Apostles. The Kingly glory which the Father had given to Him and manifested on the Mount of Transfiguration, He gave to the Apostles, saying: "I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a Kingdom, that you may eat and drink at My table in my Kingdom, and may sit upon thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel."

Here certainly is organization. A Kingdom with royal honors and thrones and judicial functions involves a high order of organization. The twelve tribes of Israel are the administrative divisions of the people of God, and the Apostles are set over the administrative divisions of the new Kingdom. Though there are as many thrones as there are Apostles, it is still one Kingdom, because they are all subject to Christ as King. He is the centre of unity. All the other thrones are subordinate to His. Are all the other thrones of equal authority? We may assume that they are essentially equal, since He speaks of them as exercising their authority in separate administrative divisions. What, then, will become of the unity of the Kingdom when He ascends to the Throne of His Majesty? Observe that He has two Thrones. The Church on earth is, as it were, an outlying Kingdom of His Empire. He has a Throne on earth as well as in Heaven. This is what the Angel said in announcing His coming: "The Lord God shall give unto Him the Throne of David His father, and He shall reign in the house of Jacob for ever." This throne is on earth. We might confidently anticipate that He would not leave it empty on ascending into Heaven. Indeed, the words of the Angel would have no fulfilment in that case, for an invisible throne on earth is no throne at all; and His provision for unity would have been evidently inadequate. But we are not left to conjectures on this point, for on no other part of the organization of the Church are the Gospels so clear and explicit. The authority given to Simon Peter, apart from the other Apostles, is not represented in Scripture as intermediate between that of Christ and that of the Apostles. On the contrary, the Apostles appear immediately subject to Christ, while the place of Peter in the administration of the Church appears to be identical with that of Christ, as far as mortal man can possess such authority. If the Apostles are made subject to Peter, it is not because Peter has greater Apostolic power than they; but because they are subject to the Throne of Christ on earth, and because Peter is placed upon this Throne to represent Him as Viceroy or Vicar, and to maintain unity. Let us place in parallel columns the prerogatives of Christ as Supreme Ruler on "the throne of David His father" and His own words conveying special authority to Simon Peter, thus:

PREROGATIVES OF CHRIST.	CHRIST TO PETER.
1. My Kingdom is not of this world. . . . Pilate said to Him: Art Thou a King then? Jesus answered: Thou sayest (truly) that I am a King. For this I was born and for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony of the truth (John xviii.)	1. He that is the leader among you (the Apostles), let him be as he that serveth. . . . I am in the midst of you as he that serveth. . . . I dispose to you, as My Father hath disposed to Me, a Kingdom. . . . Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desired to have you (all) that he may sift you as wheat; but I have prayed for thee (Simon Peter) that thy faith fail not, and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren (Luke xxii.)
2. I am the good Shepherd. . . . And other sheep I have that are not of this Fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear My Voice, and there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd (John x.)	2. Lovest thou Me more than these? He said to Him: Yea, Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee. He saith to him: Feed My lambs. . . . Feed My lambs. . . . Feed My sheep.
3. He hath the key of David; he openeth and no man shutteth; shutteth and no man openeth (Apoc. iii.) All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth (Matt. xxviii.)	3. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven (Matt. xvi.)
4. The Stone which the builders (the Jews) rejected the same is become the head of the corner. By the Lord this has been done, and it is wonderful in our eyes. Therefore I say to you that the Kingdom of God shall be taken from you (the Jews), and shall be given to a people yielding the fruits thereof. And whosoever shall fall on this Stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder (Matt. xxi.) The Stone is Christ (Acts iv. 11).	4. Thou art Simon the Son of Jona; thou shalt be called Cephas (Peter), which is by interpretation Rock. And upon this Rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it (John i. and Matt. xvi.)

That is, in the words of St. Augustine, "to Peter as to another self, He entrusted His sheep; He willed to make him one with Himself, that so He might entrust His sheep to him." He made Peter the Confirmer of His followers in the faith, the Guardian of His whole flock, the Recipient of His

power to open and shut, and the foundation Rock of the social edifice He built. In this He is but following the ordinary course of human affairs in the government of an outlying dominion, with this difference: that while He creates and animates the whole special edifice of His Kingdom, human rulers can but use the powers inherent in the social life of men. In the Philippines the President of the United States is represented by a governor. In India the King of England is represented by a viceroy. In the Church Christ as King is represented by His Vicar, the successor of St. Peter. There is no other way of securing organic unity among men. A Filipino, refusing to acknowledge the authority of Governor Taft, would be treated as disloyal, even if he advanced the plea that he could only recognize the President at Washington as Head of the State. In the same way, a Christian refusing to acknowledge the authority of the Vicar of Christ is disloyal to the Kingdom of Christ, even if he so acts because he thinks that Christ as Head of the Church can have no representative on earth. The moral responsibility of his disloyalty may not rest on him—he may be acting in good faith; but that does not change either the fact or the other effects of his disloyalty. The multiplication of sects and the decay of faith go on whether the rebellion is conscious or unconscious. Whosoever shall fall on that Stone shall be broken. Every word and act and prayer in the life of Jesus Christ had for object the creation of His Kingdom of the regenerated. If He taught, it was to make known the conditions, the duties, and the benefits of membership in it; or by parables to convey a conception of the Kingdom itself, its evolution, its priceless value, its methods of action, etc. If He instituted rites, it was to make initiation into it a formal and visible act, and to bind the members of it to Himself and to one another by ritual bonds. If He died, it was to remove, by the sacrifice of His life, the obstacle which stood in the way of establishing His Kingdom. If among the Jews He chose a number of disciples, and among the disciples twelve Apostles, and among the Apostles one Vicar, it was to leave it sufficiently organized to begin the work of regenerating the human race. If He sent the Holy Ghost, it was to enter into His Kingdom and make it a divine living body. In this Kingdom there are many thrones and many palaces—each Bishop's See is a throne and

each cathedral a palace; and the "Throne of David his father" remains "in the house of Jacob for ever," and on it sits the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius X., to keep all in the unity of faith, worship, and government; because the glory which the Father gave to the Son, the Son gave to us that we might all be one.

II.

In His Transfiguration Christ manifests His three offices; He is King, Priest, and Teacher—a King in the majesty of His power and presence; a Priest in the sacrifice which was the subject of conversation with Moses and Elias, "the decease He should *accomplish* in Jerusalem"; and a Teacher in the voice of the Father in the cloud, "Hear ye Him." Newman says:

"When our Lord went up on high, He left His representative behind Him. This was Holy Church, His mystical Body and Bride, a Divine Institution, and the shrine and organ of the Paraclete, who speaks through her till the end comes. She, to use an Anglican poet's words, is 'His very self below,' as far as men on earth are equal to the discharge and fulfilment of high offices which primarily and supremely are His. These offices, which specially belong to Him as Mediator, are commonly considered to be three: He is Prophet, Priest, and King; and after His pattern, and in human measure, Holy Church has a triple office too; not the prophetical alone and in isolation, but three offices, which are indivisible though diverse, viz.: teaching, rule, and sacred ministry.

"Christianity, then, is at once a philosophy, a political power, and a religious rite: as a religion, it is Holy; as a philosophy, it is Apostolic; as a political power, it is imperial, that is, One and Catholic. As a religion, its special centre of action is pastor and flock; as a philosophy, the Schools; as a rule, the Papacy and its Curia.

"Though it has exercised these three functions in substance from the first, they were developed in their full proportions one after another, in a succession of centuries; first, in the primitive time, it was recognized as a worship, springing up and spreading in the lower ranks of society, and among the ignorant and dependent, and making its power felt by the heroism of its martyrs and confessors. Then it seized upon the intellectual and cultivated class, and created a theology and

schools of learning. Lastly it seated itself, as an ecclesiastical polity, among princes, and chose Rome for its centre.

"Truth is the guiding principle of theology and theological inquiries; devotion and edification, of worship; and of government, expedience. The instrument of theology is reasoning; of worship, our emotional nature; and of rule, command and coercion. Further, in man as he is, reasoning tends to rationalism; devotion to superstition and enthusiasm; and power to ambition and tyranny.

"Arduous as are the duties involved in these three offices, to discharge one by one, much more arduous are they to administer when taken in combination. Each of the three has its separate scope and direction; each has its own interest to promote and further; each has to find room for the claims of the other two; and each will find its own line of action influenced and modified by the others, nay, sometimes in a particular case the necessity of the others converted into a rule of duty for itself."

With so many functions to fulfil, and so many aims to keep in view, and so many divergent interests to safeguard, a strong central authority is essential to unity. It is only the Catholic Church that undertakes those various functions consistently. The Anglican and the Greek Churches hand supreme church government over to the civil power, and thus surrender what Newman calls the "political power," using the word "political" in its ecclesiastical and not in its civil sense. The other denominations hand the teaching office, as far as it is authoritative, over to the judgment of each individual, and thus reduce the ministry of teaching to that of exhorting or of interesting. They would all be much more divided and subdivided than they are if they undertook to be at once ecclesiastically independent of the civil power and authoritative in doctrine and worship. The Catholic Church undertakes them all, and succeeds in holding in the "bond of peace" more people and more nations than all the other hundreds of churches and sects in Christendom combined. This is a phenomenon for which a non-Catholic can find no rational explanation. Of course, as Newman adds, "however well the Church may perform her duties on the whole, it will always be easy for her enemies to make out a case against her, well founded or not, from the action or interaction, or the chronic collisions or contrasts, or the tem-

porary suspense or delay, of her administration, in the three several departments of duty—her government, her devotions, and her Schools,—from the conduct of her rulers, her divines, her pastors, or her people." But nothing urged against the Catholic Church can weigh in the balance with the service she does the world to-day in showing by her example that Christian Unity is practically possible, and that Christ's Prayer for unity was not made in vain.

The subject-matter of theology is revealed truth. Theologians assume that nothing has been added to the deposit of revealed truth since the days of the Apostles, and their task is to give it systematic statement, to defend it, and to define its relations with human thought. Its official guardians, as against rationalizing, are the Bishops and those tribunals in Rome, called Congregations, through which the Pope ordinarily acts. Occasionally, perhaps once in a century, the whole machinery of the Church is put in operation to elicit a final decision on some disputed point of doctrine; and then, after it is weighed and sifted in every conceivable way, the Pope or a General Council, relying on the promised assistance of the Holy Ghost, proclaims that the decision arrived at is part of the truth revealed to the Apostles. Thus is secured unity of faith.

In the sphere of piety and devotion, enthusiasm may result in the founding of a new sect. It may act like a strong stimulant upon an unbalanced system. How to combine it with unity, when it forms part of a strong character, is a problem which Protestantism has failed to solve. John Wesley had no wish to leave the Church of England. He looked upon his following of Methodists as a society within the Anglican Church, and yet he led multitudes out of that Church into a new sect. The founding of the Salvation Army in our own day is a similar phenomenon. Intense zeal for souls is too valuable a quality to be sacrificed, and yet no amount of good in other directions can compensate for unhappy divisions. In the Catholic Church intense zeal, united with other necessary qualities, results in the founding of Religious Orders and adds strength to the Church. Macaulay attempts an explanation of this contrast. The contrast to be explained he states thus:

"Place Ignatius Loyola at Oxford. He is certain to be-

come the head of a formidable secession. Place John Wesley at Rome. He is certain to be the first general of a new society devoted to the interests and honor of the Church. Place St. Teresa in London. Her restless enthusiasm ferments into madness. . . . Place Joanna Southcote at Rome. She founds an order of barefooted Carmelites, every one of whom is ready to suffer martyrdom for the Church."

These particular results might not follow, but the general contrast is undeniable. Macaulay's explanation is, that the rulers of the Catholic Church have, by centuries of experience, learned how to deal with enthusiasm. He says:

"The polity of the Church of Rome is the very masterpiece of human wisdom. The experience of twelve hundred eventful years, the ingenuity and patient care of forty generations of statesmen, have improved that polity to such perfection that, among the contrivances which have been devised for deceiving and controlling mankind, it occupies the highest place."

We can pass over the word "deceiving" as that of a Protestant; but what is the value of his explanation? The accumulated experience of the Catholic Church must be extremely valuable, of course, when proposed constitutions have to be examined or disputes settled; but that alone does not account for the fact that Religious Orders flourish in the Church without causing divisions. They flourished in the Church before those "forty generations of statesmen" began their work. And when we examine in detail the founding of recent flourishing orders, we find that they showed no tendency to secession; that they adopted their constitutions, their manner of life, and forms of dress, before the governing authorities in the Church took any action; and that when they asked to be formally incorporated, so to speak, in the Church, the action of the governing authorities confined itself to consenting or approving. Macaulay's explanation does not square with the facts, except to this extent, that good government in the Church is a necessary condition of the existence of Religious Orders, as good government in the state is a necessary condition of the existence of flourishing industrial companies. Social peace, whether in Church or State, results from a combination of several causes, one of which is wisdom in government. If the orders had not found in the Church solidity of faith and

inexhaustible resources of spiritual life, no amount of wise statesmanship could account for their age-long vigor. Solid faith and permanent spiritual life are beyond the "ingenuity and patient care" of human wisdom to devise. It is a simpler explanation, as well as more consistent in a Christian, to say that the oldest, the largest, and the strongest Institution of Christendom owes its power of control to the wisdom and power of Christ. John Wesley's explanation of the contrast in question would have differed materially from that of Macaulay, as may be inferred from his words regarding converts: "What wonder is it that we have so many converts to Popery and so few to Protestantism, when the former are sure to want nothing, and the latter almost to starve?" That is, he found spiritual food plentiful in the Catholic Church, and scarce in the Protestantism of his day. He thought he had supplied the needs of the latter by his society of Methodists, and he did do much to revive faith in the reality of God's grace; but a century of experience has told how all such efforts among Protestants must end in the multiplication of sects,—there are seventeen Methodist sects in the United States,—in extravagances of religious sentiment, in subsequent reaction and loss of faith, and in final submission to the ways of the world.

THE ONLY WAY.

Christian Unity is a vaster and higher structure than it is assumed to be by those who talk as if it depended on them to bring it into the world. It has been in the world these many centuries. The new Jerusalem came down from Heaven with all essential parts in place, having the *glory of God*, and the wall built of precious stones, each of the twelve large gates consisting of a single pearl. Nations walked in the light of it, and kings brought their honor and glory into it. After several centuries the streets and houses and wall of the New Jerusalem became to the nations and kings as common a sight as the sun in the sky. To appreciate the value of what is thus common requires more effort than men are disposed to put forth. How seldom we reflect on the immense benefits we derive from the sun! And in the case of the New Jerusalem it was easy to find fault. Centuries of peace had lulled the officials of that city into too great a sense of security, and the nations began

to realize that it would be pleasant and perhaps profitable to furnish their own separate lights. The people in the German quarter of the city began to speak about building a holy city of their own by using materials which they could take with them out of the New Jerusalem. A large body of them did in fact do this, and several other nations followed their example, so that the population of the holy city was greatly diminished. Now, after four centuries of separation, the seceders acknowledge that they made a great mistake. They do not acknowledge that their mistake consisted in withdrawing from the New Jerusalem. They no longer see that city. Great dark clouds of prejudice, traditional antipathy, political interests, new learning, and self-confidence rise up between them and it, hiding it from their view. But they do acknowledge that they made a great mistake in building so very many different cities of their own. They talk now of building one large city, or at least a few large cities, out of the many hundreds of small cities, villages, and hamlets which prey upon each other and fill the air with the sound of their contentions. But the discussions about the site of their new city and about the foundation and shape of it only add another element of discord. They cannot agree about the way to begin building. What is still more discouraging, it is found that the materials which they took with them out of the New Jerusalem are withering in their hands. Many things they were quite sure about when first they separated are now in great and growing doubt, and the documents which served as guides in building hitherto are now found to guide no longer, because they have been defaced by people who call themselves Higher Critics. The undertaking is doomed to failure. Meanwhile, the New Jerusalem is still there behind the clouds, but as visible as a mountain on a clear day to the many millions whom it makes of one mind, and of whom it makes one body. It is well and wisely governed, and more populous than it ever was before. It has the gifts, and it shows by its uniting power that it has the gifts, of glory which Christ gave that all might be one. For those who so loudly confess and regret that they have not Christian Unity there is only one possible remedy, and that is, to break through the clouds and return to the New Jerusalem, which has Rome for its centre and the whole world for its territory.

SETTING TYPE ON THE MISSIONS.

A NARRATIVE OF THE MISSIONS ON THE CONGO

BY A. B. TUGMAN.

(CONTINUED.)

UPON our arrival at Banana the tender, a small steam launch called the *Ville d'Anvers*, came alongside and received us, together with some light cargo intended for our stations up the river. Some of the officers of the association advised us to be prepared for any attack that might be made upon us, as the natives of several of the tribes located along the banks had been causing trouble and a general uprising was feared. As a first experience this was not the most encouraging to us new arrivals, especially as we were unaware of the marksmanship of the natives, and our accommodations aboard this small boat permitted no cover whatsoever.

I am glad, however, to say that we arrived at Boma, half way up the river, without trouble, upon the evening of the same day, and were received by the chief of station in right royal style. A sumptuous repast was ready for us, the last we

had the privilege of tasting for some time to come. This consisted of cowheel stew, *à la Créole*, made from the foot of a hippopotamus; and this proved a most tasty though a rich dish. Following this, there was antelope in all kinds of style, stewed, minced, fried, and roast, all of which we ventured upon tasting. But what one most looked forward to, after so long a journey as ours had been, was conspicuous for its absence, viz.: vegetables; of these we saw nothing; even the potatoes were substituted by potato meal, a patented preparation that neither tasted nor looked like the real article. Having finished our dinner it was quite dark, so we sat upon the veranda enjoying the rest and air, as far as it was possible to do so with all kinds of insects flying around, and roaches that appeared more like humming-birds.

The following morning we left Boma and continued our trip up the river to Vi Vi, where we arrived about five o'clock the same afternoon, having stopped at several points with mail for those who were looking anxiously forward for news from all the dear ones at home.

Shall I ever forget "mail day," or the feeling we all experienced upon getting news from home? Imagine yourself, dear reader, six weeks removed from those you hold dearest in all the world; at times alone in some spot, far removed from even a white man, or civilized being of any kind; alone, with no one even to speak to, surrounded by those who held absolutely nothing in common with you; living like a wild man or an exile, surrounded upon all sides by all kinds of dangers, imaginary and otherwise. If you were fortunate enough to be posted at a place where a hut was located, well and good; if not, why you had to turn to and build your own dwelling; and to do so you possessed nothing but a penknife and the swords of your two escorts, should they perchance possess these. Such privations, such appalling loneliness, can only be realized when experienced. At first the novelty somewhat delights one; but as the days slip by, and crowd one upon the other in slow succession, each bringing with it some new discomfort, some new phantom of dread uncertainty, to be followed by an attack of fever, that of all is the most depressing sickness I have ever had the misfortune to suffer from: in this condition all courage, all self-reliance disappear, and the only desire that is left is to be allowed to die in peace. This feel-

ing, however, is but transitory, and consequent upon that stage of the disease that is furthest removed from the end. Much has to be undergone before the end is arrived at. The sufferer, though restored to health apparently, does not realize that with this first attack he is entering upon what may be termed the real sickness, the intermittent, that marks out a well-defined downward course, absorbing the vitality that is found in its subject. After each attack, which occurs at well-marked periods, the victim becomes less and less capable of throwing off the utter helplessness that overcomes him. Nor can he guard against the approach, though many resources are had of medicines of various kinds. Quinine, which is the only recognized drug that possesses the properties of checking the disease, soon loses its effect, and the increased doses that in my time were resorted to served only to accelerate the delirium that was prone to accompany the malady.

With such an enemy to combat you may readily imagine what are the feelings of a lone individual far away from all help. I have often wondered how we recovered; by what mysterious influence we managed to pull through on such occasions. The attendants that we had were of no use whatsoever; there existed absolutely no bond of sympathy between them and ourselves, and all they appeared to desire was the end, so that they might have a chance to acquire what little we possessed in baggage. The simplest order is misunderstood, whether intentionally or otherwise, and therefore their presence in the sick-room is only irritating. Parched with a consuming thirst, I asked my orderly to give me a cup of water from a vessel that stood by the window at the end of my hut; yet, failing to understand the order, he brought everything within reach, and many articles that were hidden away, in answer to the request, till at last, exasperated, I had to get out of bed and get what I wanted myself, and at the same time hasten the passage of the attendant from the room.

I feel, therefore, that with the experience I have undergone I can adequately appreciate the hardships of those missionaries of the Catholic Church who, with no other incentive than that of love for Christ, go forth with none else to rely upon but Him, and who face the surrounding dangers without a murmur. And when I compare them with the circumstances that surround the Protestant, I can, and every one else can,

judge which are the true husbandmen and which the hirelings.

It is at these stages in one's life that one is called upon to judge between sincerity and hypocrisy, and I must candidly confess that even as a most bitter opponent of the Catholic faith, and an avowed enemy to priest and doctrine, I could not help feeling the greatest contempt for the hypocrisy of those professing themselves ministers of the Gospel and soldiers

A MISSION BRASS BAND.

of a standard that they wholly avowed, and that was anathema to them except from a theoretical stand-point. Had one displayed a cross or crucifix to any of us creatures it would have been enough to have said, Here comes the devil in disguise of the Roman Catholic Church.

So true is this that I can cite an instance that took place in Lisbon upon the occasion when the British government withdrew its support from the chapel. Without going into the details of this occurrence, the British coat of arms was removed and one of the members of the congregation was led to suggest that a cross be placed upon the communion table. This so incensed some of the members that they left the congregation. Yet this is not the only instance, for many will remember the disgraceful occurrences that attended the intro-

duction of those symbols of the true church that every Catholic has been taught to venerate in the churches throughout England, as the returning dawn of religious truth broke upon the minds of many of the clergy of the Church of England. As with the cross so was the feeling for the crucifix, that Protestants were yet willing to allow was the emblem of their salvation.

I can surely not be accused of bigotry for citing the errors that were taught me in my youth, or hesitate to denounce the vileness of those calumnies that we as children were permitted to utter against the truth and sanctity of the Catholic Church, more especially when it is borne in mind that the truth and the enormity of these crimes have been brought home to me not from the fact that I have made a study of the subject from a theoretical stand-point alone, but have had an opportunity to inquire into the practical side of the Catholic teaching, not in one country but many countries, where its holy influence has taken root and will spread in spite of those enemies whose only aim is to sow tares in the Master's vineyard.

Nothing can be more worthy of praise than to meet a man who is thoroughly trained in the practice of his profession, whether this be shoemaking or any other calling; and on the other hand, nothing is more disgusting, disappointing, and indeed despicable, than to come across one whose only knowledge is superficial, and yet who is ever ready to pose as an authority. Yet with all this natural feeling for what is hypocrisy in the Protestant, there is no hesitation to respect any one, no matter how unfitted he may be, who may have the temerity to stand up and interpret the wisdom of the Almighty, nor still further hesitate to entrust so responsible a task to those whose qualifications and natural instincts would become the more humble callings of life, and for whlch intellect and training had fitted them, rather than to minister the perverted truth, for even this they are not capable of doing, as one would be inclined to term, intelligently.

My life at Vi Vi was not destined to be of long duration at first; for though there was felt a great need of officers at this the Central Station, the plan, owing to the attitude of the Portuguese government, which sought to make inroads into the territory which she considered rightly belonged to her,

our efforts were directed to the annexation of such territory as we found came within the prescribed limits set down by the king and his committee in Brussels. As I was thoroughly conversant with the Portuguese language, it was thought fit to attach me to the annexing expedition, as it was at all times easy to find a native who understood Portuguese, rather than to find a native who could interpret either English or French. Thus my lot was for a short time cast with one of the senior officers, and I found myself promoted to a much higher rank than I had ever expected to occupy. After fulfilling my duties, which were not by any means onerous, apart from the marches from one district to the other, I was recalled to the Central Station, and there given a position that, though it entailed a greater amount of responsibility and much harder work, yet gave me the equivalent rank of Chief of District and Assistant Commissary-General. In this position I remained the remaining portion of my term, exercising not alone my own duties, but attending to the sick during the absence of the physician, who was frequently called away for days at a time.

A CELIBATE.

O PITY not his seeming loneliness!
Nor fear the sacrificial peaks are cold—
Unfathomed peace his spirit doth enfold,
His secret ecstasies we cannot guess.

MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

GABRIELLE.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

TO a traveller standing on the mountain side in south-eastern France the first dawn, as the sun rose behind the hills, was one of surpassing beauty. The fresh green turf of early spring, and the trees laden with white blossoms, were touched with a rosy light; while the river in the valley took on a soft, silvery sheen. Every object stood out clear and distinct like a cameo, a sharpness and yet delicacy of outline that was lost later in the day.

The knight coming up the mountain side with his men at arms was young, and attuned both by age and nature to the loveliness of the scene, so half way up the steep path he paused and removed his helmet to let the delicious morning breeze fan his brow. A pale golden light pervaded every spot and gave mystery and beauty to the meanest objects. Everything sang the morning psalm of life, with no foreshadowing of approaching danger. But just as the knight bared his head to the breeze an arrow whistled by, followed by another; and even as the men at arms closed around their master with raised shields, they heard a wild cry far up the height that went echoing through the ravine at their right.

"Forward!" cried the knight as he quickly replaced his helmet; and without loss of time he and his followers charged up the steep path till they reached the summit of the mountain pass.

But they found nothing, and careful search of the ravine failed to reveal any sign of human life, so after an hour they gave up the quest and resumed their journey.

As they descended the hill on the other side, valley, river, and plain lay stretched before them, while the pine-clothed ravines and near-by rocky peaks lent grandeur and solemnity to the scene. The knight uttered a prayer of thankfulness for his escape from what was meant for certain death. Half a league further on, the country became more thickly wooded, until at length on the brow of the hill, around which the path

wound, a chapel came in sight toward which some peasants were wending their way. The knight entered with his train and knelt on the bare earthen floor until the priest had received the holy elements, when he advanced and, kneeling at the foot of the altar steps, likewise received the Sacrament. "*Quid retribuam*" the priest had said. "What shall we render to the Lord for all He hath rendered unto us?" The knight lifted up his heart, which was already illuminated by divine grace; some fitting memorial must be his.

At the conclusion of the Mass the men at arms and the few peasants present withdrew, and the curé left the altar just as the knight advanced to meet him.

"*Mon Père,*" he said, "I am the Seigneur de St. Denis, and as I came over the mountain pass this morning with my train the hand of an assassin was raised against me, and my life seemed saved only by a miracle. But thanks to the Adorable Name of Jesus, which I had just invoked, I escaped. Henceforth, reverend father, I wish to vow my life and my strong arm to the glory and service of God."

"It is well, my son," said the priest; "the blessed St. Denis, whose name you bear, will be your defender and protector, and make your name illustrious for France." As they stood there in the mystic morning light, the knight in his shining armor, his noble head bared and bent in reverence to the words of the priest, he might have stood for the impersonification of the Blessed St. Denis himself.

A few more words passed between them, and then the knight and his train resumed their journey down the valley to the city some leagues beyond; but on the spot where the arrows had whizzed close to his head there arose in a few years a noble castle, and hither the Seigneur de St. Denis brought his bride, and before long the laughter of happy children resounded through its walls. Fortune smiled on the knight, but ever he kept before him his vow to give of his best to God and France.

So the years passed, and the St. Denis grew in power and wealth, while preserving intact the heritage of faith bequeathed them by their illustrious founder. They became great in peace and war, and high in favor with the king. Indeed, a monarch of France once spent two nights under their roof, and the country folk for many years after proudly recounted to their

children how for forty-eight hours the royal standard of France waved from the castle walls.

And thus it was that one generation succeeded another until the year of grace 1770, when the last of the house of St. Denis was born, and, instead of the expected heir, it was a girl. The title became extinct, and the last lord of St. Denis, who had died two months previously, was soon followed by his wife, leaving their child, with her vast estates and her wealth, to be brought up, in the troubled times France was entering on, by her great-aunt, a childless widow, known in the world as Madame la Comtesse de Vignon.

Mère Angelique stood in her convent parlor looking out on the garden, and beyond to the river and valley and distant mountains. Dark against the sky rose the castle of St. Denis, as impregnable as when it was built hundreds of years ago; but the country around had changed and become more thickly populated; the beautiful convent on the brow of a hill, built of stone and half covered with ivy and other vines, was also old in point of time, though compared to the castle it was young. For forty years Mère Angelique had looked out on the same scene, first as a novice, and later as choir-mistress, and finally as superior. All the familiar scenes, and all the changes of summer and winter, were known and dear to her. There across the valley were the cottages of the peasants who came almost daily to her for aid; in the convent garden were the children with some of the younger nuns; their merry voices penetrated the closed window, bringing a pang to the tender heart that knew and loved each one.

It was the summer of 1793, and France was in the throes of the Revolution. Louis the King had been guillotined, and the flower of the French nobility were dead or dispersed. Some there were who remained in their unhappy country, chiefly those who lived far from Paris. Convents and castles were everywhere closed or pillaged; and that the castle and convent of St. Denis had hitherto been left undisturbed, was due in a large measure to the faithfulness of the retainers and peasants, who, treated by the lords of St. Denis with far more kindness than distinguished the nobles of the time, would have died for any of the family. Hence Mère Angelique had hitherto felt comparative tranquillity; but this particular morning her

heart was full of anxiety, word having reached her of an uprising of the peasants a few leagues from the convent. It was even said that a noble had been shot on his own estate. How long would it be, she wondered, that their own serfs would remain loyal? There came a soft tap on the door, and in answer to her "*Entrez*" the massive mahogany door opened, and a tall, slender, graceful figure advanced and knelt at her feet.

"Have you heard the news, *ma mère*," she said, "that there has been an uprising on the De Grenelle estate, and that the Comte de Grenelle has been shot and killed?"

"Yes, Gabrielle *chère*," answered the old nun, laying her hand gently for a moment on the girl's beautiful dark head. "God alone knows what will come to our unhappy country now."

"It is shameful," said the young girl, springing to her feet; "something must be done, *ma mère;* this tyranny must be overcome. What is going to become of France in the future?"

"There is nothing to do, *chèrie*," said the nun; "older and wiser heads than yours have wrestled with the problem, and see no way out of it—now."

"Do you remember, mother," said the young girl, "the story you used to read us of King Clovis and St. Remy, when Clovis was so moved by the saint's recital of the Passion and death of Christ that he sprang from his throne and cried out: 'Had I been there with my brave Franks I would have avenged His wrongs.' Mother," and the young girl took a step forward, "we need some one to avenge the wrong done to God and France now."

"The times are changed, my child," said the nun; "our only weapon now is prayer."

To the young creature before her, pulsing in every fibre with glorious life, this was too tame.

"Prayer—yes," she answered, "but action too. Listen"—and she drew nearer and, bending low, almost whispered in the nun's ear,—"Listen, *ma mère;* what we need is not another Clovis. Something more sudden and decisive, some action that will strike at the root of this revolt and put an end to its leaders—that is needed now. Do you remember, *ma mère*," she continued, "another story you read us, of how Jael slew Sisera? It was righteous, you said."

Mère Angelique lifted her soft, faded brown eyes to the young girl's face, and something she saw there arrested the words on her lips.

"And therefore," continued the clear, low, musical voice, every tone and vibration of which pierced the heart of the nun, who had been like her second mother—"and therefore, *ma mère*, it is I, Gabrielle de St. Denis, who will go to Paris and rid France of these tyrants who deny to us that freedom of action and of religion which kings and emperors thought it a privilege to grant."

She drew back, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing, all the enthusiasm and determination of generations of warlike ancestors in her voice and mien.

The old nun rose to her feet more quickly than she had moved for years.

"My child," she said, "are you mad? do you realize what you are saying?"

"Do you realize, *ma mère*," was the answer, "that it is against you this tyranny is being exercised, as much as against me, though I would avenge it?"

Mère Angelique crossed the room and unlocked the doors of a carved cabinet that hung on the wall; then she turned to the young girl, in her eyes a strange, exalted light.

"Look!" she said. "It was not against us that Jews and Romans worked their vengeance; but against Him—the Crucified. Shall we bear less than He?"

The delicately carved head of the Christ stood out from its background of heavy, purple velvet. Gabrielle saw it all: the thorns pressing the brow, the bleeding hands and feet, the heart that bore the sin of the world, the lips that cried to heaven that His murderers might be forgiven. There He hung, the Christ in His weakness and His triumph; the young girl saw and understood, but she was not yet conquered.

"Would we have let that happen if we could have prevented it, mother?" she said; "and I, ah, *mon Dieu!* why should not I rid the world of these men—Danton, Marat, Robespierre—who outrage God's Holy Name?"

She threw back her beautiful head and raised one slender, shapely arm high in the air as if calling Heaven to witness this cruel wrong that stung her proud, loyal soul. So might Joan of Arc have looked when she led the armies of France to victory. The nun closed the cabinet, and advancing to the young girl took both her hands in hers.

"Gabrielle, *chère amie*," she said, "you must seek some one

wiser than I to see this matter in its true light. Go to Father André and tell him what you have told me. Ah, *bon Dieu*," she continued, dropping the girl's hands and clasping her own, "not by further bloodshed will France be regenerated; but by discipline and pain. We need the voice of one crying in the wilderness, one who will preach to the hearts of sinful men. The time is not yet, but the day will come when France will rise from her ashes, beautiful, glorious, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing."

She seemed not to see when Gabrielle courtesied and left the room. Softly the nun passed into the chapel beyond, and fell on her knees in her stall. Long and earnestly she prayed for herself, her nuns, for France.

"*À moi le travail*," she said. "*À moi le travail, l'humiliation, si Notre Seigneur m'en juge digne. À Dieu seul la gloire.*"

Gradually the twilight descended, and all was darkness, save where the red light burned in the sanctuary. In the heart of Mère Angelique, in spite of uncertainty, was that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

"Eugène, *cher ami*, listen to me."

The speaker stood in a deep oriel window, framed in a background of rich red damask curtains, that brought into relief the raven blackness of her hair and the delicate ivory fairness of her skin. Clad from head to foot in white, Gabrielle de St. Denis was in her own drawing-room; before her one of the handsomest and most chivalrous men in France. It mattered little to her just then that he had been pleading for her hand and for her; other and more weighty matters occupied her mind.

Owing to the troubled state of the times the young heiress of St. Denis had grown up with more freedom and less formality than was usual in a French demoiselle. Hence the young Vicomte de Morlet, whose estate adjoined hers, and who had been her friend and companion from childhood, had dined with her that night; and now Madame de Vignon having fallen asleep in her chair, her ward and the vicomte had passed into the drawing-room, and were ensconced in the deep oriel window that looked out over the ravine. Tradition had it that this window covered the very spot where the first lord of St. Denis had narrowly missed death from the archer's shaft.

The interior of the castle had been improved and furnished by succeeding members of the family, without destroying its dignity or architectural beauty, until it was now one of the handsomest and most luxurious of the old residences of France. The title had become extinct; but the money and lands descended to the young girl, and to her heirs, if she had any.

Love, money, lands, youth, and beauty were, however, far from Gabrielle de St. Denis that night. Her whole being was wrought up to a passionate protest against the weight of tyranny and uncertainty under which France groaned.

"Listen, *mon ami*," she said; "this is not a time for us to think of marrying and giving in marriage; our country is in the throes of mortal agony, and *le bon Dieu* alone knows what the outcome will be. Rouse yourself, Eugène, and think—think of something besides me."

"How can I?" he said.

She made a gesture of superb scorn.

"Oh you men!" she cried; "you think of nothing but love till you have won, and then—you forget."

"Ah, *est-ce possible?*" he answered, with a smile in his dark eyes; and then he straightened up.

"Gabrielle *chère*," he said, "you think me indifferent, but I am not so; gladly would I bring back to France her Catholic kings and her Catholic faith, but as yet nothing can be done; we nobles who have so far escaped the guillotine are bound hand and foot. Any day our castles may be seized, and our own lives pay the forfeit. It is only so far by the faithfulness of our retainers and the mercy of God that we have remained unmolested. Ah Gabrielle, *mon cœur!*" he continued, as she did not speak, "not a day passes that the motto of the De Morlets does not ring in my ears: '*Je fais fort, et je falaise*'—I make me strong and I persevere. We Catholic men of France must gird up our loins; for the time will come when our country will need her best and noblest sons."

She was weeping now—this girl with her passionate love and loyalty for her faith and her *belle patrie*. Of such is the real France—the France of St. Remy, of St. Louis, of Fénelon; of a long line of saints and kings and illustrious men, whose glorious light can never grow dim.

Swayed by different emotions Gabrielle thought one moment that she would unfold to the vicomte her plan to go to Paris

with the avowed purpose of slaying the man who then ruled France; but on second thoughts she decided to keep it a secret. Well she knew that to tell Eugène her intentions would be to have them all frustrated. She must act quickly, she thought, and secretly—ere it be too late. Of herself she thought nothing. What man or woman with a like purpose ever does. She might escape, or her own life might pay the forfeit; in her present tense, exalted state it mattered little.

Meanwhile here was a man who, in spite of republics or empires, must be dealt with—one who demanded and deserved an answer; so she turned to the young vicomte, who stood now beneath a shaded crystal lamp lit by wax candles, all the light radiating on his handsome, refined face and figure.

"*Eugène cher*," she said, "you deserve an answer, and you shall have it. I do not say No, yet for the present I cannot say Yes. The thought of all the suffering hearts in our beloved *patrie*, and the exiles near and far, would haunt me. When I know that the pain is less, or, *Dieu* willing, happily over, then—" she drew near him as she spoke, all the subtle fascination of her eyes, her smile, her low, thrilling voice, in the words,—"then, Eugène, I will marry you."

Like a chevalier of old the vicomte fell on one knee before her; some instinct told him that in her present mood the young girl would not tolerate any deeper expression of his devotion and joy.

Even had Gabrielle wished to follow Mère Angelique's advice and consult Father André, she was at present unacquainted with his whereabouts. The year 1793 was not one when a priest could openly stay at his post and say Mass in France.

Mère Angelique and her nuns had remained in their convent up to the present time, with a few of the children (many of them orphaned by the Revolution) in their care. But Mass was said secretly, and only at intervals when the devoted priest could come to them.

Hence Gabrielle determined to undertake her difficult journey unknown to any one except her maid Jeanne, who had been her *bonne*, and had lived with her since her childhood. Jeanne's father and mother had a little shop in an obscure by-street in Paris, and the young girl decided to go to them, unaccompanied save by the faithful maid. Disguised as a peasant,

she thought she could travel unobserved and unmolested. Of the discomforts of the journey, that would occupy ten days or two weeks, and must be made by diligence, she thought little. Gabrielle unfolded to Jeanne part of her plans. She must go to Paris on important business, unknown to her aunt, and secretly; would *Monsieur le Père* take her in? Jeanne was sure he would. The times were full of trouble; but her parents, thank God! had kept their little shop unmolested. Mademoiselle would be safe there, and could stay as long as she wished.

So one dark night mistress and maid, disguised like peasants, and carrying each a small bundle, took the evening diligence that left the village every three or four weeks for Paris. They were the only passengers at the start, but some leagues beyond a stout country girl with a fresh, pleasant face, and later four men and a woman and child, were added to their party. For the rest of the night the occupants of the coach slept more or less well; but at daybreak they stopped at an inn, and in an hour were off again with fresh horses.

Gabrielle was disinclined for conversation; but she realized that it would be safer to talk and keep up as far as possible the *rôle* she had assumed. Addressing the rosy-faced country girl she asked her if she had far to go. "To Paris," was the answer; and one of the men inquired, with an attempt at joviality, if she was going to see Marie Antoinette.

"Ah, the poor queen!" said his companion, who did not seem to mind airing his political opinions, "it was a bad day for her when she failed to escape from France; and now she is locked up in the *Conciergerie*."

"What will you, *mon frère?*" said the third man, who had not yet spoken; "the country has no more need of kings and queens, and there are but two alternatives—the guillotine or the prison. For myself, give me freedom and Robespierre."

The country girl's eyes flashed. "What say you, monsieur?" she queried, leaning forward. "You think France is prospering under those tyrants in Paris. Better the rule of the king, with law and order, than the bloodshed and violence that now run riot over our *patrie*."

"*Mais petite*," said the man who had first spoken, "talk not so loud or that pretty head of yours may yet roll off the guillotine."

It seemed to Gabrielle as if the journey were endless—day

succeeded day, with an occasional night in some wayside inn. She wondered if her aunt and the vicomte would make any effort to find her, and whether she would indeed ever see them again.

On the tenth day of their journey they were nearing Paris, and about noon they stopped to water the horses and let the passengers get something to eat. Their fare *en route* had been meagre; but Gabrielle's strong young body had so far resisted all hardships.

She was standing in the courtyard of the inn when the rosy-faced country girl, who had so plainly shown her sympathies for the unhappy Bourbons, drew near. Gabrielle was struck by her handsome appearance and look of intelligence.

"We are nearing Paris, and will soon have to part, mademoiselle," she said.

The country girl flashed a keen glance at her, and Gabrielle bit her lip, remembering that "mademoiselle" was hardly a form of address used between two supposed peasants.

"It is a sad world, *mon amie*," was the answer, "meetings and partings, and always the duty beyond. I myself have left my home for ever, and Paris is an unknown country."

The words chimed in so well with Gabrielle's own mood that she moved nearer to her companion with kindly sympathy.

"Have you only just left your home?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle," was the answer. "I am from Caen, and have been in Paris for a month until a week ago, when duty called me in your direction for a time. I am returning to Paris and an unknown future now."

"I too have an unknown future before me," said Gabrielle, "and Paris this unhappy year is full of dangers; but, like you, duty has called me there."

"*Attendez, demoiselles*," called the guard; "time passes and we must reach Paris to-night."

The two girls hurried to the coach, and no further private conversation could take place between them; but about nine o'clock that night they drove into Paris and the diligence drew up at the hostelry on the banks of the Seine. The *maître d'hôtel* came out with a rushlight and held it aloft while the passengers dismounted.

"It is not far from here to my father's shop," said Jeanne, "and we can walk there in half an hour."

Gabrielle was both tired and stiff as she made her way in the courtyard of the hotel while Jeanne paid their fare. In the confusion attendant on their arrival she found herself near the country girl, and took the opportunity to say farewell. "I trust we may meet again," she said pleasantly, "and that better days will yet dawn for France"; and then, with her most engaging smile, she added: "Won't you tell me your name before we part? Mine is Gabrielle de St. Denis."

"Ah, mademoiselle," whispered the other, "you are no more a peasant than I am. I divined it this morning. God knows what the future holds for France; but if she is ever delivered from her present bondage, think of me and remember my name as Charlotte Corday."

She was gone after an instant's strong clasp of the hand, leaving Gabrielle to wonder, as she followed Jeanne down the dark, uneven street, who she could be, and what her mission in Paris was.

Gabrielle remained two days in the little room above the shop that Jeanne's parents made ready for her. On the third day she determined to start out on her mission, having so arranged matters that Jeanne and her mother were both out when Gabrielle herself slipped out of the front door, unobserved by the Citoyen Flavel, who was smoking a pipe and dozing in the rear of his shop. Desiring to attract as little attention as possible, she was clad in black, with a light veil partly concealing her face. In the folds of her dress she carried a loaded pistol that had been her father's.

On starting out she decided to take a short walk before proceeding to her destination, for, while not lacking in courage, she began to feel the strain of her present position, and she knew that her hand must be firm and her aim sure if she would succeed. Traversing several squares, she turned into an almost deserted by-street; the sound of carriage wheels at the same time turning out of the main thoroughfare smote on her ear.

"We arrest you, mademoiselle," said a low voice, "for conspiring against the government."

A shock of surprise, and a sickening feeling of failure came over Gabrielle.

"I am sorry, mademoiselle," said the gendarme "but I

must ask you to step in this carriage," holding open the door as he spoke.

To resist would be to have a scene, and the man had spoken far more respectfully than was to be expected; so quietly, and without having uttered a word, Gabrielle stepped in the waiting coupé, shrinking back in one corner when the gendarme, as in duty bound, took the vacant seat beside her. They were driven rapidly to a small prison in the eastern part of Paris, and half an hour later Gabrielle found herself locked up in a cell at the end of a long stone corridor, alone, all her plans a failure; and with her aunt and the Vicomte de Morlet totally ignorant of her present state.

It chanced that Jeanne suspected more than her mistress thought. What was on foot she did not know; but there was a mystery, and she, Jeanne, must fathom it. Hence while she had seemed to start out on the errand on which her mistress had sent her, she had in reality followed Gabrielle, had witnessed her arrest, and comprehended that here was serious trouble. She was hurrying home to consult her father and mother, when a turn in the street brought her face to face with the Vicomte de Morlet and Amédée, an old and faithful retainer of the St. Denis family. Jeanne knew them instantly, though both men were dressed as mechanics. She exclaimed, and then checked herself.

"Come with me, monsieur," she said in a low voice, "and I will explain all about mademoiselle; but we must be quick."

Fifteen minutes' walking brought them to the little shop, and in ten minutes De Morlet had heard all there was to tell.

Discovering Gabrielle's flight early the day after her departure, the vicomte, summoned by the Comtesse de Vignon and further enlightened by Mère Angelique, had realized fully all that the young girl was about to do and dare; and at great risk to himself he had followed her to Paris as rapidly as possible, accompanied by Amédée and the Comtesse. Had it not been that immediate action was necessary, the girl's recklessness and daring would have appalled him. To get her out of prison and then, if possible, to get her, the comtesse, and himself out of France as speedily as possible, was the plan he decided on.

Meanwhile, in the three days' solitude that had been her

portion, seeing no one but the *geôlier* who brought her meals, Gabrielle had begun to see matters in their true light. Lying face downward on her narrow iron cot, the young girl thought of Mère Angelique, of the noble forgiveness and charity that animated the old nun in the face of constant peril and uncertainty.

"Ah, *ma mère!*" thought Gabrielle, "you were right; and I in my pride could not see it. It was murder I had in my heart, and I thought it a high and exalted love for France. Forgive me, *mon Dieu*," she prayed, "forgive me, and assist me to bear with courage whatever comes."

Her abasement was complete; but there still lingered in her breast the courage of a true St. Denis, bidding her bear all things while acknowledging her defeat.

Who had become cognizant of her plans and betrayed her? she wondered. She had said nothing on her ten days' journey to Paris that could incriminate her. Was it possible that any one of alien sympathies could have overheard her conversation with Mère Angelique?

On the fourth day after her capture the door of her cell opened to admit the *geôlier*.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "a priest wishes to see you; you will be given ten minutes to converse with him; at the end of that time he must go."

The young girl arose. She more than suspected that the man was not a priest, but some one sent in that garb to try and extort a confession from her, knowing well that at that time no real priest would be granted free access to a penitent, or be able to walk about Paris unmolested. She would be very sure, she thought, before she unburdened her heart, as she longed to do.

As a matter of fact the *geôlier* himself had been deceived into believing that it was a sham priest, sent by the government to find out the prisoner's plot; so he stood aside to give entrance to a tall, dignified-looking man with white hair, and wearing spectacles.

"*Benedictus qui venit in Nomine Domini*," he said, making the sign of the cross over the young girl as he entered. Then, placing the only chair that the cell afforded alongside the small wooden table that stood by Gabrielle's bed, he motioned to her to kneel down, the while he seated himself in the chair.

"*In Nomine Patris*," he said in a loud voice, just as the door closed after the *geôlier* with a resounding clang; then in a low voice he continued:

"My daughter, time is short and I must talk to you; do not start or exclaim at anything I may say"; and then in a still lower tone, and in his natural voice, he added "*Gabrielle!*"

It was De Morlet! By a supreme effort of self-control Gabrielle neither turned her head nor moved, as her lover continued rapidly:

"Listen, and give no sign, for the very walls may have eyes. The *geôlier* thinks I am a spy sent by the government. I have bribed his wife by giving her an enormous *geôlage* and promising her another as soon as you are free. To-morrow at nine they expect to bring you before the authorities; and if your plans are discovered it will surely lead to the guillotine. But have courage! At five the woman will come to you. You are to put on the clothes she brings, and then walk down this corridor, turn to your left, and go out of the prison door. You will have a basket on your arm as if you were going to market, and I shall be waiting for you in the costume of a mechanic; you must follow me at a distance until I join you. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Gabrielle in a low voice.

"Above all," continued De Morlet, "have no fear; everything depends on your being brave and collected. Once outside the prison, walk slowly; and don't seem to notice me."

Then he arose as the *geôlier* turned the key in the door.

"Time is up, *mon père*," he said, with a malicious look at the young girl who stood with clasped hands and downcast eyes. No doubt she had confessed all!

"*Dominus vobiscum*," said De Morlet; and then replacing his hat on his head, and gathering his long cloak around him, he turned and left the cell, the door of which was closed and locked by the *geôlier*.

Gabrielle flew to the door; but no sound reached her. Would he succeed?—he who had risked so much for her, and whom she now knew was so inexpressibly dear. The young girl fell on her knees by the small iron bed in an agony of suspense and prayer.

"*Oh! Marie, refuge des pécheurs*, pray for him," she said.

"We must be quick, mademoiselle," said the *geôlière.* "At this hour the place is almost deserted, and I think you will not encounter any one; but if you do, bend your head and hurry by."

She began to dress the young girl rapidly as she spoke.

"But you, madame," said Gabrielle,—"you will suffer for me."

The woman threw back her head and laughed:

"Not I," she said. "I have a duplicate of all the keys here. As soon as I know you are outside I shall get out of here myself and hurry back to my rooms; then I will burn your clothes. *Voilà!* They will find the bird flown when they come for you, and no one they can lay hold of who has done the deed! My husband, stupid fellow, knows nothing." She began to hum a French ditty as she spoke, with superb unconcern, the while her deft fingers rapidly dressed Gabrielle in her clothes. In another moment this second Deforge opened the door, and listening intently for a moment, nodded.

"My husband is asleep," she said, "and at this time I always go to the market, so he wont miss me when he awakes. He always goes to the upper corridor first, and while he is there I will slip back to our rooms. Courage, mademoiselle," she added, as she gave a final pull to Gabrielle's shawl.

It seemed an eternity to the young girl before she safely reached the street. A rapid glance showed her De Morlet on the opposite side of the way, dressed, as he had said he would be, like a mechanic. He began walking slowly along the Rue ——, on which the prison stood; then turning north, he quickened his pace a little. Not once did he look back; and Gabrielle followed, trembling so at first that she could hardly control herself. A few work-people and peasants from the suburbs, as well as some women on their way to market, passed by; but she noticed with relief that no one seemed to observe her. Her courage rose as they got further and further from the prison. The occasional noise of a passing cart, and the cries of the street hawkers, served to take some of the strain from her nerves.

A stout country-woman passed her with a heavy basket poised lightly on her head.

"'*Fraises, oh les belles fraises,*'" she sang; "'*c' rises à la douce,' chasselas de Fontainebleau.*"

"*Po-ois verts*," called out a passing hawker.

"*Po-ois verts, 'v' là d't artichauts, de beaux à artichauts*'."

It was a long walk, when at last, with a sigh of relief, Gabrielle saw De Morlet pause, turn around, and as if satisfied that danger was past, come toward her. In a moment they were side by side, and in a second a closed calêche drove up, on the box seat the faithful Amédée, and within the conveyance was the comtesse, very pale and almost unable to speak.

"We are safe, I think, *ma chère*," said De Morlet; "but we must get out of France without loss of time. I have a passport which will, I think, take us safely to the coast." He handed Gabrielle into the calêche, telling her to change her dress; and mounting the box by Amédée, they were soon out in the country, driving rapidly. At a place in the road where stood a clump of trees De Morlet dismounted and changed his own clothes; then rolling up his own and Gabrielle's discarded costumes, he hid them under heavy stones.

"Everything has been done so secretly," he said, "that no breath of it is abroad. If we are questioned *en route*, I am the Citoyen Deschamps, taking my father, mother, and sister to Havre, where we have a shop on the *quai*."

So skilfully had De Morlet managed everything, that if they were pursued they were not found, nor had they any trouble in reaching Havre. Twice their passport was examined by gendarmes; but so skilfully did they all play their assumed *rôle* that they were not suspected.

In a week they reached Havre, and the morning after their arrival a courier brought the news of the assassination of Marat by Charlotte Corday. Remembering the name of her companion *en route* to Paris, Gabrielle was profoundly moved. How strange that they had been bent on the same mission, and that one had failed and the other succeeded!

To De Morlet, however, this intelligence presented a fresh element of danger, for fear the government would think Gabrielle an accomplice of Corday's, and redouble their efforts to find her; so he lost no time in hurrying them all on board a waiting ship, nor did he breathe freely until the captain had weighed anchor, and they had turned their backs on France. It was a moonlight night in July, allowing Eugène and Gabrielle to stay on deck long after every one else had gone below. The fast vanishing shores of France stood out in the clear

light of the moon—France, beautiful, glorious, and yet so unhappy, for whose highest good these two souls, so soon to be united, would seek to live when they should some day return to her shores. A shadow fell across the deck, sharply outlined in the brilliant light, and the next moment a tall, dark figure stood by their side.

"Peace, my children!" he said.

"Father André!" they both exclaimed, recognizing with joy the good old priest who had loved them and ministered to them all their lives.

But it was a solemn moment for the good curé, as for them, for he, at least, was leaving France for ever.

The garb of a priest covers but does not stifle the heart of a Frenchman, and that of Père André was wrung with anguish for his afflicted *patrie*.

For half an hour the trio, each of whom in his own way had just passed through such peril and emotion, sat on deck and talked of France past and future, of the king and queen, of the heroic souls who had perished in the Revolution, and of their own marvellous escape, until finally it was time to go below for the night.

Gabrielle arose, and simultaneously they all three turned and faced the shore of France. By a common instinct the two men raised their hats, the while the priest made over his country the sign of the cross.

"*O mon Dieu!*" he said in French, and in a voice that again and again trembled and broke: "*O mon Dieu!* the Heathen are come into Thine inheritance, they have defiled Thy holy temple: they have made Jerusalem as a garner of fruit.

"Not here, O Lord," he said, "but elsewhere, Thy saints shall flourish like the lily, and be like the odor of balsam before Thee."

"They have poured out their blood like water round about Jerusalem. . . . We are become a reproach to our neighbors; a scorn and derision unto them that are round about us. Remember not our iniquities; let Thy mercies speedily prevent us. . . . Remember not our iniquities, but let Thy mercies speedily prevent us!"

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A YEAR IN PARADISE.

BY STEPHEN A. HURLBUT.

A YEAR in Paradise! This hast thou known,
And all its changing seasons hast thou seen;
What suns rise there, what winds are blown
O'er golden fields, the lilies in between.

And 'mid the blessed ones of that far land
Who circle in their singing near the throne,
What face of friend, what touch of well-known hand
Didst thou find there, now fairer, wiser grown?

And do they joy to keep high festival,
Those saints of God beyond the heavenly birth?
As day succeeds to day do they recall
The feasts well loved of old when here on earth?

Or may some faint, far perfume penetrate
Their distant home, of earthly incense swung,
Bearing aloft to them its precious freight,
Our prayers of faith, our tears in anguish wrung?

How seemed it then, on that great day in Heaven,
When through the open doors the angels' song
Proclaimed once more "to us a Child is given,"
And "peace on earth" with right succeeding wrong?

And what of that sad hour with struggle fraught
Wherein the Lord of life was crucified?
Came there within the courts of glory aught
Of sadness, aught to human grief allied?

But rather joy that death's brief reign was o'er,
And Life for Love the victory had won;
That now the flaming sword was sheathed once more,
Which guarded all that way to Avalon.

And from the white-robed angel didst thou hear
His story of the opened grave in Galilee;
The early morn, the holy women's fear,
The stone removed, the grave clothes lying free?

Each loving detail we too heard that day,
And hearing, knew our hopes of life grow strong,
As, glad to meet our Lord upon His way,
We turned our steps the garden path along.

When soon we saw the portals opening wide
To greet the Eternal Son, as upward borne
The King of Glory took His seat beside
His Father's own right Hand. Upon that morn

Did angel voices join with ours below,
And did thy sweet acclaim with theirs combine,
While slowly on the heavenly sky did grow
Such perfect dawn as only there may shine?

A year in Paradise, this hast thou known;
And once again November days are come,
Bringing to us that feast now dearer grown
Since thou art dwelling in that distant home.

And as our prayers for thee shall thither rise,
Do thou approach once more the children's King,
Content to spend all years in Paradise,
And still for us thine intercession bring.

Eve of All Saints, 1902.

LOURDES AND THE NATIONAL PILGRIMAGE OF 1903.

BY L. R. LYNCH.

THE great National Pilgrimage of France to Lourdes takes place every year a few days after the Assumption. This year it was larger and more imposing than ever, with the exception perhaps of the national pilgrimage of the Jubilee year, 1897.

No less than forty thousand pilgrims and eight hundred sick came from every corner of France, and met under the direction of Monseigneur Proterat.

At dawn on the morning of August 21 the "white train" coming from Paris and bringing all those who are most sick,

GENERAL VIEW OF LOURDES.

those for whom science and human skill can do nothing, arrives at Lourdes. Some are already in an apparent agony, some cannot move from their bed of sickness, and it seems as if it

1. THE BASILICA. 2. THE CRYPT. 3. THE ROSARY CHAPEL.

were impossible for them to have arrived at their journey's end—thirty hours in the train and thirty-two more for a stop at Poitiers to visit the shrine of St. Radegonde!

Oh! the suffering, the misery, the hopes, the anticipations, the "white train" brings with its pilgrims.

I do not think I have ever seen such Faith, such Hope, and such Charity. The service of charity is all admirably organized. The men and women who have offered themselves to care for the sick are there.

The men, the "Brancardiers," all have their straps on, ready with their stretchers and invalid chairs to convey the sick to the hospitals. These men are volunteers of all ages, recruited mostly from the aristocracy, with the Marquis of

Laurens Castelet at their head. They carry the sick to the hospital, to the grotto, to the piscines. Their devotion to the sick, and their self-sacrifice during those hot August days, were wonderfully edifying.

The nuns and the women volunteers, or *hospitalières*, help the Brancardiers to get their charges down from the train. All those who can, walk. Others are wheeled away in their chairs. Then comes the turn of the very sick. All is done with care and precaution, but the cries of pain mingle here and there with the noise and bustle of the station.

A reporter next me asks a young girl of nineteen, who is in the last stage of consumption:

"You hope that Our Lady of Lourdes will cure you?"

"Oh, yes! monsieur," she exclaims, with her hands joined. "It is so beautiful at my age to contemplate the blue sky, to smell the perfume of the flowers! Though," she added with a smile, "if the Blessed Virgin wants to take my life for that of my poor companion, who is suffering more than I am"—designating an old woman with a cancer, evidently unable to keep from moaning with pain—then she hesitated a minute—"I accept!"

"But I don't wish it," said the old woman. "It is not for youth like yours to depart first."

Nearly everywhere the same resignation, the same hope of a possibility of a cure.

During the entire day the pilgrim trains continue to arrive from Paris, Orleans, Lyons, Arras, Toulouse. They are called the white, the blue, the violet, the green, the orange trains.

Up to midday, Masses are said at the sixty altars of the three churches built one under the other: the Basilica, the Crypt, and the Rosary Chapel.

At the Grotto the sick assemble each morning for early Mass and Communion. The space comprised between the Grotto and the river Gave-de-Pau—a mere torrent with its perpetual murmur blending with the prayers—is thronged with people from five o'clock on.

Lourdes never seems to sleep during pilgrimage-time. Even in the dead of night—midnight—a Mass is sung in the Rosary Chapel that attracts great numbers.

A lovely sight was the Grotto in the early morning of the

15th of August, only a few days before the arrival of the National. The Bishop of Tarbes said six o'clock Mass there. It was raining, but the crowd was just as large and the umbrellas seemed to cover the space from the Grotto to the water's edge. Inside the rails twenty little choir boys, all in light blue, sang the Mass, and two little Portuguese boys made their First Communion.

During the National everything is particularly given over

ALL PRAYING, WITH ARMS IN THE FORM OF A CROSS.

to the sick, and the priest comes down amongst them to distribute Holy Communion to those who cannot move from their bed or invalid chair.

It is three o'clock. Already the great place in front of the Rosary Chapel is black with people. In an hour the most imposing ceremony of all is to take place—the procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

The sick are brought from the piscines, and form a double line in front of the people, on their stretchers and in their chairs. The Ave, Ave, Ave Maria rises from thousands of mouths—perhaps I should say souls, for the whole soul goes into that one refrain that you hear morning, noon, and night.

It is the favorite hymn of the people. There are many verses to it, but the procession, starting from the Grotto and going up around the statue of Our Lady at the far end of the place, then on and up nearly to the bridge across the river and back again, gradually falls into different groups—some singing the refrain, some the verses. The consequence is that the refrain dominates, like a great cascade of Aves from many thousand voices.

The Bishop of Tarbes and Cardinal Netto of Lisbon (at Lourdes with the Portuguese pilgrimage) are present on the first day. It is the cardinal who carries the Blessed Sacrament, and stops in front of each of the very sick in turn and blesses them before returning to the steps of the Rosary Chapel and giving general Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

During the procession and blessing the people repeat the prayers and ejaculations of the priest in charge, joining in with the sick in their supplications: "Lord, make me walk! . . . Lord, make me see! . . . Lord, hear us! . . . Lord, grant our prayers! . . . Lord, save us; we are perishing! . . . Lord, he whom you love is sick! . . . Lord, if you wish you can cure me! . . . Hosanna! O Son of David."

I never expect to see a more beautiful sight than the faces of those poor sick men and women and children, waiting for their turn to be blessed: hands joined, or arms out in a cross, each and every one in an attitude of profound devotion —faith, expectation, hope, resignation.

It is during the procession of the Blessed Sacrament that most of the miracles take place. I shall never forget the first one I saw. It seems nearly incredible that in this day of unbelief such things are really to be witnessed.

It occurred after the procession. Suddenly a small crowd gathered. It grew larger and larger. A voice cried aloud that a miracle had taken place. We were pressed in, fairly carried on with the others. . . . There before us was a lady who had been paralyzed and unable to walk for the past eight years—unable, in fact, to put her foot to the ground without great pain. And now she walked with ease, and was cured!

The people pressed around her, kissed her hands, deluged her with questions. (It seemed a second miracle for her not to be smothered!)

Finally her husband, who was wheeling her chair, made a

GREETINGS TO ONE WHO WAS CURED.

passage through the crowd, and arising from her chair, she walked up the steps of the Rosary Chapel, while the crowd clapped loudly and followed her, running over the benches in the chapel, filling up the sanctuary, going anywhere to have a glimpse of *la miraculée.*

She recited a decade of the rosary aloud, and the crowd answered. Then the Brancardiers made room for her, formed a cordon of their straps, and she walked over to the *Bureau des Constatations,* followed by masses of people.

It is there that the doctors verify the miracles.

This woman was a Madame Petitpierre, wife of a doctor from Givors. She had been operated upon unsuccessfully twice in 1895 for an internal malady. Peritonitis followed, and finally paralysis. She remained paralyzed for eight successive years, and was given up as incurable by the different doctors and surgeons to whom she had had recourse. She came to Lourdes on the 25th of June of this year, and already at the end of the novena on July 2 could take a few steps. The cure was completed on the 15th of August and verified at the Bureau des Constatations as being a miracle.

Perhaps one of the most touching incidents of the National

Pilgrimage happened on the second day. During the procession of the Blessed Sacrament a young girl of twenty, Hortense Irles, jumped up from her invalid's chair, and called out "I am cured." There came in answer the sound of suppressed exclamations from the crowd which pressed hastily forward, but fortunately were kept back by the Brancardiers.

The girl had been suffering from a series of terrible internal abscesses, and had been unable to walk for the last ten months.

The Brancardiers surrounded her and she remained in the centre of the open space until the end of the Benediction.

Then followed the usual visit to the Bureau des Constatations.

A little later, on our way up to the hospital, we stopped to hear the singing in the distance, but gradually approaching us. It was caused by the *miraculée* on her way to the hospital. The men had kept the crowd from going too near her, by forming the usual cordon with their straps, but all were singing the Magnificat at the top of their voices. They followed her to the hospital, which she entered. Then some one of the crowd cried out "Vive la Sainte Vierge!" and every voice in the crowd loudly echoed "Vive la Sainte Vierge!" and again "Vive Notre Dame de Lourdes!"—the men throwing their hats in air and all, the women and children even, enthusiastically waving their arms.

It was all most touching and wonderful, and in the eyes of many tears were plainly visible.

The hospital is the scene of the women's greatest devotion and self-sacrifice. There they vie with each other to get inscribed on the lists of those who may care for the sick during the National, when Lourdes is crowded.

They serve the sick in the refectory, make their beds in the crowded dormitories, help them dress in the early morning, and offer their services in every possible way. Each and every one is appreciated by the bishop and by the director of the pilgrimage.

On my way from the Grotto one morning I came upon the Bishop (of Tarbes) and Monseigneur in a side street and knelt for the Bishop's blessing, hoping he would let me kiss his ring. The bishop stopped and asked the usual question:

"From what country are you, my child?" When I answered from America, he said:

"Ah! it is the first time I have seen an American amongst

the hospitalières." He let me kiss his ring, and gave me his blessing and passed on.

In the hospital one comes in contact not only with the miseries and horrors of humanity that awaken pity, but also with types of humanity that arouse interest. There we saw an old peasant woman who had walked all the way from Brittany, starting before Easter. There, too, we met a pilgrim of

CROWDS DISPERSING AFTER THE PROCESSION.

Saint-Roch, one of those young nuns who receive the habit in Rome when twenty-eight years of age and go from shrine to shrine on foot, the world over, praying for everybody. She had bare feet, all her belongings were in a cotton sack by her side, a water-bottle was strung around her waist, a shell on her shoulder, like the pilgrims of old; she looked as if she belonged to another age. Thus she travelled, penniless, trusting completely to Providence.

Morning and afternoon the sick are bathed in the cold waters of the piscines. There, too, many miracles took place this year.

Hélène Duvernet, crippled from a fall and unable to walk, was partially cured last year, and completely cured this year, after two baths in the piscines.

Sister Mary Thomas, a Dominican nun from Toulouse, was completely cured of hernia after a single bath.

Yvonne Joindot, eight years old, had been obliged to wear a plaster cast for these three past years to uphold the spinal column, and was unable to walk on account of the great pain occasioned by the least movement. After a bath in the piscine she walked, and continued to walk without the slightest pain.

Another, a young girl, suffered from pleurisy. The doctors dared not remove the bandages holding the drain-tubes for the bath in the piscine. The child came out cured of the pleurisy, the tubes coming out, and the bandages coming off, in the bath, and the wounds being completely healed.

The complete list is a long one, and the favors received at Our Lady's shrine in the Pyrenees this year during the National Pilgrimage (August 21, 22, 23, and 24) are very numerous.

Of course all these cures mentioned above were permanent and declared so, after the lapse of some days, by Doctors Boissarie and Coxe, directors of the Bureau des Constatations.

At night we climbed up to the convent at which we stopped. It stood on the other side of the river, high on a hill. We looked down in turn at the Grotto, saw the statue of Our Lady standing out against the black rock, the thousands of men and women in the torchlight procession, each bearing a lighted candle, and wending their way in and out of the trees in a zigzag line up the hill-side and then down around the esplanade, back to the Rosary Chapel! We heard the continual echo of Aves coming back to us from the mountains. And then we wondered if France's prime minister, Monsieur Combes, after having expelled so many religious, deprived the monks of their rights as French citizens, still thought to make Catholic France tremble, and to destroy the faith of the people.

Let him look to Lourdes, to this National Pilgrimage of 1903, larger than ever before, whereby it seems that nothing could destroy the faith and the hope of France's children.

That loud, unfaltering chorus of Aves seemed to send to Monsieur Combes and his "Bloc" the answer that Catholic faith and hope are still deeply rooted in the hearts of the children of France. So rooted, indeed, that the present persecutions will but make its growth the stronger and its blossoming more glorious when the days of suffering are over.

SOME NIGHT REFUGES IN PARIS.

BY THE COMTESSE DE COURSON.

SOME months ago one of the most popular institutions in Paris celebrated its silver wedding.

The friends, patrons, and directors of the work assembled at 59 Rue de Tocqueville, within the precincts of the first night refuge, founded a quarter of a century ago by the "Hospitalité de Nuit." Here every night the doors open wide to admit the waifs and strays, the hungry and homeless of the great city. Above the door shines a tiny blue light, truly a star of hope in the darkness and gloom, and within is an atmosphere of warmth and cleanliness, of cordial kindness and Christian charity.

The Count d'Haussonville, a member of the French Academy, as well known for his interest in philanthropic works as for his literary talent, presided over the assembly. Around him, on a raised platform, were grouped the generous Parisian Catholics whose names are to be seen at the head of every charitable undertaking, who give not only their money to benefit others, but also, a yet more precious gift, their time and trouble.

These are the men who, we trust, will one day save Paris, as ten just men might, had they been found, have saved the doomed cities of Palestine.

In front of the president was gathered a large and sympathetic audience of men and women of the world, interested in the work. The Hospitalité de Nuit was founded and is directed by laymen, a fortunate circumstance in the present state of France, for it places the institution that we are about to present to our readers beyond the reach of M. Combes' destructiveness.

After a most interesting report, read by the Baron de Livois, who for a quarter of a century has been at the head of the work, M. d'Haussonville pointed out to his hearers its social, moral, and religious usefulness, enlarging on the spirit of broad minded charity which these zealous Catholics extended to men of every religion, rank, age, and standing.

His words, at the present moment, carry with them a peculiar meaning. At a time when a religious persecution, the cruelty of which is hardly realized by foreigners, rages in France, it is with a feeling of relief that we cling to every token that points to the existence of better things below the surface.

Much has been said, with justice, alas! of the faults and failings of the French Catholics as a political body; but their charity, it must be owned, has ever been, and is still, worthy of all praise. Surely this charity pleads in their favor before the throne of Him who promised to reward even a cup of water, given for His sake.

The idea that inspired the founders of the night refuges for the destitute is not a new one. As far back as the twelfth century there existed in Paris several hostelries where homeless wanderers were received free of cost, for a limited time. These refuges were directed by religious and, though their sanitary arrangements were certainly inferior to those of the twentieth century houses which it was our good fortune to visit before writing these pages, the spirit that pervaded them was the same.

Modern philanthropy is occasionally aggressively self-complacent in its attitude towards the past; while paying due homage to the progress of science, a progress from which works of charity reap the benefit, we should not forget that a loving spirit of Christian charity, born of deep faith, flourished in what are contemptuously called the "dark ages."

The Revolution of 1789 swept away the night refuges for the poor, together with some abuses and many useful institutions, and nearly a hundred years passed by before the charitable foundations of the mediæval Catholics were brought back to life by their twentieth-century descendants.

The first night refuge in modern France was established, not in Paris but at Marseilles, where on Christmas Day, 1872, a charitable citizen, M. Massabo, opened an "abri" for men, which soon became very popular.

Its existence was made known in Paris two years later, in 1874, and a zealous priest, M. Ardouin, immediately resolved to found a similar refuge; but many months were to elapse before the plan, so generously conceived, took a practical shape.

Experience proves that all religious and charitable foundations, that eventually attain a certain degree of development, have difficult beginnings, as though God's blessing was in some mysterious manner attached to the works that are marked with the sign of the cross. So true is this that the storms that often assail a good work at the outset may be considered as the happy signs of its future success.

The early struggles of the Hospitalité de Nuit bear out this theory. The Baron de Livois and his colleagues, M. de Beugne, M. de Gosselin, the Count des Cars, M. Paul Leturc, and others, warmly encouraged the Abbé Ardouin in his charitable scheme, but some time passed by before they could establish it on a firm basis. It was difficult to find a house suited to their purpose; then it was more difficult still to collect sufficient funds to start the work; finally, after many disappointments, a building was hired, 59 Rue de Tocqueville; the rules of the institution were drawn up, and, on June 2, 1878, the new refuge was solemnly blessed by the curé of the parish.

The house had been a farm in the not very distant days when "la plaine Monceau" was an open space, dotted with cottages, farms, gardens, and fields that covered the ground where now huge "maisons de rapport," wide avenues, busy streets, tram-cars, and the underground railway, have anything but a rural appearance.

The first arrangements of the refuge were made with a view to economy, there being, at that period, no definite source of income to look to. However, it possessed an office, a waiting room, a bath room and dormitories. The rules laid down for its government were short and simple, and have practically remained unchanged to this day.

The object of the work is: 1st, to give a free and temporary shelter for the night to homeless persons, whatever may be their age, nationality, or religion; 2d, to relieve their most pressing needs, as far as is possible.

At the present moment the financial difficulties that hampered the foundation at its beginning have in a great measure disappeared.

The legacies bestowed on the Hospitalité de Nuit by many generous benefactors have been wisely invested by the council in whose hands is the practical management of the work, and

to this source of income are added the annual donations and subscriptions that prove the high esteem in which the institution is held by the public at large.

It was decided that the pensioners should only be allowed to sleep for three nights in the house, but that the night from Saturday to Sunday should not count; also that an interval of two months must elapse between each visit.

Let us hasten to add that these rules, the prudence of which will be easily recognized, are frequently put aside by the directors. They never fail, when it seems to them advisable, to keep their pensioners longer than three nights; the regulations of the Hospitalité de Nuit easily give way before the prior claims of Christian charity.

The pensioners get up at 5 or 6 o'clock according to the time of year; they retire to rest at 9:30; they are forbidden to smoke and to talk politics; are bound to make their beds, to keep silence during prayers, and to submit to the sanitary arrangements that are specified in the rules of the house. Apart from these obligations, which it must be owned are not difficult to fulfil, they are perfectly free; no questions are asked them as to their past history, and everything is done to make them feel that they are among friends and well-wishers; it is this kindly spirit that goes straight to the hearts of the wanderers, it makes the atmosphere of the Hospitalité de Nuit different to that of the "asiles" that have lately been established by the state; official charity, however well organized, must necessarily lack the divine spark of love.

The house in the Rue de Tocqueville opened its doors for the first time on the 2d of June, 1878; three homeless wayfarers came that night to claim its hospitality; the next day came seven, then eighteen, and a fortnight later, thirty-seven. The founders of the work had not expected such rapid popularity; their accommodation soon proved unequal to the occasion, and twenty more beds were hastily made up.

The news that a night asylum was opened quickly spread among the homeless population, which, strange to say, is more numerous in every large city than we should believe possible; the little blue light above the open door seemed to point to a "port of refuge, and attracted the shipwrecked, the wandering, and the hungry."*

* Monsieur E. Caro, General Assembly of 1886.

For once, the newspapers of every opinion forgot their quarrels and praised the new foundation in glowing terms. The great Paris shops generously came forward and sent supplies of bedding and linen; the director of a neighboring laundry volunteered to do the washing of the establishment and, with equal charity, a chemist offered to provide free of cost the remedies that might be needed by the pensioners.

The increasing popularity of the work soon called for the foundation of a second house in another quarter. This was made possible through the generosity of a wealthy man, M Beaudenom de Lamaze. He was staying at Amèlie-les-Bains, stricken with a mortal disease, when a newspaper article giving an enthusiastic account of the Hospitalité de Nuit fell into his hands. His attention was arrested and his sympathies enlisted on behalf of the work; with the considerable sum that he immediately forwarded to Paris a new refuge was founded in Rue de Vaugirard. It was opened in June, 1879, and is called "Maison Lamaze," in memory of the generous founder to whom it owes its existence.

There are at the present moment four night refuges in Paris, established and directed by the Hospitalité de Nuit. They are situated, Rue de Tocqueville, Boulevard de Vaugirard, Rue de Charonne and Rue de Laghouat, and are conveniently placed in the neighborhood of one or other of the chief railway stations.

The initiative of Baron de Livois and his friends was productive of greater results than these earnest-minded Catholics believed possible.

Within the last few years the "Conseil municipal"—town council of Paris—and the "Société Philanthropique," whose name sufficiently explains its object, have started other night refuges on the lines of the Hospitalité de Nuit.

On the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation, the Count d'Haussonville drew the attention of his hearers to the fact that in this case, as in many others, the Catholics led the way.

The mediæval Catholics were the first in the field; their charitable traditions were taken up a quarter of a century ago by another group of practical Catholics, and now the example of the latter has been followed far and wide.

Nevertheless there is an atmosphere of cordiality about the

houses of the Hospitalité de Nuit that the other refuges certainly lack; there, and there only, the pensioners are treated as "friends." These houses have been rebuilt within the last few years, and are fully equipped with the most modern appliances for cleansing and disinfecting the persons and garments of the inmates. It is seldom that a year passes by without something being done to increase the comfort and welfare of the homeless pensioners, who every evening assemble in crowds before the door. For obvious reasons, it was settled from the outset that to give them a regular meal would be to encourage the idle, and also to overtax the resources of the work; but alas! the wayfarers were often hungry as well as houseless, and, since 1887, they receive a piece of bread on their arrival.

Besides this, the director of the house bestows on the old, the infirm, or the very young, soup tickets for the "fourneaux économiques" that are established in the poor quarters of Paris all through the winter. Here, on leaving the refuge, the possessor of a ticket can have a basin of warm soup.

As we have had occasion to state, all that concerns the general and financial organization of the Hospitalité de Nuit is in the hands of a council consisting of over thirty members. The Baron de Livois is president: he has under him four vice-presidents and an efficient staff of treasurers and secretaries, but the practical working of each house depends upon the *gérant*, or chief in charge, and in this respect the Hospitalité de Nuit seems to have been singularly fortunate in its choice.

The task of playing host to the homeless wayfarers, who night after night claim the shelter of the refuge, demands a rare combination of firmness and benevolence.

The pensioners are admitted because they are miserable, not because they are deserving. Though it often happens that among them are many interesting characters, it is essential that their responsible chief should be fitted to command; and that, together with broad and generous sympathies, he should possess sufficient authority to enforce the rules of the house.

For this reason the *gérants* are, as a rule, retired officers; anything military appeals strongly to the French people; the title "*Mon Capitaine*," and the tiny red speck, the ribbon of

the Legion of Honor, that adorns the button-hole of these old soldiers, have a magic effect upon the waifs and strays that they are called upon to control.

From what the captains tell us, they have no trouble in keeping peace and order among their guests; now and then a drunken man stumbles in and is promptly expelled, but this is all; the pensioners are, as a rule, docile and grateful, and we have Baron de Livois' word that cases of stealing are extremely rare.

The object of the Hospitalité de Nuit is not merely to provide its pensioners with a safe and peaceful shelter; the practical Catholics who founded and who still direct the work have nobler aspirations. Their ultimate aim is to exercise a certain moral influence over their passing guests; experience proves that their hopes in this respect are often fulfilled, and that their clients carry away deeper impressions than those of merely a good night's rest.

Among the members of the council whose memory is most closely linked with the work is the Count Amédée des Cars; his death, a few years ago, deprived the pensioners of a most devoted friend.

The younger son of a ducal family, whose name is closely connected with the royalist traditions of the country, Count des Cars was one of the first members of the council of the Hospitalité de Nuit. The work appealed strongly to his sympathies, and every evening, without fail, he left his family circle to spend an hour or two among the homeless wanderers in the refuge of the Rue Vaugirard.

His friendliness and simplicity won their confidence; his cheering words went straight to their hearts, and many of them were, owing to his influence, able to obtain permanent situations.

No wonder that when this truly good Christian was buried the Church of Ste. Clotilde was crowded, not only with representatives of the old "noblesse," to whom Count des Cars belonged by birth, but also with the waifs and strays for whose welfare he had so earnestly labored, and whom his family had invited to be present. It was a curious and pathetic sight; for once the barriers of rank and fortune were thrown down by the hand of charity.

The example of men in whom kindness and cordiality have

their source in deep religious convictions is not wasted upon their poor *protégés*. A few years ago the chaplain of one of the Paris hospitals, where the nuns have been replaced by lay nurses, was summoned to the bedside of a dying man, who earnestly requested his presence. After congratulating his penitent upon his desire to be reconciled to God, the priest inquired what had brought about so happy a change in one who had evidently lived far removed from all religious influence. "I once was sheltered by the Hospitalité de Nuit," was the reply.

The kindly welcome, the encouraging words, the night prayers that are recited in common—all these things had, in course of time, borne their fruits.

Although they may vary as to details, the general arrangements of the different houses are much the same. Each one possesses a room where, by means of special appliances, the pensioner's clothes are thoroughly cleansed; a *vestiaire*, where old hats, coats, boots and shoes, sent by kind friends, are kept for distribution; an office, where the pensioners give their names and exhibit their papers; a waiting-room, provided with benches, which in winter is well warmed and lighted; well aired and lofty dormitories, with bedsteads and bedding plain but good of their kind, and scrupulously clean.

On the whitewashed walls hangs a large crucifix, reminding the homeless of Him who, when on earth, knew not where to lay His head.

Above each bed is inscribed the name of the giver; some of these inscriptions are eloquent in their brevity: "In memory of our beloved child," "In remembranoe of our daughter." Mademoiselle Mathilde Weyer, who escaped from the terrible fire of the Bazar de la Charité, testified her gratitude by giving a bed; two other beds, on the contrary, were bestowed in loving remembrance of Dr. Feulard and his little daughter, both of whom perished in the fire.

Among the benefactors of the work are persons of every rank and religion, and above the beds are the names of merchant princes, of millionaires, of the highest French aristocracy, of Jews and Protestants as well as of Catholics. Around the couch where the homeless outcast rests his weary head, men belonging to opposite camps are united by the same generous impulse, and, in many cases, the memory of the

beloved dead is sweetly linked with the charity of the living.

Every evening, all the year round, in winter snow and summer sun, the doors of the night asylums open wide from six o'clock to nine. The first arrivals sit down in the waiting-room, read or write. They are provided with pen, paper, and stamps; indeed, on an average, from five to six hundred francs a year is spent upon postage.

The *capitaine* in charge of the house of the Rue de Tocqueville, M. Andrillon, is a sympathetic and most interesting character; a real soldier, whose military bearing impresses his guests while his cordiality wins their confidence. He tells us that, as a rule, his pensioners are silent and not inclined to pour forth their experiences to their neighbors. Some of them have a timid, suspicious look about the eyes; others, perhaps the most deserving, are evidently ill at ease. Their clothes are old and threadbare, but sometimes there is a pathetic attempt to keep up appearances, and the well-worn coat is carefully brushed.

At nine o'clock the captain appears, accompanied by his secretary; and, in compliance with the police regulations, the men are obliged to declare their name, age, and profession. In return, they are given the name of their dormitory and the number of their bed, but, before they retire to rest, the captain reads the rules of the house and generally adds a few words of encouragement and advice. To wanderers, many of whom have drunk deeply of the sorrows and evils of life, he speaks of self-respect, of the dignity of labor, and of the duty that obliges every man to do his best under all circumstances. He reminds them too that the founders of the Hospitalité de Nuit, to whom they owe their night's rest, were inspired by the wish to benefit their fellow-men, according to the command laid upon them by God, in whom they believed; that their charity was the natural consequence of a faith that teaches its disciples to suffer patiently and to help each other.

Sometimes a member of the council is present, and addresses the pensioners; his words, cordially spoken, give a warmer, more friendly touch to the occasion.

Night prayers are then said aloud; no one need join, but all are expected to remain standing, silent and bareheaded, while Our Father and Hail Mary are recited. As a rule,

the pensioners join in the prayers willingly and fluently; the familiar sounds, sometimes long forgotten, rise unbidden to their lips. Perchance, the words bring back before the mental vision of the waifs and strays pathetic memories of the past; memories of a Norman cottage, among flowering apple-trees; of a Breton homestead on a gorse-covered *lande;* of a quiet cemetery beneath the shelter of some village church, or of a procession of white-robed girls and surpliced boys wending its way between the hedge-rows.

After prayers, the men move on to the dormitories and undress in silence. Their soiled clothes are carefully and thoroughly cleansed during the night; indeed a considerable sum is expended every year on camphor, sulphur, etc. Warm water, soap, and razors are placed at the pensioners' disposal, and a tailor, attached to the house, is employed to patch up their worn and often tattered garments.

With his long experience of men the captain is quick to form a judgment upon his visitors. He soon recognizes the incorrigible idler, who prefers begging to work, and only cares to keep body and soul together with the smallest possible amount of exertion. His best sympathies, as is natural, are for the men who, after a brave fight, fail in the struggle for life, and it is on these that he bestows the cast-off suits, hats, and boots that are sent to the house by friends and benefactors. Over and over again the timely gift of a respectable suit of clothes has enabled a man to obtain employment, and has thus been the means of saving him from despair and utter ruin. The archives of the Hospitalité de Nuit possess many letters written by the grateful recipients of these useful presents. "Without them," writes one man, "I should never have found a situation." Another time, a professor, the son of an officer, was given a suit of clothes, and attributed to them the excellent position he was able to obtain. Similar instances might be quoted by the hundred; at least one-third of the men who seek shelter in the night refuges of the Hospitalité de Nuit are deserving of interest and do credit to their benefactors.

One evening in September, 1900, a respectable-looking man passed before the refuge in the Rue de Vaugirard at the hour when the motley crowd of homeless wayfarers were waiting for admittance. He stopped, emptied his well-filled purse into

their hands, and, pointing to the house, said: "I was once sheltered in that house, and I have never forgotten it. The Hospitalité de Nuit was my salvation."

It continually happens that small sums, accompanied by grateful expressions of gratitude, are brought or sent to the *gérants* by former pensioners, who are anxious, in their turn, to benefit others.

Some are in a position to do more. In 1882 a charity *fête* was given at the Hôtel Continental in Paris, with the object of collecting funds for the work. A gentleman, irreproachably attired, went up to an active member of the council: "You do not recognize me?" "No, I fear I do not." "We lately met at the refuge in the Rue de Tocqueville." "I suppose you were curious to visit one of our refuges." "No indeed," replied the unknown with a smile, "I went there to get a bed! A few days later I was lucky enough to obtain a good position, and I made it a point of coming to the *fête* in order to contribute twenty-five francs to your excellent work. Pray, accept my warmest gratitude for the service you and your colleagues rendered me."

Sometimes eccentric characters find their way to the refuge. In 1900 the house in the Rue de Tocqueville was visited by Philogène Viardin, the "walking poet," as he styled himself, whose ambition was to go round the world on foot, within two years. He informed the *gérant* that, if he succeeded in accomplishing this feat within the given time, he would win a sum of 20,000 francs.

Another great walker is a man named Polvèche, who, when asked his profession, replied "a pilgrim." He had been infirmarian in a hospital in the north of France; in 1896 he started on foot for Jerusalem, through Belgium, Germany, Austria, and Bulgaria. He arrived at Constantinople at the end of eight months, went on to Jerusalem and back, by the same route, to Paris.

The following year, 1897, the house in the Rue Lamaze was visited by a young student from Boston, who informed the *gérant* that an American society had commissioned him to study the working of the Hospitalité de Nuit. He insisted on sleeping in the dormitories and made himself acquainted with all the details of the management of the house. The young American's visit was long remembered by the pensioners; he

gave a good dinner to several among them, coffee to others, and, some days later, sent a quantity of bread to be distributed.

It often happens that the benefactors of the work treat the pensioners to a feast. In 1899 a kind-hearted butcher, M. Bayle, gave the men of the Rue de Laghouat broth and meat during all the month of December; M. Henri Bamberger invariably gives a good meal to the inmates of three refuges in honor of New Year's day. An anonymous lady, who is a frequent benefactress, often bestows a large sum on the work, stipulating that a comfortable meal should be given to all the pensioners.

The work also appeals strongly to the sympathies of the working classes in Paris, and gifts of meat, coffee, vegetables, etc., are often sent to the different houses by the neighboring trades-people. Those of the Rue Vaugirard are in the habit of giving the inmates of the Maison Lamaze a cup of hot coffee and a roll on the morning of the 14th of July, the national feast of the French Republic.

At its origin the Hospitalité de Nuit only received men; now, since 1890, refuges for women and children have been established in the neighborhood of three houses: Rue de Tocqueville, Boulevard de Vaugirard, and Rue de Charonne. They are on a smaller scale than the refuges for men, have a separate entrance, and are directed on the same lines. We visited the one of the Rue de Tocqueville; it is governed by Madame Andrillon, the capable and kind-hearted wife of the worthy captain who directs the house next door for men.

By the side of the spotlessly clean beds for the women are tiny cradles for the babies that they bring with them. One of these children's beds attracted us; its embroidered curtains and coverings contrasted with the Spartan simplicity of the place. It was given to the work, Madame Andrillon informed us, by bereaved parents, whose only child had breathed its last under those snow-white draperies!

Statistics are, as a rule, essentially dry and unattractive; but those of the Hospitalité de Nuit have their eloquence and give us an idea of the development of the work within the last twenty-five years.

In 1878 there was but *one* night refuge in Paris—that of the Rue de Tocqueville. It gave shelter to 2,874 pensioners and

cost 7,316 francs. Ten years later, in 1888, the *four* houses of the Hospitalité de Nuit received 82,407 pensioners, 1,340 of whom were provided with situations by their benefactors. The sum expended on these four houses was 90,230 francs. The last statistics, those of 1902, show a certain decrease in the number of the pensioners; this is owing to the fact that a dozen night refuges now exist in Paris, whereas twenty-five years ago the house in the Rue de Tocqueville was alone of its kind; but larger sums have been spent to develop the work and to add to the well-being of the visitors. In 1902 69,936 pensioners were admitted; among them were distributed 222,914 portions of bread, 24,944 soup tickets, and 16,000 articles of clothing. The expenses of the four houses reached the sum of 103,859 francs.

Among the pensioners 16 were under 5 years of age and 117 under 10 years; 227 were over 70. The grown men were chiefly workmen or laborers, but among them were 179 artists, 413 professors, 341 soldiers or sailors.

As we have stated, the accommodation provided for women by the Hospitalité de Nuit is on a small scale, the Société Philanthropique having founded, in different parts of Paris, several night refuges which are devoted exclusively to women and children.

Nevertheless in the course of 1903, 2,885 women were received in the three asylums founded by Baron de Livois and his friends; 248 were little girls under 5. The greater number of the women were servants, but five or six were governesses or teachers, to whom a safe, respectable shelter and a kindly reception must have been inexpressibly welcome.

Although the greater number of the guests to whom the Hospitalité de Nuit opens its doors are French, foreigners from distant lands often find their way to the refuges. The statistics that we possess enlighten us on this point.

Between the year 1878 and the year 1903, 1,502,676 French subjects, men and women, have been sheltered for the night; then come 11,383 Germans, 1,920 British, 10,897 Italians, 1,209 Poles, 2,070 Russians, 279 Turks, 235 Egyptians, 27 Abyssinians, besides many Belgians, Swiss, Norwegians, East Indians, South Americans, etc.

Before bringing this brief account to a close, let us remind our readers that the good work founded and supported by a

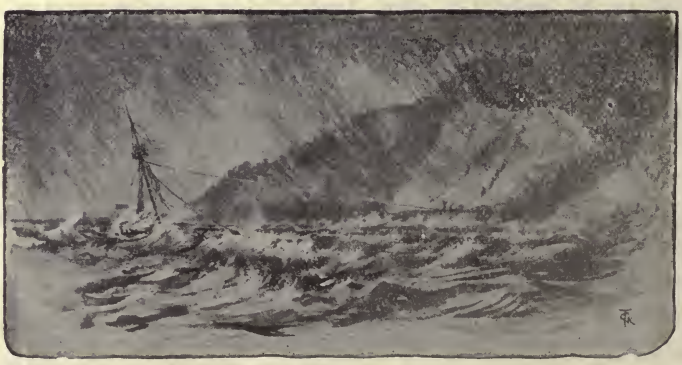
group of French Catholics extends its influence far and wide; the statistics that we have just quoted only represent a small portion of its results.

It is to the brave initiative of Baron de Livois and his devoted colleagues that is due, not only the existence of the four Paris houses of the Hospitalité de Nuit, but also the foundation of the night refuges, "Asiles de Nuit," that are now established in all the great cities of France.

The Catholics led the way, they were the first to revive the charitable traditions of mediæval times and to provide the homeless with a safe shelter; after them, the town council of Paris, and different charitable and philanthropic societies followed the lead and established other night refuges on the same principle.

This is as it should be; without wishing to ignore the good and useful works that are accomplished outside the church, we rejoice to find her faithful sons well to the front in every charitable undertaking. The post is theirs by right, for are they not the true disciples of Him whose words, after twenty centuries, still urge His followers to deeds of brotherly kindness?—

"I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was homeless, and you took me in."



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THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF NON-CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

BY REV. WILLIAM L. SULLIVAN, C.S.P.

THE eighteenth of September last was the tenth birthday of the present systematic non-Catholic Mission movement in the United States. On that day, in the year 1893, in the village of Sand Beach, Michigan, Father Elliott preached the opening of the great Crusade in which so many others have since pressed forward to take the cross. The anniversary was known but to two or three, and was celebrated only with a Mass of thanksgiving to God for the blessings of these ten years. Yet we hesitate not to say that many a festival acclaimed by multitudes and kept with pomp and pageantry is less significant and less inspiring. Certainly to the heart of a Catholic few anniversaries could be more hopeful and more holy.

For generations the Church in this country had been turning all its energies to the supplying of imperative domestic needs. It had to keep abreast with the swift march of civilization toward unsettled frontiers; it had to care for a huge European immigration; it had to give itself up to incessant and anxious labor lest its zealous activity in building and administering should overreach the resources of its precarious poverty; it had to fight against deadly prejudice for the courtesy of common toleration; it had to win its way both to material stability and to good repute by sheer, laborious digging and delving. Unobtrusively the work went on. Silently, as becomes our Catholic tradition, sacrifice after sacrifice was made; until, like the house of God on Mount Moriah which rose beneath the hands of the workmen and no sound of axe or hammer was heard, the Church in America stood before the eyes of men in vast and beautiful proportions, a work worthy of the Most High, well deserving of mankind, the strongest safeguard of society and the state. For public worship the great cities had their cathedrals, and every village its comfortable church; for the training of priests there were noble seminaries fitted with every facility for study and research; for the children, schools everywhere; for young men

and women, colleges and academies by the hundred, at the head of which stands a University which shall be, we trust, the first jewel among our treasures; for the orphans, the sick, and the aged, homes raised by the charity of the people, and ministered to in tenderness by the consecrated of Christ. The sight of these things is familiar now; yet still from time to time we hear and read of the amazement of the non-Catholic press and people at the growth of Catholicity. That growth has been favored indeed with the greatest tribute that the prosperity of a just cause can possibly receive: the tribute of the narrow and the prejudiced; anger, hatred, and organized persecution. But we will not recall that. Born centuries out of time, the agitation, after the manner of monstrosities, lived briefly, died to the relief of everybody, and left nothing save a hideous remembrance behind.

Before we consider the Church's new departure in beginging the work of systematic conversion, a work made possible only by the prodigious achievements just summarized, we must give expression to the veneration we feel for the bishops, priests, and people who were builders and pioneers. Gladly we confess that we have entered into their labors and built upon their foundation; and that if to-day it is possible, practicable, and opportune to preach the faith to Protestants and unbelievers, it is because of their lives of humble hardship and generous sacrifice. To those of that rugged race that are gone, peace and the sight of God! To those that still labor and are burdened, our admiration, sympathy, and fraternal love! Not as implying that they have left any duty unfulfilled, do we undertake a work that is new; but rather as believing that in striving to gain America to Christ, we are making the best possible use of their heritage of heroism, and are helping to answer their hearts' most earnest prayer.

The desire to make converts is not recent, nor confined to any man or body of men within the Church. It is as universal as zeal, of which it is a manifestation; and zeal is as universal as the Holy Spirit's activity within His Spouse on earth. Even in the earlier days of the Republic, when the Church was most poor in means and scant in numbers, the longing to see our non-Catholic brethren back in the fold of their fathers, was as strong and as tender as it is to-day. And with that almost prophetic sense of destiny which rested

like an inspiration upon the great men who laid the political foundations of the United States, our early bishops and priests too, we must suppose, were stirred within by mystical assurances that their faith as well as their country would grow great in their successors; that from the weakling infancy which their eyes beheld, it would rise to lordly stature, until some day, very far away if compared with the years of human life, but near when measured by the ages in which God may achieve his purposes, it would be enthroned in spiritual sovereignty within this people's hearts. Most certain it is that in substance the spirit of the non-Catholic mission movement has existed in the American Church from the beginning. That movement, therefore, implies no novel dispensation, no untraditional vocation, and no new *charismata* of grace kept in reserve till now. Only in practical application is it new, just as every practical application of "*Docete omnes gentes*" is, in some manner, new when the Gospel is first proclaimed to an age or a people unfamiliar with its truths and precepts. It was inevitable that as soon as the more urgent needs of our own people had been fairly attended to, the Church in this country should enter upon the work which, from the first year of her history, she has prosecuted in every other: the work of the apostolic evangelization among those outside her fold.

The time for that work in America has come. About this there can scarcely be any reasonable doubt. All our bishops are convinced of it; Leo XIII. expressed his own persuasion of it in two specific and strongly-worded approbations of non-Catholic missions; and all who have ever been actively engaged in those missions themselves held it as the first of their convictions. Never was an age more consciously in need of sacraments that give grace and of a religious authority that gives assurance.

The fierce attack made upon Christian belief during the last sixty years or more, by scientific and biblical criticism, has fallen back in defeat. Evolution has not destroyed God, nor has natural selection dethroned Providence. Even should it be held as beyond doubt that Moses did not write the Pentateuch as we have it, and that there is a post-exilic portion in Isaias, the Old Testament is none the less an inspired history of divine dealings with men. Despite Strauss, the Gospel history is held everywhere to-day substantially accurate;

and after all the brilliancy of Renan, the resurrection of our Lord and the conversion of St. Paul are facts still untouched by any natural explanation.

The attack has failed, and Christianity with its root in Christ, and its fair flowering in all the centuries since, has not been reduced to a human system of ethics, but remains indisputably divine. But the onslaught of infidelity has wrought disaster nevertheless.

Throughout the churches of Protestantism, the impression has prevailed insidiously that perhaps after all Christianity is little more than the code of conduct of a good man's conscience, enhanced by the moral authority of a purely human Christ who lived without sin or imperfection. In every one of the sects, formerly so rigid in doctrinal formulations, there is a horror of all definite statements of belief. There is uneasiness when the issue is squarely presented: Is there a miraculous element in Christianity? Is Christ truly divine? Is it a matter not of free choice, but of positive obligation sanctioned by future punishment in case of culpable negligence, that we should search out *all* that Christ taught, believe it and practise it? Is the Christian religion a divine interposition coming upon us from above, and laying upon us responsibilities which we can neither put off nor cut into convenient sections according to our temper; or is it merely a high and holy human appeal to our moral nature which meets us on terms of perfect equality, leaving us free to submit to as much or as little of it as we will?

Certainly it is not harsh to say that the Christianity prevalently preached from Protestant pulpits is a Christianity which refuses to be formulated into statements of doctrine; which seeks to escape such questions as miracle, Christ's divinity, the nature and the seat of religious authority; which professes no deeper dogmatic content than God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood, and no wider moral scope than how to be ethically good.

What is the reason of this tremendous change from the days when the sects now so watery in creedal consistency were as very citadels of dogma, bristling with the artillery of anathema for all who held not the divinity of Christ, baptismal regeneration, future punishment, and the infallible authority of Scripture? Scepticism is the reason. Scepticism, in-

duced by biblical and scientific criticism, has eaten away the very foundations of supernatural Christianity, in modern Protestant theology. As a result millions of people who were once church-members, or whose fathers were, have given up all profession of Christian belief.

And of those that remain registered upon the church-lists, millions more are unsettled, apprehensive, wavering, and about to give way before the storm in which Protestantism shall perish. But we must understand that very few of this bewildered multitude are anti-religious, at least here in the United States.

In its deepest heart our country is tenaciously Christian. This consoling assurance would be borne out, I venture to think, by nearly all missionaries to non-Catholics. It is indeed a joy, and it gives a priest fresh love for his country, and a deeper affection for his countrymen, when one has stood night after night before those that differ from him in faith, looked into their manly faces and honest eyes, and seen the perfect courtesy and grave thoughtfulness with which they receive his message to their souls.

For they do come to hear us, and they will come, these noble souls who have lost firm hold on religion, but who have a strong desire for God; and they will listen with rapt attention to all that we can tell them of Catholicity. Let us cease our doubts about the opportuneness of non-Catholic missions. This army on the march to infidelity settles the question with solemn and awful emphasis.

Give a true missionary an audience that vitally needs his message and will gladly listen to it, and he cannot understand, he will not abide, that prudence which would lock his lips and turn the souls that famish and are homeless out into the night.

These souls must have proved to them the authority of Christ. When they understand that the earthly mission of the Son of God means for them both the glory and the responsibility of believing and practising what He taught and commanded; when they realize that the old beliefs and hopes and consolations rest on truth impregnable, and that Christianity is a strong, positive, clear, definite, fearless faith, and not a timorous fugitive when a healthy intellect would gaze on it, or an invertebrate sentiment when a faltering heart would lean upon it, they will joyfully set about rebuilding

what has been torn down. They will begin a search for the truth of Christ in all its divine integrity; they will assuredly not turn again to the Protestantism which has become apostate to Gospel teaching and to historic Christianity;' but sooner or later they must by thousands give their allegiance to the Church which has never been untrue to the creed for which our fathers of old time lived and died.

Already in the intellectual world, where one always finds the first indications of movements destined to exert great influence on mankind, signs are appearing that scholarship is settling toward two conclusions: first, that Christianity has withstood the searchings of rationalistic criticism, and is humanly inexplicable; secondly, that if the divine Christ has left on earth truths to enlighten us and means of grace for sanctifying us, they are the historic possession of the Catholic Church.

This impression will grow. It will spread from the university to the street, from the specialist to the every-day man, and it will lead multitudes to the faith. For a time, of course, many men will lean strongly toward these conclusions, without feeling a decisive impulse to become Catholics. The scandals of history, the evil lives perhaps of some Catholics about them, and other such accidental but terribly vivid and disturbing considerations will stand between them and the greater truths, and keep them from the fulness of the light of God. But a wider and wiser philosophy, and the needs of their own souls, will ultimately lead them aright, and they or their children will be of the household of faith.

But we must strengthen into certainty this misgiving in the minds of many of the unchurched, that Christianity is true. We must not wait for time and the slow settling of critical conclusions, but be active with pen and voice in making manifest to souls that the religion of the Redeemer is safe and sure amid all menaces, and in confronting them once more with its insistent and momentous claims.

This is the non-Catholic apostolate, and of its imperishable importance and most pressing necessity can any one of us entertain a doubt?

Besides this class who have lost definite belief through conscious or unconscious scepticism, there is another great body of non Catholics who lay upon us an imperative command that

we tell them of the Church. These are the old-fashioned Bible Christians. Faithful to the Scriptures according to their light; zealous in good works; ready to follow the Master whithersoever He will lead, for they love Him; very often with a deep sense of consecration and a sacred love of interior prayer; how white for the harvest are they!

And when they come with tears of joy to be baptized; when in scores of instances the amazed missionary learns that their lives of, it may be, sixty years, have been blameless from the beginning to that hour, truly they prove themselves the noblest conquest of our faith, the richest jewels in the crown of converts that sheds illumination upon the fair features of Catholicity, and throws a strong light into the outer darkness for the guidance of many wayfaring feet.

It is the Church's means of sanctity and of union with God that draw them. It is the Real Presence, above all else, that wins them. O Priest of the Most High! your deepest sacerdotal joy is still before you, if you have never yet told the Eucharistic mystery to souls that know it not, but would worship if they knew!

If our opportunities are so glorious, our responsibilities are correspondingly grave. It were bad enough to withhold whatever assistance we had it in our power to give to the non-Catholic apostolate, but positively to hinder it, directly or indirectly, is nothing else than terrible.

The observation is old, no doubt, and it may be suggestive of a Sunday homily to repeat it, but it is solemn enough to startle one's conscience, however often one reflects upon it, that after all is said and done, the lives and deeds of Catholics, their private behavior and their public utterances, are the greatest help or the greatest obstacle to conversions. Where respect cannot be won or benevolence conciliated, how shall there be conversion? Through the humanities of our common life together leads the convert's straighest road to the divinity of the truth we hold. Principle, it goes without saying, must be followed uncompromisingly, and, at need, fought for strenuously. It would be a despicable creature indeed that, in order to gain good-will, would silence his conscience and betray his trust. A sorry spectacle anywhere would be such a one, and sorriest of all as a worker for converts.

But outside the province of principle there is a large field

of word and deed wherein, accordingly as we are led by divine prudence and supernatural love of souls, or by unwise peculiarities and an unconciliating temper, we may wield an influence—some of us a wide and awful influence—either for converting non-Catholics to the faith, or for driving them headlong away from it. Our worship, public and private, should predominantly show to any eyes that may chance to observe it, that the chief glories and greatest mysteries of the faith we profess are also the chief support of our Christian character; that the Blessed Trinity, the Holy Spirit, the Person of Christ, the Real Presence are not only propositions of our creed, but a living power in our practical devotion.

The mental attitude of Catholics should display that manly intellectual independence to which as God's freemen we have an inalienable right; while at the same time equally conspicuous should be our veneration for just authority and the Catholic instinct of docility for whosoever speaks in the name of God.

Our love of country should be expressed as well as felt. And it should be so strong a love as will always lead us to speak of the Republic with patriotic veneration. If there should be a national leader, a government policy, a public tendency that we cannot conscientiously support, it would be well to see to it that our remonstrances be expressed with magnanimous fairness and in courteous speech. To be deeply, heartily, ardently American; to share sympathetically in the nation's life, hope, ideals, and activity; to discountenance every tendency that would so constitute Catholics or any section of them a class apart as to involve the perpetuation of a spirit irreconcilable with what is best in the American spirit; to grieve for national or sectional failings loyally and sorrowfully, but to trust in the people's righteousness to cure them in time, and never to fling them malignantly in the face of the country as a foreign foe might do; to be convinced that this Republic as it now is, and with its present Constitution, is a providential work of God, destined to be a great leader of mankind in enlightenment and liberty, and even, by the grace of God, a leader too in devotion to the Church of Christ; so to think and feel and act is our privilege as citizens of this nation, and our duty as Catholics who would work for souls.

To hold aloof is the fatal thing. If movements for the

public good have no Catholic co-operation; if projects for social amelioration and political purification are without Catholic encouragement; if the great universities invite an expression of Catholic thought within their halls, and there is no one to respond; if these things should come to pass, it were as well for us to put up our shutters and bolt our gates, for the age will pass us by unheeding our existence, and the pathway to Catholicity will be trodden by very few feet indeed. We are confident that these disastrous tendencies will not prevail amongst us. But lest we should ever be inclined to tolerate them, we would do well to keep in mind that they are the chief cause of the present prostrate misery in the Church in France. Abstention on the part of Catholics from the intellectual, social, and patriotic movements of the age and country has largely brought about the weak and spiritless condition of French Catholicity which gives free field for persecution to tyrants like Premier Combes. Cardinal Manning's warning is to the point, in which he declares to us that one of the most deadly dangers to the growth of the Church is a shrinking from, a lack of sympathy with, a languid interest in, and a feeble love for our country and our age.

The great present need of non-Catholic work is a supply of missionaries. Hundreds are needed; strong, single-minded men, consecrated to their cause, contemptuous of its difficulties and disappointments, priests of poverty and prayer.

First come the travelling missionaries who are given up exclusively to mission-preaching. We look to see their ranks, which are thin in numbers yet, steadily increase. The religious orders, we are sure, will sometime set apart certain of their subjects for the work, thus not only materially helping the movement, but giving it the prestige of their name and history. The diocesan clergy have so far been the main body of missionaries, and they have done their work magnificently. It was worth undertaking these missions, if no other result came from them than the demonstration of what fine missionary talent and glorious missionary spirit our diocesan priests possess. Of the twenty priests present at the Winchester Convention twelve were diocesan, and the record of their work was unsurpassable. More bands will be formed, the new spirit will spread and grow, until every diocese in the country, we trust, will have its own men traversing and retraversing it, and giving to their

labors that systematic persistence from which converts without number must result.

Actively associated with the missionaries *ex-professo* will be the entire body of diocesan priests. Every parish church can be a busy centre of non-Catholic work, and every parish priest can be a gainer of converts.

With the question box as a feature of public service, with apt, able, and kindly sermons, or, still better, courses of sermons on Catholic teaching, with Truth Societies for Catholics, and prudent distribution of literature among non-Catholics, a renovating and energetic spirit will be aroused in the faithful, prejudice will yield to interest and good-will in the minds of the brethren separated from us, and sooner or later a steady accession of the best kind of converts is certain to come to pass.

What a field it is, this our country, our own land, dearest to our affections, first in our prayers! Surely there is not one among us, whether of the priesthood, regular or diocesan, or of the laity, who desires not to have some share in cultivating it, however humble.

If we cannot take a place among the burden-bearers who are enduring the mission-drudgery for love of souls, we are able at least to ask the divine regard upon our petitions and our sacrifices, beseeching the Almighty to give them an intercessory power for the increase of the harvest of converts. And for our young men who are looking forward to becoming priests, let them know that since the world began a diviner apostolate was never offered to the ambassadors of Christ. On them this young vocation must depend. To their sturdiness of spiritual strength, to their cultivation of mind and heart, to their power of enthusiasm and ardor of zeal, we trust for the furthering of the work of conversion. That all of them will help in it is our expectation; that many of them will wholly consecrate themselves to it is our hope; that some one or more of them will do mighty things for it, and repeat in this country the great conquests of the Church's missionary history, is our devoutest prayer.

What has been done in these first ten years of non-Catholic missions has been told elsewhere* and need only be briefly summarized here. Many thousands of converts have been made as a direct result of the movement. Thousands more of neg-

* CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1901; the *Missionary*, October, 1901, October, 1903.

ligent Catholics who, strange to say, remained insensible to the appeal of Catholic missions, have returned to a faithful life. Prejudice of incalculable amount has been removed. Tons of Catholic reading-matter have been distributed. In the North and West eight bands of diocesan missionaries have been established. In the South nine diocesan priests are wholly occupied in working for converts. A Missionary Union has been incorporated for the supervision of the work and the care of its temporal necessities. A missionary training-school has just been built in Washington which will send highly competent missionaries into all parts of the country. Finally, and perhaps greatest of all, the sense of a new and sublime vocation has deepened in priests and laity, and has given hope, fervor, and aggressiveness to the apostolate of Catholic truth.

These are results enough—who can doubt it?—to call forth from every Catholic heart an expression of profound thanksgiving. Considering the manifold and serious difficulties which the new movement had to encounter, we deem these first-fruits an extraordinary return for every expenditure of labor, time, and money. The harvest of the next decade will be inestimably greater. May the brave pioneers who were first to strike the ploughshare into the soil live to see and enjoy it!

It would be unbecoming to conclude this review of ten years without a mention of the revered and holy name which must stand for ever at the head of this chapter in the history of American Catholicity. It would be wrong not to speak of Isaac Hecker. With the spirit of a saint, the courage of an apostle, and the vision of a prophet, he announced this apostolic vocation, suffered for it, and foretold its great successes. He worked for it while he could work, prayed for it when he could only pray, and must be now interceding for it. May we who would carry on the work so dear to him learn well this highest lesson of his life, that before we undertake to lead souls to God, we should ourselves be holy; that hidden beneath the external labors of preaching, exhorting, proving, must be the divine vitality and the sacred inspiration that come only from solitary hours of prayer; that the vocation to missionary activity must be preceded by and must depend upon the vocation to interior perfection and to conformity with the Saviour Christ!

AN EPISCOPALIAN DEMAND FOR CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS.

BY REV. THOMAS McMILLAN, C.S.P.

EVERY considerable number of American citizens, both native and foreign born, have felt it quite consistent with their conception of the duty of patriotism to urge a change in the educational system by law established in the United States. While Catholics have made the largest sacrifices in defence of their convictions regarding the necessity of combining religion with education, they have had a fair share of praise from leading thinkers in other denominations. Nothing could be stronger as an endorsement of the parish school than these words from the late Dr. Hodge, a Presbyterian divine and one of the ablest professors at Princeton:

"Under these problems there lurks the most tremendous and most imminent danger to which the interests of our people will ever be exposed, in comparison with which the issues of slavery and of intemperance shrink into insignificance.

"In view of the entire situation, shall we not all of us who really believe in God, give thanks to him that he has preserved the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day true to that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the public schools of this nation, and from which they have been so madly perverted?"

Here is a denial of many false statements in educational literature to the effect that Catholics are demanding something inconsistent with the American ideal. Quite the contrary is the case. Dr. Hodge with full knowledge affirms that the Roman Catholic Church in America to-day has preserved that theory of education upon which our fathers founded the schools of this nation. Which is right, Dr. Hodge or the critics who accuse Catholics of being unpatriotic in demanding the recognition of the parental right to control the education of children?

The remarkable decision given some years ago by Dr. Hodge has been recently quoted with full approval by Dr. W. Montagu Geer, Episcopalian Vicar of St. Paul's Chapel, New

York City. In this historic building, which is associated with the memories of George Washington's installation as first President of the United States, Dr. Geer first voiced his convictions on the school question (September, 1901), shortly after the death of the late President McKinley. Speaking to the Sons of the American Revolution he used these significant words:

This dreadful calamity looks very much like a visitation on us of the wrath of the Most High. We must get back to the guiding principles of our forefathers. There were two evils in our great country: first the sin of slavery,—that we have expiated and wiped out; then the sin of intemperance,—that we can master and are mastering. . . . Is there, then, any evil still in the land so widespread as to call down the wrath of God upon us? There is. Our Godless system of education is a far worse crime than slavery or intemperance. I believe that the United States is suffering from the wrath of God to-day because our people have consented to the banishment of Jesus Christ from the daily lives of our children. If to-day Christ were on earth and should enter almost any public school-house in the country, the teacher, acting under instruction, would show Him the door. If, on the other hand, He were to enter any of our private (parish) schools, He would be worshipped by teacher and scholars on bended knee. Here is our fault, here is our sin. The question now is, To what extent can we remould and remodel our educational system? Almost any system is better than the present one. It would be infinitely better to divide up the money received from the school tax among the various Christian denominations and the Hebrews than to continue the present irreligious system.

After waiting two years for further study and reflection, Dr. Geer has again contributed to the discussion a notable letter published in the New York *Sun*, October 1, 1903, which is here given in part:

The writer has been surprised in conversation with intelligent and thoughtful men to find a marked want of confidence in the permanent success of our institutions. Like him, these doubters seem to be "peering into the night, questioning of the darkness what is sea and what is land." And the best they dare hope for is that, after a cataclysm, there will follow

some sort of rehabilitation of our institutions on firmer foundations; that we will be saved, yet so as by fire.

Our perils are not old-country perils, but they are just as real; yet we seem to know nothing about them. We are building costly educational breakwaters against storms coming from one direction only. Our national harbor of safety promises, therefore, to be like that of Apia in the famous storm of a few years ago—a harbor in stress of weather to be sailed out from. . . .

We have problems of appalling magnitude before us, and our preparation is wholly insufficient in character. We need powers of assimilation such as no other country ever needed; yet we are making ready for a solution of our difficulties with a sort of spiritual dyspepsia. Nothing ever was so haphazard, happy-go-lucky as our well-meant national system of education. It is openly and, I believe, justly charged that this city, for fifty or sixty years past, through its schools, has been corrupting the immigrants, not the immigrants the city; and the same might be said with equal truth of the country at large. What crass mismanagement! What fatal blundering!

We pride ourselves on our successful separation of Church and State; but the attempt is the worst kind of failure. No such separation is possible as long as the state has almost a monopoly in educating the children. The truth is, we have an established religion, for the support of which the people are heavily taxed. Our richly endowed established religion (so to call it) is that of agnosticism, running down into atheism. Is not the same true of religion in those families in which the father and mother never speak on the subject to the children? And if things are wrong in the nursery, what need is there to look elsewhere?

Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Hebrews have struck a compromise by which God and Christ—yes, and with them pagan ethics at their best—are eliminated from the education of the child-life of the nation. What is the result? Why, surely, the virtual enthronement of forces that disbelieve in God and Christ and are antagonistic to them. How can those who know what Christianity is and what the nature and needs of children are believe otherwise? There can be no education in these days without religion, or its negation or opposite. What an atmosphere to bring up our children in! Small won-

der that atheists and agnostics love to have it so; because in a most pitiful sense of the word the lamb is inside the lion.

Rome allowed each conquered nation to retain its own religion, and even placed their gods in her Pantheon; and all were contented, or at least gratefully accepted the wisely offered consolation. But we are dishonoring every form of religion known to our people by our colossal and well-meant but wholly stupid meddling with the nursery of the nation. And the inevitable result, which is becoming more and more evident, is that no one is satisfied. Witness the want of confidence so abundantly attested in the many letters which have recently appeared in your columns and, from time to time, in other newspapers and periodicals. The schools are overcrowded and very popular, of course; but these facts are of little weight for the purposes of this and similar protests.

We are over educating our people, unfitting them for what they can do, and not offering them the opportunities for which we are fitting them. What deplorable folly! Small wonder, again, that farms are being deserted, farm laborers becoming harder and harder to get, cities and larger towns becoming more and more overcrowded, and the strife and distrust between capital and labor becoming apparently hopeless and endless—all to the great peril of the body politic!

What, then, is the right, the duty, and the policy of the state in this vitally important matter? The situation calls loudly for an answer, which is easily given, hard, indeed, though it be to put it into practice. The state, for its own protection, is to see that the children are educated, and only to take action where it is necessary to do so, by providing the simplest, most elementary kind of an education for those children who would otherwise be neglected. If private enterprise carries education further than this, it will be on so small a scale, comparatively, that no serious harm is likely to be done.

In this way an open field and no favor would be given to every religious body to provide proper education for its own children or take the consequences of its neglect of duty. Private schools, large and small, differing widely in dogmatic teaching, but identical in ethics and patriotism, would again spring up and multiply all over the land, and education would again be on a proper and safe basis. The children, or most of them, would be Christianized as well as Americanized.

Pagans might be instructed in pagan ethics; Jews would be instructed in Jewish ethics; Protestants and Roman Catholics in Christian ethics. Every religious body would provide for the education of its own children; and the exceptions to this salutary rule would see their children state educated and made thereby the easy prey of some stronger form of religion, or the victim of agnosticism, indifferentism, or atheism and consequent immorality.

This means division in part, at least, of the school moneys, and troublesome enough it is likely to prove; but it is Sailors' Snug Harbor in comparison with the stormy seas which we are now steering the ship of state for.

The introduction of religion into state schools in any form commensurate with the needs of the children is out of the question. Herein lies the hopelessness of the present situation; and the sooner this point is understood and conceded by all parties interested the sooner this most important of all subjects before Church and State to-day can be argued to a finish. No Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jew, agnostic, or atheist is willing to be taxed to help some one else choose the religion which shall be taught his child. According to our theory of government, and we might say in the sight of God and men, this would not be fair; and therefore it cannot, and will not, be done.

Here is the opportunity for Protestants of all kinds to cry aloud: "This would be playing into the hands of the Roman Catholics. It is what they have been demanding and working for, for many years past." Granted, but it would not be playing into their hands nearly as much as we are now doing by allowing them a substantial monopoly of the whole field of Christian education, and of all the blessings which are sure to flow from the noble self-sacrifice they are making, rather than wantonly expose their children to the inroads of unbelief. If the writer is not greatly mistaken, unless our affairs take a turn for the better in the sight of Him whose parting commission to His Church was "Feed my lambs!" (evidently the proper place for the lamb is not inside the lion, after all), for the rehabilitation of our institutions, we will be flying, as frightened doves to the windows, to the Roman Catholic Church as the greatest power which, in troublous days, will stand for law and order and for the highest morality. . . .

In common, doubtless, with many others who want the children of this country to receive good American fair play, be the creed of their parents what it may, I should be glad to see at least the attempt made to argue this question to a finish by the highest authorities on the various different sides.

Dr. Geer's allusion to the frightened doves in troublous days had a singular application to an event which occurred the very day his letter appeared. It was reported that over three thousand persons paid an admission fee to attend the largest Anarchist meeting ever held, and that over a thousand more could not get into the hall. Emma Goldman sat on the platform throughout the evening, but did not speak, as the Cooper Union manager had allowed the use of the hall only upon this condition. The chief object of the meeting was to denounce all forms of religious belief, including Yom Kipper the Jewish atonement day, and the leading spirit was the editor of a Hebrew anarchist paper published in New York City. Many of the socialist orators at numerous outdoor meetings can be heard in this same fair city ridiculing the doctrine of the future life, and leading the people astray. These threatening dangers seem to be unknown to the editorial writer in the *Sun*—October 1—who acknowledged that Dr. Geer in his letter put "himself flatly on the ground held by the Roman Catholic Church as affording the only hope for the future of our republic and of our social organization—the ground that the only true and safe basis for education, either for the state or for the individual, is religion. He takes, too, the position of the hierarchy of that church, that the school fund, or a great part of it, should be divided so as to provide support for religious schools conducted in accordance with the varying tenets and convictions of the religious believers who make up something like a quarter of the population, if the attempts at their enumeration are to be credited as authentic. For the remainder, described by Dr. Geer as agnostics, indifferentists, and atheists, he would provide the purely secular education they desire."

. . . "So long as children go to school the state exercises no compulsion as to the character of the schools they shall attend. Many thousands of them in New York are pupils of the Roman Catholic (parish) schools, of schools provided by

the Jews, or are in private schools. The state offers no interference with religious education of any kind whatever and no discouragement to it.

"Dr. Geer argues that our society, even our whole political system, is going to the devil, is becoming paganized, because our children are growing up without a religious education. Ought not the churches and synagogues, then, to make it their first duty to supply this omission? They must provide it, the constitution directs, without support from the state; and is the burden of cost too heavy? How can it be too heavy if the obligation is to *God?* The churches are compelled to support their worship by free-will contributions only, except so far as concerns the help they get from the state in their statutory exemption from taxation as institutions exclusively for 'the moral or mental improvement of men or women,' or for religious, charitable, and educational purposes; yet, enormous as is the aggregate cost of their maintenance, they flourish here more than in countries where state and church are united.

"The practical question, after all, so far as concerns religious education in the public schools, is as to the possibility of getting rid of this prohibition of the constitution of New York, in principle similar to that of the States generally, and the expediency of raising an agitation for its excision:

"'Article IX., section 4. Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used, directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination and inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught.'"

On another occasion the editorial in the *Sun*—October 7—contained these words:

"It is not for the interest of the Roman Catholic Church or for the interest of religion generally that any such conflict should be precipitated. It would cause no end of bad blood. Correspondence we have printed indicates that any attempt to divert the school fund to denominational schools of any kind would be bitterly resented by Protestants, by Jews, and by that great majority of the people made up of infidels and those indifferent to religion or distrustful of the organized churches.

"It would be a lamentable conflict, and our advice to the Roman Catholic Church is to keep out of it. The attempt, we are confident, would be unsuccessful, and the making of it could only serve to revive the now happily dispelled animosity against that church and distrust of its motives which inflamed passions so violently fifty years ago."

However lamentable, the conflict is already forced upon all the defenders of Christian teaching by the non-religious anarchists, socialists, and nondescript free-thinkers. Numerous proofs can be adduced to show that the animosity of fifty years ago has gone never to come again, notably the letter from Dr. Geer, which no doubt represents many of the most enlightened members of the Episcopal Church in the United States. Other denominations are on record with declarations of the same character.

The late Cardinal Manning and his successor, Cardinal Vaughan, were often found side by side with their Anglican brethren defending the system by law established in England, which allows public money to be given for results of examinations in the secular branches of study, and which invites the co-operation of church-workers in the cause of public education. With us in the United States the parish school is barely tolerated, though it represents the constitutional rights of citizens who year after year have spent their own money, amounting to millions of dollars, here in New York City. No public official has ever proposed even a vote of thanks to these citizens, who should be classified at least as philanthropists in education. No educational report yet published in the city or State of New York has contained a distinct mention of the parish schools. The Regents are permitted to give honorable distinction to Catholic academies that win credit in public examinations. But the parish school stands for the most important part of educational work, namely, the elementary studies for the children of the masses whose homes are often in the crowded tenement districts.

The so-called "prohibition of the Constitution of New York" (Article IX., section 4) has these words: "Other than for examination and inspection," and it is important to state that there is considerable scope for a legal argument on the exact meaning of this expression, which must be taken in conjunction with the discussion that led to its acceptance. The words were not found in the amendment as first proposed by

the defunct League for the Protection of American Institutions, which fostered several notorious bigots. What was chiefly in the mind of the constitutional convention had for its objective point the prohibition of the use of public money for any form of religious or denominational teaching, and some of the delegates were surprised to find after they had voted on the matter that the choice of language was at least ambiguous, and might be twisted to mean something opposed to their convictions. It would seem that examination and inspection are clearly authorized by the constitution, even for schools "wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination." This examination must necessarily be limited to the secular studies required for intelligent citizenship.

When the select committee appointed at the close of the last Legislature, containing five senators and seven members of Assembly, is prepared to listen to suggestions for improving the educational laws of New York State, there will be an excellent opportunity to take up the question here suggested concerning the correct interpretation of Article IX., section 4, of the constitution. Mr. Geer and his powerful friends in the Episcopal Church may discover that there is still a way to enlarge the public system of education without discouragement to the advocates of religious training. By removing legal barriers certain antagonisms may be obliterated which are now kept alive by unjust discriminations.

A long time ago, in the year 1841, when the Hon. John C. Spencer was Secretary of State and also ex-officio Superintendent of Public Schools, the Catholic citizens of New York City sent a memorial to the Legislature. With the approval of the illustrious Archbishop Hughes, it was stated that the managers of Catholic schools would "afford every facility of visitation and inspection to the duly appointed agents of the State, to guard against abuses and render their schools in every respect free from objection; but no arrangement was effected."

Dr. Richard H. Clarke in his work on Catholic Bishops, vol. ii., page 109, is authority for the statement that the distinguished Secretary of State for Abraham Lincoln—then in Albany as governor of New York State—was almost as much abused for his advocacy of Catholic rights as Bishop Hughes himself, and narrowly escaped defeat in the election of 1841 on this account. Having promised the bishop not to lose sight of the school ques-

tion in the approaching Legislature, Governor Seward, in his message of January 4, 1842, again presented the subject of the schools and school fund to the consideration of the Legislature, in the following paragraphs, which are well worthy of perpetuation:

"It was among my earliest duties to bring to the notice of the Legislature the neglected condition of many thousand children, including a very large proportion of those of immigrant parentage, in our great commercial city; a misfortune then supposed to result from groundless prejudices and omissions of parental duty. Especially desirous at the same time not to disturb in any manner the public schools, which seem to be efficiently conducted, although so many for whom they were established were unwilling to receive their instructions, I suggested, as I thought, in a spirit not inharmonious with our civil and religious institutions, that if necessary it might be expedient to bring those so excluded from such privileges into schools rendered especially attractive by the sympathies of those to whom the task of instruction should be confided. It has since been discovered that the magnitude of the evil was not fully known, and that its causes were very imperfectly understood. It will be shown in the proper report that twenty thousand children in the city of New York, of suitable age, are not at all instructed in any of the public schools, while the whole number of the residue of the State, not taught in common schools, does not exceed nine thousand. What has been regarded as individual, occasional, and accidental prejudices, have proved to be opinions pervading a large mass, including at least one religious communion equally with all others entitled to civil tolerance—opinions cherished through a period of sixteen years, and ripened into a permanent conscientious distrust of the impartiality of the education given in the public schools. This distrust has been rendered still deeper and more alienating by a subversion of precious civil rights of those whose consciences are thus offended.

"Happily, in this, as in other instances, the evil is discovered to have had its origin no deeper than in a departure from the equality of general laws. . . ."

"This proposition to gather the young from the streets and wharves into the nurseries which the State, solicitous for her security against ignorance, has prepared for them, has sometimes been treated as a device to appropriate the school funds to the endowment of seminaries for teaching languages and

faiths, and thus to perpetuate the prejudices it seeks to remove; sometimes as a scheme for dividing that precious fund among a thousand jarring sects, and thus increasing the religious animosities it strives to heal; sometimes as a plan to subvert the prevailing religion and introduce one repugnant to the conscience of our fellow-citizens; while in truth it simply proposes, by enlightening equally the minds of all, to enable them to detect error wherever it may exist, and to reduce uncongenial masses into one intelligent, virtuous, harmonious, and happy people.

"Being now relieved from all such misconceptions it presents the questions whether it is wise and more humane to educate the offspring of the poor than to leave them to grow up in ignorance and vice; whether juvenile vice is more easily eradicated by the Court of Sessions than by common schools; whether parents have a right to be heard concerning the instruction and instructors of their children, and taxpayers in relation to the expenditure of public funds; whether, in a republican government, it is necessary to interpose an independent corporation between the people and the schoolmaster; and whether it is wise and just to disfranchise an entire community of all control over public education, rather than suffer a part to be represented in proportion to its numbers and contributions. Since such considerations are now involved, what has hitherto been discussed as a question of benevolence and of universal education, has become one of equal civil rights, religious tolerance, and liberty of conscience. We could bear with us, in our retirement from public service, no recollection more worthy of being cherished through life than that of having met such a question in the generous and confiding spirit of our institutions, and decided it upon the immutable principles on which they are based." *

May we hope that the New York Legislature of 1904 will approach this question with a larger wisdom, and a more effective purpose to do justice to all classes of citizens? Thousands of reputable taxpayers have not written any freak letters to the newspapers, but they hope that their claims may yet be fairly considered by impartial judges. After long waiting and much undeserved abuse, in the words of Dr. Geer, let us have "good American fair play."

* Assembly Documents, 1842, 1, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

Views and Reviews.

1.—Any one who desires sane, honest, interesting, and, at the same time, a not too quasi-scientific description of the supernatural occurrences which have taken place at the famous shrines of the Blessed Virgin in France, ought to read this book of Bernard St. John's.* Our thanks and congratulations are due to the author, first, for the negative virtue of not being too apologetic, and, secondly, for the positive virtue of combining a genuine religious tone with a sufficient concern for the difficulties of honest sceptics. And to the same possible "honest sceptics" we say confidently, pick up this book and read it, and tell us what explanation you have, short of an admission of the intervention of the supernatural, for the events that have been witnessed at La Salette, at Notre Dame des Victoires, at Lourdes, at Pontmain Pellevoisin. Here are miracles witnessed as plainly and recorded as impassionately as the news items of the daily papers. Especially to those who are either annoyed or disgusted with the unsatisfactory evidences of the "cures" of Christian Science and of the present-day pseudo-spiritualism, we recommend a reading of this unassuming and sober volume. And if there be some one who has labored through the cumbrous volumes of Mr. Myers only to be disappointed in the end at the lack of a definite theory for explaining the strange things he narrates, and puzzled with the absence of any "why or wherefore" of his vast accumulation of preternatural stories, let such a one refresh himself with the reading of a book like this, one with a definite theory, understood rather than enforced, and with a unifying thread of moral and religious purpose in its narrations.

The devout Catholic, who would be ashamed to doubt that the Blessed Virgin has sensibly intervened for the maintenance of faith and the increase of piety in the modern world, will find, likewise, in this book a justification for his belief, without being nauseated by a medical and psychological, and pathological, and heaven knows what other sort of treatise, such as has been too frequently issued of late in defence of the

* *The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century.* Apparitions, Revelations, Graces. By Bernard St. John. London: Burns & Oates; New York: Benziger Brothers.

plainly manifested miracles at the shrines of Our Lady in France.

We have not missed the author's incidental reference to Father Hecker, on p. 277, nor are we of THE CATHOLIC WORLD unthankful for this rather out-of-the-way, but very graceful, tribute to him.

2.—There is more romance in this unassuming little book* than in many historical (?) novels gotten up with the express purpose of being as "romantic" as they can. A French girl in the year 1787 became a novice in the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, and immediately seems to be the centre of an accumulation of troubles. Sickness and temptation are the bare preliminaries of her life of trouble. Suddenly, without further introduction, she is thrown into the midst of the dreadful turmoil of the French Revolution. She is banished from Paris, roughly handled by brutal soldiers; returns to Paris in the very "Reign of Terror," is again obliged to flee for life and liberty; travels eighty leagues on foot alone, begging her way among a people frantic with hatred of the religion whose habit she wears; settles down in the house of her brother, a libertine and a violent revolutionist, in the vain hope of bringing him to his senses; flees again, opens school, and teaches until prevented by a delegation of "citoyens"; taken again with the desire for religion, makes her way to Switzerland dresssd in beggar's clothes; returns again to France to found a house of religion, is threatened with death, pursued by soldiers armed with naked swords; flees again and lives in hiding for a year; but is not daunted from returning to Besançon, where she starts her institute. Such is chapter one of this eventful life.

The second is a chapter of further travels, but of a different sort. She bears misunderstandings and reproaches because of her remaining faithful, under obedience, to her new community instead of returning to that of St. Vincent de Paul; she suffers renewed persecutions from the civil authorities, is made the object of the contumely of many of the clergy and laity, is accused of deceit and dishonesty, is half vindicated and enjoys a momentary respite. She goes into Italy, strangely

* *The Venerable Mother Jeanne Antide Thouret*, Foundress of the Sisters of Charity (of Besançon and Naples). Adapted from the Italian by Blanche Anderdon (Whyte Avis). With a preface by a Father of the Roman Province, S.J.

enough at the invitation of the infamous Murat, withstands him to the face when he endeavors treacherously to impose a secular obedience upon her; is triumphant, and plans for the spread of her work and the union of the houses of Besançon and Naples. But she is outlawed from the former city, the cradle of her institute, by the command of the ordinary; is refused even a night's shelter in the houses of her own founding, but with unwavering courage perseveres in the work of her vocation, lays the foundations and supervises the beginnings of an order that now numbers but little less than 600 houses; and the heroine of all these vicissitudes dies in the odor of sanctity, is pronounced venerable, and is on the way to beatification, and probably to the reception of the high honors of canonization as a saint of God and of his church.

This the outline of the story of Jeanne Antide Thouret, told hurriedly, succinctly, but with moving interest, in a small duodecimo of 140 pages. We scarcely need invite our readers to enjoy such a volume as this.

3.—Father Schwickerath has accomplished a very delicate task in a highly creditable manner. As he is a Jesuit himself, naturally his deepest feelings were enlisted in his great theme* of his order's educational principles and history. His historical imagination certainly must have been captivated by the three centuries of illustrious intellectual achievement which stands to the credit of men who wore his habit; and all that ardent love which members of a religious family cherish for their Institute must have glorified the incidents of that history and tempted his pen to panegyric. Yet Father Schwickerath lays himself open hardly at all to the suspicion that these emotional impulses have distorted his critical vision. His style is remarkably, admirably temperate, sober, and cautious. He tells, as he has a right to tell, of what his Society has done in mental endeavor, gives long lists of Jesuit savants, and is copious in his citations of Catholic and non-Catholic testimony as to the efficacy of Jesuit scholarship and pedagogy. But all this is as calmly done as any historical critic could wish. It produces no impression of special pleading, but rather moves our admiration for its dignity and sincerity. Father Schwickerath has a critical mind of high order, and knows by

* *Jesuit Education.* By Robert Schwickerath, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

a native good sense those limits of praise, "*Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.*"

The first part of the volume is historical, and deals with education before the founding of the Jesuits, the *Ratio Studiorum* of 1599, the revised *Ratio* of 1832, and the achievements of the Jesuit system during the nineteenth century. The second division of the book is technical, and discusses the nature, scope, and practical working of the *Ratio Studiorum*, concluding with chapters on religious instruction, school management, and the teacher's motives and ideals. There is also a chapter which considers some of the objections brought by both Catholics and non-Catholics against Jesuit teaching.

The historical section will naturally appeal to the great body of readers who take no especial interest in pedagogy, and we give assurance that this part of the work is finely done. Scattered through it are bits of unusual information of great value for the Catholic apologist or controversialist. For example, this citation from so eminent an authority as Hastings Rashdall: "The probability is that England was far better provided with grammar schools before the Reformation than it has ever been since"; or the interesting piece of statistics that in the year 1400 Germany possessed 40,000 elementary schools; or that the dissolution of the monasteries under Henry VIII. struck so heavily at English education that the yearly degrees of Oxford fell off during the period 1535–1548 from a normal average of 127 to about 50. Besides this there are testimonies to the benefits of Jesuit training, to the probity of the Society, and to the injustice of those who persecuted it, which may on occasion serve admirably for refutation. Without a further enumeration of the good features of this book we promise all who read it the rare enjoyment that only fine and scholarly work can give. If we were to make a suggestion that points to anything like a shortcoming in the volume, it would be that a good purpose would have been served if Father Schwickerath had considered at a little greater length the objection that Jesuit education does not foster intellectual breadth and honesty. We mention this, thinking that precisely this difficulty it is which is generally implied in the strictures passed, sometimes even by Catholics, upon the Society's methods. Montalembert, unless our memory is at fault, gave utterance to this criticism, and certainly he was both a loyal Catholic and a benefactor of the

Jesuits. And in our day no charge is oftener made than that the philosophical training of Jesuit teachers and pupils is narrow, and that it produces an unfair disdain of modern scholarship and critical research. Father Schwickerath is so well able to deal with this objection that we regret that he did not give it more attention. We are sure that his refutation of it would be complete and overwhelming. In every other respect we commend his book without reserve, and wish for it readers by the thousand.

4.—Father Dowling's history* of Creighton University does credit to himself, to his college, and to his illustrious order. It is a well-told narrative of how the munificence of the noble Catholic family of the Creightons, and the self-sacrificing zeal of the Jesuit Fathers, have built up a free college in Omaha, have carried it on through many days of darkness and discouragement, and at the expiration of only twenty-five years have placed it in a post of honor among the institutions of learning in America. From the beginning, Creighton University has stood for great trust in God and unselfish devotion to man. Long may it prosper!

What pleases us most in Father Dowling's volume is a certain hearty sympathy with American ideals and with all wholesome progress. Thus he writes of Bishop O'Connor: "His was a truly democratic administration. It was eminently suited to this country, and especially to the West. He never considered it essential for the assertion and maintenance of his authority to harass and load down his clergy and people with a multiplicity of rules which were unnecessary and even in direct opposition to the spirit and customs of the people. He recognized the fact that we are living in a land far different in genius and habits from the countries of Europe. It was often his lament that many of our clergy, high and low, might reside in this country a life-time, and in the end know no more about its trend of thought, its prejudices and customs, than at the hour when they entered it." Again, for inserting chapter the thirty-fifth, which consists of letters from Creighton graduates who, after attending other institutions, write their opinion of their Alma Mater's curriculum. Father Dowling deserves our

* *Creighton University Reminiscences, 1878–1903.* By Rev. M. P. Dowling, S.J. Omaha: Burkley Printing Company.

admiration for his courageous frankness, and our gratitude for some of the most honest and valuable suggestions as to Catholic education that it has ever been our fortune to read. The graduates to a man testify to the incalculable good of their course at Creighton. Its Latin training, its religious instruction, and its year of philosophy are specifically mentioned as eminently helpful. But nearly all respectfully call attention to the greater proficiency in history and English displayed by the students of non-Catholic colleges over the alumni of Catholic schools. Probably all who have had anything to do with teaching agree in some respects with these frank Creighton men. In the accomplishments of exterior address, in the use of clear and elegant English, in the familiarity with literature and history, our boys can hardly compete with the students of the great undenominational universities. This is far from being the exclusive fault of our schools. One's family, place in society, and early training are really the decisive factors in the situation. But it would be well if our colleges would go a little out of the traditional track to meet this urgent need, and try harder to graduate, not only harmoniously and adequately disciplined men, but presentable and exteriorly cultivated men as well.

To return from our digression, we again express our thanks to Father Dowling for his fine work, which is really a notable contribution to the history of the church in this country; we congratulate Creighton on having grown so speedily and sturdily in its short span of life; and we wish it years without end of good repute among men and of benediction from on high.

5.—In the papers which Père Laberthonnière has collected, under the name of Essays in Religious Philosophy,* we have a book of very remarkable interest to all who concern themselves with philosophy; and further, a book which should be submitted to careful examination and profound meditation by all to whom religion is a matter of serious thought. The few essays here gathered together are the ripe fruit of years of study and discussion and they bring to the student of religious

* *Essais de Philosophie Religieuse.* Par le R. P. Laberthonnière de l'Oratoire. (La Philosophie est un art; Le Dogmatisme moral; Eclaircissements sur le dogmatisme moral; Le Problème religieux; L'Apologétique et la méthode de Pascal; Théorie de l'éducation; Rapport de l'autorité et de la liberté; Un Mystique au XIXe. siècle (Mgr. Gay). Paris: P. Lethielleux.

problems a wealth of suggestion vainly sought for in far more pretentious volumes.

Père Laberthonnière—we trust our readers know his valuable essay, "Théorie de l'Éducation" (in English, The Ideal Teacher; Cathedral Library Association)—has been prominently before the world for a considerable time past as one of the foremost thinkers and writers in a movement daily growing in significance. They call this movement by all sorts of names—"method of immanence"; "new apologetic"; "Catholic Kantism,"—as well as by other titles less obscure and more vituperative. Like most other movements it suffers now in its beginning from the hasty and indiscriminating comments of over-zealous friends and foes. Yet it appears to be winning new adherents and wider recognition as initial misunderstandings are gradually being cleared away. To our author, more perhaps than to any other, is due the merit of focussing attention upon the central and essential points of the position that the progressive people need to defend.

The questions at issue concern both the study of Catholicism as a personal religion, and the method to be adopted in propagating Catholic truth. The controversy began with a thesis which M. Blondel defended at the Sorbonne in 1893, and which concerned the *rôle* of reason in Christian faith. Around that thesis has circled a decade of literary praise and blame. Some harsh things have been written and some clever retorts made. Suffice it here to note that among M. Blondel's more or less efficient and more or less pronounced allies have been numbered M. Fonsegrive, of *La Quinzaine;* M. l'Abbé Mano, and M. l'Abbé Denis, of the *Annales de philosophie Chrétienne;* while among his critics, more or less direct and more or less violent, have been R. P. Schwalm, the Dominican; M. l'Abbé Gayraud, deputy of the French Chamber; R. P. Bachelet, S.J., and R. P. Fontaine, S.J., of Protestant Infiltration fame. Without going into the merits of the general controversy, or of the side-issues that have asserted themselves repeatedly, it may be considered safe to say that the reader who welcomes vigorous, independent thinking, and personal initiative in action, and a religion that is live, broad, deep, uncompromisingly human, and unmistakably divine, will peruse these essays with no little joy and profit.

What will he learn in them? These among other things:

That Catholicism denies no right of reason, but accepts and enlarges upon all that reason has attained. That there is no conflict between reason and faith, but only between the license born of egoism and the despotism sprung of superstition. That Catholicism is not a bundle of formulas, but a life to be lived; and that not miracles, prophecies, and definitions make religion, but rather God dwelling in the soul. That it is good for people to think and study religious truth in order that their lives may conform with more and more fidelity to the divine exemplar. That we shall defend Catholicism most effectively and spread it most successfully if we bring men to look upon it not as a mere established fact of history, but rather as the one only adequate fulfilment of the want that each human being feels within his soul.

These and other things will the reader find exposed in a telling fashion, and with us he will thank and congratulate the author of these essays, waiting meanwhile most impatiently for more.

6.—We have not the slightest hard feeling toward Mr. Loran D. Osborn, and in perusing his book* we felt no temptation to animosity; but we must set it down as our deliberate conviction that he stands in need of a long course of training in clear and logical thinking, and in the old-fashioned ethics of controversy which reckon it to a man's discredit if he censures what he has not mastered, and holds up to ridicule what he has never studied at first hand. In the course of his book Mr. Osborn maintains these propositions: 1. Early Christianity was ruined, and the Gospel obscured, by being transferred from a living personal faith to a formulated creed. 2. Yet formulated creeds are necessary. 3. Theology has obscured Christ. 4. Yet Christ cannot be preached without theology. 5. Origen, Augustine, and the Catholic Church generally have given us set creeds, and are therefore the destroyers of Gospel-Christianity. 6. Yet it is permitted to Mr. Loran D. Osborn to devote a very large part of his book to the presentation of a "re-stated Gospel-Christianity" in terms of creed and dogma. 7. The Gospel is permanent and cannot change. 8. Yet theology, which is the Gospel expressed, must perpetually change. 9. "One searches the Scriptures in vain

* *The Recovery and Restatement of the Gospel.* By Loran David Osborn, Ph.D. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press.

for such church dogmas as those of the Trinity, the Person of Christ and the atonement" (page 172). 10. "Jesus is the mediator of eternal life" (p. 197); "Christ is the full revelation of God's ethical life and the divine Saviour of men" (page 204); "In a real sense Jesus Christ was the incarnation of God. This is the truth contended for in the old Christological creeds, and is the priceless heritage bequeathed by them to us. When the new Christological formulations are made, they must not be permitted to rob us of it" (page 204).

These contentions, when thrown together, represent about as much loose thinking and inconsequent argument as we can imagine one book to contain. Mr. Osborn should have given us an analytical study of the proper province of dogma, critical reasons why one set of dogmas are insufficient or false and another set tenable and true, a statement of New Testament doctrines, and a philosophical discussion of the divine and the human, the changeable and the fixed elements in the Christian religion. All this was demanded by the nature of the task he placed before himself, the task, namely, of re-stating a lost and corrupted Gospel-Christianity.

Yet of all this work there is scarcely a respectable trace. Mr. Osborn impresses us as a man who has caught at Harnack's conclusions as to the real nature of uncontaminated Christianity, and in a most uncritical fashion has followed and applied them. Doctrinal statements de-personalize religion by turning the mind to a philosophical scheme and away from vital faith, and by making the first object of belief a written formula instead of the realities of the world unseen. So says Mr. Osborn, following we know not how many of modern doctors, who strangely seem to think it a compensation for the less clear and definite doctrine, if they also pitch overboard every clear and definite idea about anything religious. Throughout this entire book it is thrust upon the reader that the moment a man's mind wishes to *see* his belief as an object of intellectual assent, his heart must cease to *feel* it as the object of living faith. Nothing can be more false and mischievous. Mr. Osborn's native good sense tells him that it is false and mischievous, for he tries after all to plead for theology and dogma himself. Lack of clearness, lack of method, lack of critical training, stand out big and ugly from nearly every page of this book, we are sorry to be obliged to say.

And as to criticisms and censures passed by our author on matters which he has not even attempted to inform himself upon, we need only mention his declarations that at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Bible was almost an unknown book; that the fourth Lateran Council in 1215 introduced the dogmas of Baptism, the Holy Eucharist and Penance; and the preposterous statement that the church considers the laity to possess only natural morality, while those who take the three vows have supernatural morality. No one who loves exact scholarship can think highly of a book like this, however one respects the good intentions of its author. We trust that when Mr. Osborn writes his next volume it will be after some years of deep and patient study, and that he will refuse to put it into print so long as there is a vague idea in it, or a feeble argument, or a misrepresentation of the other side of the question.

7.—Not many will remain unmoved as they read the biography * of the Reverend Robert Radclyffe Dolling, clergyman of the Church of England and social worker of international renown. His story is the story of a man deeply impressed with the sense of religion's worth in daily life and strongly moved to bring every one of his fellow-beings under the beneficent influence of the grace of Christ. To his mind healthy human living and personal love for our Saviour were the two supreme gifts of God to this world, and each moment of his existence, every action and every thought of his, seem to have been aimed at the wider diffusion of these among men. The intellectual problems of religion weighed very lightly upon him and he felt but little interest in doctrine or discipline that did not bear upon the practical issues of conduct. This was his failing—that he did not seek to know how Christian truth could be logically defended. His extraordinary love for men was the chain that held him fast to creed and ritual; and his keen instinct for practical affairs the motive for working so uniformly along Catholic lines.

Father Dolling's personality was truly an exceptional one; for he possessed a magnetism that, to judge by results, was literally irresistible. A Harrow boy and a Cambridge undergraduate, he failed to make his mark as a student at either

* *The Life of Father Dolling.* By Charles E. Osborne. London: Edwin Arnold.

of these institutions; but once engaged in active work—even in the work of an Irish land agent—he gained and held the affections of those he met to an extent that must be considered as most phenomenal. Before his ordination, as a helper at the Postmen's League, and later as incumbent of a mission in a Portsmouth slum, and still again as vicar of St. Saviour's, a station in the lowest quarter of the East End of London, he proved beyond question that he was one who loved his fellow-men to an extent unusual even among the best type of Christian. Aided by his two devoted sisters, he succeeded by dint of prodigious effort, added to real genius, in saving countless numbers of boys and girls, of men and women, from physical, moral, and religious ruin

But the story is too long and too great to be outlined here. Read the biography so sincerely written by his friend and fellow worker, Father Osborne. Note the letter from his fast friend, Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J., and the earnest tribute from Cardinal-Archbishop Logue. Weigh the whole wonderful narrative well, and then marvel that the Church of England should harass and hamper, instead of helping him, and that the Church Catholic should have remained hidden from one so ardently and honestly desirous to adopt as his own every great power making for human betterment. His manly and deeply religious disposition, his laborious days, his magnificent though humanly unrewarded successes, his unwearying self-consecration, his pathetic and premature death—these must impress, and edify, and impel to higher living every reader that can lay claim to a human heart. As the book is closed one longs for the day when such men as this, wherever found, shall strive more triumphantly in the perfecting of humanity through being held together in the bond of unity which Christ would have to encompass all who labor in his name. Such a consummation will be furthered, perhaps, by the present biography, and the more so because of the sympathetic, outspoken, unassuming, and generally agreeable tone of the writer who presents it to the public.

8.—Any book on Biblical subjects is sufficiently recommended if its title-page bears the name of Père Lagrange.* The distinguished Dominican who presides over the school of

* *La Méthode Historique surtout à propos de l'Ancien Testament.* Par le P. Marie-Joseph Lagrange, O.P. Paris: Librairie Victor Lecoffre.

St. Stephen at Jerusalem and edits the *Revue Biblique* has won for himself a place among the world's greatest Old Testament scholars. He is a bold critic, but a cautious and respectful listener to the warnings spoken so frequently of late years from the chairs of speculative theology. He must, to a very large extent, sympathize with the conclusions and published writings of men like Loisy and Houtin; yet he considers the former of these intemperate in casting off the old school, and the other unduly satirical in his criticisms of it. In manner rather than in substance he differs from Loisy. He is more reticent, more deferential, more ready to pay compliments to those who he knows are all eyes for his utterances, and who have at times strongly disapproved his attitude. His present work consists of six lectures delivered a year ago at the Catholic University of Toulouse, and deals with some of the most delicate problems of Biblical research. The lectures are entitled: Critical Exegesis and Dogma; The Development of Doctrine, especially in the Old Testament; Inspiration; The Historic Method; Historical Character of Hebrew Legislation; Primitive History.

In these essays is made an attempt which would be considered horrifying a few years ago, but is fairly respectable now, to vindicate the rights of legitimate higher criticism, to make allowance in our theory of inspiration for the avalanche of new ideas let loose upon us by modern scholarship, and to estimate the historic value of the early part of Genesis and of the legal codes of the Jews. The lectures are in popular style, and naturally incomplete in the treatment of their several subjects. For example, the lecture on Inspiration, while it settles a great many vexing questions for us, suggests a thousand others that it makes no attempt to answer. This is inevitable both from the extreme difficulty of the matter and from the short space at the author's disposal. We must not object for what Père Lagrange, from the nature of his task, could not give us, but be deeply grateful for the treasures he has placed before us.

As a matter of course, there will be remonstrances that the great Dominican is too advanced. We may look to a certain source in France for lamentation and protest. But the world moves, and Catholic scholarship has pretty generally caught up with the conclusions of its greatest leaders, men like Lagrange, Rose, the mysterious "X." of the *Studi Religiosi*, and even the profoundest but most unfortunate of them all, Alfred Loisy.

Père Lagrange's present book is invaluable to all who wish to know the present state of othodox Biblical learning.

9.—The author of this volume *Composition-Rhetoric from Literature*,* Margaret S. Mooney, has been for some years professor of rhetoric and literature in the State Normal School, Albany.

In her years of experience she has learned well the needs of the students for whom she has compiled her latest book—students of high schools, academies, and normal schools.

"The author believes that the educational value of study along any line is largely dependent upon the order and method of presenting the subject, and that in no line is this truth more apparent than in the study of composition and rhetoric. This belief accounts for the order and arrangement of the subject-matter in the following chapters. The whole piece of literature is studied first, then the parts are studied in their organic relation to the whole and to one another."

"It may come to pass," she writes, "that the writing of good English in varied forms will be secured because students have gained some mastery of the art through striving to reach ideals and not through the practice of some mechanical details."

The book is divided into Parts I. and II., closing with an appendix.

Part I. deals with constructive work and the study of the four classes of composition: narration, description, exposition, and argumentation. Many of the examples for illustration are drawn from the books prescribed for study by the Regents of New York State.

Exactly what is meant by abstracts, amplifications, paraphrasing, character and biographical sketches, and book reviews is carefully, clearly, and concisely explained.

The problems in construction do not go outside the sphere of literature required from the pupil, thus linking the two studies so closely that the study of one proves a help to the study and appreciation of the other.

The chapters on narration, description, and argumentation are copious with good illustrations; not so much can be said for the one on exposition. We think that the nature of the term itself might be more fully explained.

The study of diction, occupying thirty-five pages of the

* *Composition-Rhetoric from Literature.* For High Schools, Academies, and Normal Schools. By Margaret S. Mooney. Albany: Brandow Printing Company.

book, is extremely interesting, and ought to be an incentive to a deeper study of what many students consider a dry and tedious subject.

The close of the book is taken up with a study of some of the figures of speech; of the qualities of style, wit, humor, and pathos; of the structure of verse, and the classes of poetry. The appendix is devoted to the presentation of the mechanical parts of a composition.

The volume of over 330 pages is well printed and neatly bound in cloth. It is somewhat bulkier than many other books on the same subject now used in the schools. But this fact should constitute no drawback to its introducton into the class-room for practical work, since it covers so ably and so intelligently the extensive field for the thorough study of which pupils usually require a number of volumes.

Superintendents and teachers would do well to examine its contents, for the work deserves a wide circulation. We confidently hope that it will meet with the success its exceptional merit demands.

10 —The educational world has been peculiarly unfortunate in regard to text books of English history. Those books which have been written by historians of the character of Mr. John Richard Green and Dr. Lingard are too extensive for use in the class-room, while, on the other hand, many of the text books published during the last few years, though excellent in typography, are sadly lacking in scientific treatment of the subject. In them the teacher finds page after page devoted to questions of comparatively little importance and, what is worse, often of doubtful authority.

Most of them give little attention, and some none whatever, to the results of modern historical research. Topics such as the "Gunpowder Plot," "The Popish Plot," and "Mary Stuart" are treated in the late editions in the same manner as they were before historical criticism had put those subjects in an entirely new light. While those books have been unsatisfactory to every thorough teacher, their use has been especially painful to the Catholic; for in them, interwoven with the historical narrative, are wanton attacks on his religion. Fables which the greater historians have long since discarded are still being presented to the student as facts. It

is true that in some of those books, after long paragraphs of fiction, a note informs the student that the authority on which rests the whole preceding incident is now seriously questioned; in a work which professes to give only the general outlines of history, such a method can hardly be called scientific.

The Catholic public does not ask for a book which frees Catholics from blame, nor is it pleased with those which misrepresent and distort Catholic truth, while they go out of the way to praise individual Catholics. It has as little respect for the historian who condemns everything non-Catholic as it has for him who reviles all that pertains to the Catholic religion. But what the Catholics do desire and what they have long been in need of, is a text book of English history compiled in accordance with modern educational precepts: one which brings out in bold relief the salient facts of history; one which does not crowd out all mention of some of the greatest movements among the English people to make room for minor incidents, whose very origin, to say the least, is doubtful.

This demand has at last been supplied. Mr. Wyatt-Davies has compiled a text book* of English history which seems to meet the requirements. It is a book of over five hundred pages, printed in clear type. In size and general arrangement it is well adapted for the use of the student; the table of contents and index are complete; it is well supplied with maps and illustrations, and, what is most important, the author has the impartiality of a true historian. Though intended only for Catholic schools, we see no reason why the book should be so limited; for it is not an ecclesiastical but purely a political history of England. The author follows somewhat the same plan as Mr. Green; he has given us a history of the English people rather than of royal families. He emphasizes such great events and movements as the Industrial Revolution, the Tractarian Movement, the development of the Great Council, and the adoption of the Charter of John. In all respects it is a work of great ability and deserves eminent success.

11—Father Copus, another Father Finn, writes a clever, interesting book† for boys and girls, particularly for *boys*. It

* *English History for Catholic Schools.* By E. Wyatt-Davies. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Harry Russell, a Rockland College Boy.* By Rev. J. E. Copus, S.J. (Cuthbert). New York: Benziger Brothers.

is absorbing from start to finish. There is something crisp and clean and wholesome about the story, which has no mawkishness nor sentimentality in it, while full of that outspoken frankness that appeals to a wholesome nature. There is romance, too, and a dash of chivalry that quite takes hold of one, and keeps up interest to the end. Harry Russell is a fine fellow with all the faults and impetuosity of a young American lad, yet if there is one handsome trait that sits like a crown on his character it is his reverence and love for his gentle mother; and Mrs. Russell is a beautiful type of a mother. A refined gentlewoman brought to poverty by a husband dabbling in inventions and patents, yet she is loyal to herself and her children, and to her marriage vows, and holds the reader's admiration as well as her children's affection. The story is one that parents would like to see in their boys' hands. Some good advice is given in a most pleasing manner, and some amusing tales told of the sunny side of men of affairs, like the lawyer Mr. Halyon, or the merchant Mr. Longstreet. We wish Father Copus (the author) success in this first book, and feel sure he will win golden opinions from the innumerable young people who will delight in his hero, "Harry Russell."

We think if the story were skilfully dramatized it would be a great success on the college-stage as a simple tale of modern life.

12.—Christian Reid's latest story * will furnish a few hours of delightful reading. It is a tale of Mexico, and seldom has the romance and old-time spirit of Spanish America been better expressed in fiction. The grand scenery of the Sierra range, the quaint hospitality of its miner-folk, the deep faith and the hot blood within their souls and bodies, the Acadian loveliness of their villages and hamlets, are made very real and very vivid in these pages. The American villain is very villanous indeed, and there is a suggestion all through that the American character and civilization are contemptible in comparison with the Mexican. We hesitate to hold such an opinion, and trust that our gifted author had no intention of so indoctrinating us. But even if she had, we will forget and forgive, so enjoyable was the entertainment that her novel afforded us.

* *A Daughter of the Sierra.* By Christian Reid. St. Louis: B. Herder.

13.—When a book* begins with the words, "these pages are written for any girl who will read them, but with the particular hope that they may most often fall into the hands of those in whom the joy of life runs strongly, and who dream of living strenuously, in one way or another,"—that book promises to be interesting.

Nothing gets old-fashioned more quickly than a book written for wide-awake young women. The conditions, the requirements, the dangers change so often and so suddenly that one must "look alive" if he is to meet them.

And again: any work which professes to appeal to the girls or young women of the day must be sprightly and interesting; it must take into account the fact that those whom it hopes to have for readers are accustomed to expect and demand in their reading something that will not weary them with its dulness. The bright and entertaining books are so many that nothing antique or prosy, even though—or rather, especially if—it be moral or spiritual, can claim a hearing.

Miss Fletcher is evidently not unaware of these facts. She has written an entertaining little pamphlet, a straightforward, common-sense, readable bit of explanation and counsel for Catholic girls. No girl who picks it up will be wearied with it, even though her taste be only for that which will please her. But along with the pleasure she will get much instruction, for the author has not been afraid to speak of important matters, of love and marriage, of vocation and responsibility, of the proper use of freedom, and in general, in the short space of 80 pages, of most of the subjects of this class that can interest a girl of to-day.

14—Bishop Hogan's compact little book,† on *Nautical Distances and how to compute them*, is based on a very good idea; that of giving a rule intelligible to all having a merely elementary mathematical education, and giving an approximate result, which is all that is needed by the non-professional; of course the desired result may be obtained just as quickly and easily, and more accurately, by those familiar with spherical trigonometry and the use of logarithms; but the immense

* *Light for New Times, a Book for Catholic Girls.* By Margaret Fletcher. With a preface by Rev. W. D. Strappini, S.J. London: Art and Book Company; New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Nautical Distances and How to Compute Them.* By the Right Rev. John J. Hogan. Kansas, Mo.: Columbia Publishing Company.

majority of those familiar with arithmetic are not at home in these subjects. And it is for them that the book is written.

The tables of latitudes, longitudes, and distances, which form the bulk of the work, are very convenient for any one, as well as interesting.

As the rule applies to finding distances between any two points on the earth's surface, we think that the title should not seem to restrict it to nautical ones.

15 —This series of the *Jones Readers* * embraces five volumes, and is intended to cover the reading work of the eight grades of the elementary school. The reputation of the author, President L. H. Jones, of the Michigan State Normal College, is a recommendation for their excellence. The series was compiled with the idea that the student after mastering them would readily understand and interpret any other readings of equal grade. The books are quite attractive in binding and illustration, and cover an unusual amount of reading matter. The selections are taken from the most modern authors of repute, and with but few exceptions are calculated to give the beginner a good introduction to English literature.

A peculiar feature of the Readers, and a happy one, is the endeavor throughout to inculcate moral duties and moral ideas, manliness, heroism, kindness, patriotism. This, of course, is not done in a Catholic way, and will be of little or no avail unless there be religious instruction to give a foundation and a warrant to this moral training. The plan of the Readers arises from a realization of the truth that a system of public instruction without morality is incomplete indeed. As a literary compilation the Readers are excellent; as the agencies of sound moral training they will fail of their purpose, not through any fault of the author but from the very necessities of the case, except where there has been previous or simultaneous definite religious instruction.

THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.†

The twenty-eighth volume of the *Britannica* is an appropriate sample of the extent and the comprehensiveness of this

* *The Jones Readers.* By L. H. Jones. Boston and New York: Ginn & Co.

† *Encyclopædia Britannica.* New Volumes constituting, with the Volumes of the Ninth Edition, the Tenth Edition of that Work. Vol. iv., forming Vol. xxviii. of the Complete Work. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company.

work. Many of the subjects treated are large indeed, but all may be said to be covered with care and thoroughness.

However, we cannot give such a measure of praise to the opening essay on "The Growth of Toleration," by Sir Leslie Stephen. It is an ultra development of Mill on Liberty, and we would disagree with many of his causes as to why toleration exists, and also with some of his principles; moreover the essay is touched here and there with a vein of sarcasm from which the writings of Sir Leslie Stephen are seldom free.

The volume contains many subjects in the scientific line: electricity, theoretical and practical, with its subdivisions; this study alone, brought completely up to date, covers over one hundred and twenty-five pages; and evolution, which is given many columns, though again we take exception to the statement that "the doctrine of evolution is now accepted as a fundamental principle"—particularly when it embraces, as the writer evidently meant, all the teachings of Huxley. Beyond these the volume gives us an extensive history of England from the time of Victoria's accession to 1901, of its law, its history, its church; a general history of continental Europe, including its geography and best known statistics; a history of France, with much space given to the Dreyfus affair; and a history of Germany. Of Emerson the volume quotes the rather self-damning words as regards a reputation for serious and logical thinking: "I wish to say what I feel or think to-day, with the proviso that to-morrow, perhaps, I shall contradict it all."

Of Froude it says, he "was not a historical scholar, and his work is often marred by prejudicial and incorrect statements. He wrote with a purpose. The keynote of his History is contained in his assertion that the Reformation was 'the root and source of the expansive force which has spread the Anglo-Saxon race over the globe.'" Under Faribault we expected some history of the famous school question, but no account of it is given. An interesting history is given of the Employers' Liability and the Workmen's Compensation acts of England, which furnish good thought for a moral treatise.

The illustrations of the volume are numerous, and the high standard of the work is maintained throughout.

Library Table.

The Month (Oct.): Father Tyrrell reviews Mr. Myers' two volumes on Human Personality and its Survival after Death, a work agreed on all hands to be "a monument of patient devotion and critical research, a mine of valuable information and brilliant suggestions." The writer points out that in contributing to a natural explanation of supernormal psychic powers Mr. Myers provides a solid and effective basis for the prohibition of practices that meddle with instruments whose structure and laws are unknown. Father Thurston argues that the changed situation of the Papacy is a valid reason for considering that the right of a state veto on papal candidates has been forfeited by France, Austria, and Spain, countries unable or unwilling to secure the church temporal freedom. Concerning Mr. Hutchinson's charge that the fasting enjoined by the church serves to spread leprosy, Father Thurston shows reasons for doubting Mr. Hutchinson's scientific accuracy and also his consistency of attitude.

The Tablet (19 Sept.): The Roman Correspondent reports great activity among Italian Socialists in opposition to the government. It is to be feared that the arrival of Nicholas II. of Russia will be a signal for the outbreak of disorder. A leader on "Juvenile Emigration to Canada" gives some considerations on the good work being done by various societies in rescuing little waifs and strays from the streets of English cities and sending them to Canada. In an article on "The Religious Needs of the Insane" Dr. J. A. Cones contends for better provision in this matter in hospitals and asylums. (26 Sept.): A leader on "Mr. Balfour's Position" discusses the English prime minister's position with regard to free trade as outlined in a recently published pamphlet. The Roman Correspondent records the usual yearly celebration by the Venti Settembre Methodists, who for the past thirty-three years have marched through the streets of Rome hooting the Papacy. An

advance copy of an article to appear in the *Rassegna Gregoriana* by Mgr. C. Respighi is printed, giving the Papal Master of Ceremonies' view of the Plain Chant discussion lately carried on in the *Tablet*.

(3 Oct.): A leading article, entitled "The Peril of Austria-Hungary," discusses the present political situation in that empire. In an article on "Jewish Proselytes and Adherents in the First Century" the Rev. J. R. Madan takes up several obscure passages in the Acts of the Apostles, and succeeds in throwing considerable light upon them.

Father Frederic Orosz writes of the "Los Von Rom" movement in Austria, that it has been wildly exaggerated and, in fact, is not in any sense a religious but rather a political movement. He adds that "it is not going too far to state that the whole movement will probably, and that before long, end in smoke."

Critical Review (Sept.): In Notes on the "Roman Hall Mark" the Rev. Dr. Hayman shows that in the fourth and fifth centuries no divergence was recognized between the terms "Catholic Church" and the "Catholic Church of the Christians"; so also in the fifth century, the names Catholic and Orthodox have the same significance. Rev. David Purves gives an appreciative review of the *Beginnings of Christianity*, by Prof. Wernle. Dr. Iverach presents a critical analysis of Mr. Duff's book on Spinoza's philosophy; the writer of the book is in sympathy with Spinoza's system, and aims to draw to Spinoza's thoughts a "greater measure of attention." He places his philosophies along with Plato and Aristotle, and seems to believe that his system will solve all social problems. Dr. Iverach very clearly shows some of the inconsistencies of Spinoza, even as he is presented by Mr. Duff; among them may be mentioned the claim that substance has no movement either affirmative or negative, and the statement that it is the source of all determination; again, substance has no parts, and yet it has infinite variety.

Le Correspondant (25 Sept.): Gen. F. Canonge opens a critical examination of the strategy and tactics pursued by the French armies at the battle of Sedan, in order to

apportion the responsibility for that supreme disaster. An anonymous writer severely criticises a recent article in this journal from M. Delaporte, exposing the probable plans of the Italian general staff in case of a war against France by Italy and Germany. M. Bouradain discusses the probable future of Belgian Congo, with reference to its bearing on the adjoining French possession. M. X. Des Genets presents an interesting collection of French weather predictions and proverbs. M. E. Marin gives a bold sketch, based upon the correspondence and private diary of Mgr. Hacquard, vicar-apostolic of the Soudan and the Sahara, of the work done by the White Fathers in French Africa. Apropos of the recently published Life of Gen. De Lamoricière the Count de Mun recalls some souvenirs and adds a few reflections.

Revue du Lille (Aug.): The various phases, religious and moral, in Paul Bourget's conversion are analyzed by M. C. Lecigne. M. Th. Delmont contributes a critical literary biography of André Chénier, in which he disagrees strongly with M. Faguet's high estimate of that poet. M. J. Des Broussq contributes a short eulogium of the *Fioretti* of St. Francis. There is a short paper by M. C. L. on Madame de Staël, the purport of which is to show that a lofty idealism was the dominant note in her character.

Science Catholique (Sept.): M. Gombault completes his defence of the old method of apologetics and definitively condemns the views of M. Blondel as perniciously Kantian. Taking up Renan's *Lettres du Séminaire, Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse,* Dr. Biguet would show the true reasons of Renan's defection from the Faith. M. l'Abbé Blondel writes an open letter to M. l'Abbé Houtin, defending the apostolicity of some of the French churches, which was attacked in Abbé Houtin's book.

Études (5 Aug.): Writing on "The State of the Clergy in Modern Society" Henri Berchois insists upon the right and evident duty of the clergy of France to take an intelligent interest, if not an active part, in the political affairs of the Republic. While deploring the lamentable results of the policy of abstention pursued in the past, the writer thinks that a firmer insistence upon their

rights as citizens, as well as a more intelligent fulfilment of the duties of citizenship on the part of clergy and laity, would do much to lessen, if not avert, the evils that afflict the church of France to-day. The beginning of an article by L. de Grandmaison in review of M. Harnack's recent work, in which the writer gives a comprehensive summary of the work under consideration as a preparation for future comment and criticism.

Démocratie Chrétienne (Sept.): This number contains an interesting account of the part taken by Pope Pius X. in the Social Congress at Padua in 1896. The writer has gone to the official record of the congress and has brought forth the communications between Leo XIII. and Cardinal Sarto, who was then honorary president. The cardinal took a deep interest in the work of the convention, and in his address explicitly stated that he was in sympathy with all that the social congress had done and was endeavoring to do. Another article that deserves special mention is the report of the fifth annual meeting of the federation of Christian workingmen which was opened May 31, 1903. This article contains two important addresses, one by the president, M. Lebat teux, in which he treats of the influence that the federation has had on public opinion in France; the other by Prof. Leon Harmel, who speaks of the future of Christian Democracy.

Revue Thomiste (Sept.–Oct.): P. Jansen contributes another article to the Probabilism controversy, presenting from papal documents and papers of St. Alphonsus reasons for considering Probabilism unlawful.

La Quinzaine (1 Oct.): M. Michel Salomon indulges in some interesting speculations about the revolutions which scientific discoveries are likely to make in ordinary life. He quotes M. Berthelot's discourse to a banquet of chemists, suggesting the possibility of men substituting ordinary doses of pills for a diet of meat and bread.

Stimmen aus Maria-Laach (Sept.): Opens with a poem on the late papal election, to which is affixed the well-known name of Rev. A. Baumgartner, S.J. Father Pesch, writing on the much-talked-of reform in regard to constructing dwelling houses so as to secure the best possible

sanitary conditions, mentions some legal measures of a preventive nature which would tend to remove many of the difficulties which at present hinder the success of the movement. A lengthy article on Minister Combes and the Concordat question is contributed by Father Gruber, S.J.

Civiltà Cattolica (5 Sept.): As the *Studi Religiosi* recently translated from the *Church Quarterly Review* an article criticising the religious condition of Italy, the *Civiltà* now undertakes a refutation of the statements, as is "the right and duty of Catholic publicists." (The article is a pretty specimen of apologetic; it shows how the criticisms should be treated with disdain because associated with errors of doctrine.) A severe criticism is passed upon two Catholic scholars, Father Semeria and Father Minocchi, for having paid a visit of respect to Tolstoi, listened quietly to his attacks upon the Church, and then inserted in an Italian journal an account of their visit apt to scandalize readers.

(19 Sept.): Prints a letter inserted by Padre Semeria in the *Osservatore Romano*, explaining that his visit to Tolstoi had been made merely for the sake of secular information, and that his report of the visit was hardly calculated to give scandal—while P. Minocchi would have to answer for himself on his return to Italy.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Sept.): Padre Luigi Vitali publishes the preface of his forthcoming book, *Patria e Religione*, and tells how, through his twofold devotion to Catholicity and to his native land, he was put in a sad position by the antagonism of these two. Unable to believe that the good of the Church demanded the restoration of the Temporal Power—"two popes have been named 'Great' in twenty centuries, Leo and Gregory, and both of them lacked Temporal Power"—he has awaited the choice of the Conclave with anxiety. He recalled the saying of Mgr. Kraus: "Catholicity will resume its ascendency on the day when it ceases to be political and becomes religious"; and with joy he saw that the Conclave "abandoned the political Pope and chose the religious Pope." An impassioned apostrophe to Pius X. discloses the vision of a pontiff without temporal power

but reigning over a united world. E. S. Kingswan gives a summary of American estimates of Pius X.

Studi Religiosi (July-Oct.): U. Fracassini, treating exhaustively of the meaning of the Gospel phrase "Kingdom of God," warns us against two faults of method in such studies. The first fault is to deny or to regard as insignificant the development of doctrine which is represented in the New Testament itself. The second is to exaggerate this development by maintaining that views expressed, for example, by St. Paul were unknown to the first disciples, or not substantially preached by our Lord. To the latter Loisy is unduly inclined, and into the former Loisy's critic, P. Lagrange, has fallen. As to "Kingdom of God" or "Kingdom of Heaven" the interpretations practically reduce themselves to three: 1. It has a present, ethical meaning, *i. e.*, the regeneration of the individual soul. So says Harnack. 2. It signifies the Church. Thus thinks Palmieri. 3. It is eschatological, and has reference to a state of blessedness far in the future. This is the opinion of Loisy. M. Fracassini thinks it clear that in the general meaning intended by Christ, the phrase is eschatological. The practical result of this conclusion is that the abstract Christianity of Ritschl and Harnack is not Gospel-Christianity. G. Bonaccarsi maintains in the course of a profound analysis of Harnack's "Essence of Christianity" that the teaching of our Lord can never be reduced to the thin elements proposed by the Berlin professor; but that it essentially includes dogma,—dogma as to the personal nature and divine mission of Christ, the expiatory value of his death, the Three Divine Persons, the forgiveness of sin, the necessity of baptism, the indefectibility of the Church, etc. P. Semeria declares that God permitted the grave blunder of Galileo's condemnation in order to teach all future members of the Index and the Inquisition that their decisions are fallible, and that they ought to be very careful about their condemnations.

Comment on Current Topics.

The Encyclical of Pius X.

The first Encyclical of our Holy Father Pius X. has just been made public. The Supreme Pontiff tells of the hesitancy with which he accepted his holy office and recalls the glory of his immediate predecessor.

The Encyclical re-echoes the thought of one of Leo's last letters, that on "Jesus Christ, the Redeemer." Pius X. deplores the evils of modern society in severe and drastic tones: "We find all respect for the Eternal God extinguished among the majority of men, and no regard paid in the manifestations of public and private life to the Supreme Will; nay, every effort and every artifice are used to destroy utterly the memory and the knowledge of God." This perversity, Pius continues, may be taken, perhaps, as a foretaste of those evils prophesied for the last days of the world.

But nevertheless the conditions are not beyond cure, and the programme of Pius' reign is to restore human society to Christ. Such also was the memorable call of Leo XIII. in his encyclical at the opening of the century.

The saving truth of the world to-day, continues the Pontiff, is the truth of Jesus Christ, the God-man, as preserved and given to us with assurance and certainty by that Church alone which he instituted upon earth. That truth is the keynote of individual morality, of social order, and of natural justice.

The restoration of the world to Christ—such is the whole burden of Pius X.'s message. The agents of that glorious work are, first, the priests of the Church. They must be clothed with Christ. Though all are included in the exhortation "to advance towards the perfect man in the measure of the age of the fulness of Christ, it is addressed before all others to those who exercise the sacerdotal ministry." Hence all other tasks must yield to the training of the clergy unto holiness.

Higher studies for priests are to be esteemed as worthy of praise, but the missionary spirit should be the foremost spirit of the ministry, for priests, "while cultivating ecclesiastical and literary erudition, should dedicate themselves more closely to the welfare of souls through the exercise of those ministries

proper to a priest zealous of the Divine glory. 'It is a great grief and a continual sorrow to our heart' to find Jeremias's lamentation applicable to our times: 'The little ones asked for bread, and there was none to break it to them.'"

The Holy Father states that the principal way to restore the empire of God over souls is religious instruction. "It is not true that the progress of knowledge extinguishes the faith; rather is it ignorance, and the more ignorance prevails the greater is the havoc wrought by incredulity."

But in the apostolate of Christ's word there is no more efficacious means than charity. Bitterness will effect nothing. "Charity will extend itself even to those who are hostile and who persecute us. They perhaps seem to be worse than they really are. Who will prevent us from hoping that the flame of Christian charity may dispel the darkness from their minds and bring to them light and the peace of God?"

And then the Holy Father adds an exhortation to the laity, which we believe most opportune, and which we hope Catholic men and women will take to themselves, and realizing their vocation be fired with zeal by the words of the Supreme Pontiff to fulfil it: "It is not priests alone, but all the faithful without exception, who must concern themselves with the interests of God and souls." The great power of the layman to-day is the power of example. Like the priests, they also should be missionaries. "The times in which we live demand action, but action which consists entirely in observing with fidelity and zeal the divine laws and precepts of the Church, in the frank and open profession of religion, in the exercise of every kind of charitable work without regard to self-interest or worldly advantage. Such luminous examples given by the great army of the soldiers of Christ will be of much greater avail in moving and drawing men than words and sublime dissertations."

When in every village the law of the Lord is faithfully observed, then will come the restoration of all unto Christ and that independence to the church which is her right.

The Encyclical closes with an appeal to Mary, the Blessed Mother of God.

In the power of its exhortations, the opportuneness of its message, the practicability of its advice; in the love and charity for all souls and the spirit of personal devotion which it evidences, the Encyclical confirms our belief that Pius X. is a

worthy successor to his glorious predecessor, and leads us to hope that what he himself writes of Leo XIII. may one day be written of himself, "that, ruling the Church with wisdom, he showed himself adorned with such sublimity of mind, such lustre of every virtue, as to attract to himself the admiration even of adversaries, and to leave his memory stamped in glorious achievements."

The Austro-Hungarian Crisis.

The passion for racial solidarity and racial predominance which manifested itself so emphatically in the latter half of the past century, and which is increasing in intensity, is to be one of the most important factors in shaping the immediate future history of the nations.

The acute crisis in the relations of the component parts of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is an expression of this tendency—an expression which it seems will be very difficult if not altogether impossible to suppress, and which is calculated to alter materially the present relations of the European countries. A definite and continued disagreement between the two parties, beyond affecting the monarchy itself, has a vital bearing on the Near Eastern Question. For if Hungary were to rebel it would drive Austria into a defensive alliance with Prussia, which means a withdrawal from the present Austro-Russian treaty that now insures some security to the rest of Europe from the inroads of the Turks.

The question at issue concerns the constitution of the army, made up of the men of both countries. In return for the bills authorizing an increase in the army of 22,000 men, the Hungarian nationalists demanded certain concessions, which were refused. Among them were the use in the army of Hungarian standards and emblems, instruction in Hungarian, a Hungarian staff, and the use of Hungarian as the language of command to Hungarian regiments. These the Magyar press consider as essential to the maintenance of national dignity. But the Austrians, headed by Emperor Francis Joseph, steadily refuse to grant such demands, which they argue, and seemingly quite logically, would destroy all possibility of order or united action on the battle-field. The extremists of the Independent Hungarian Party against all this, go so far as to demand the institution of two crowns, one for Austria and another for Hungary, which would mean of course complete separation and the creation of new treaties among the nations of Europe.

Perhaps the recent words of Emperor William during his visit to Francis Joseph bore reference to such a crisis, and showed his friendliness to the Austrian Emperor in order to influence the Hungarians to modify their demands.

Let us hope that more moderate counsels than those now discussed will prevail, and that for the peace and security of Europe the present Austro-Hungarian monarchy will continue.

Catholic Indian Schools.

The work done by the Catholic Church for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the American Indian is one of the brightest pages in her history. We read with delight the history of the late congress of Chippewa Indians and the remarkable resolutions drawn and adopted by them of love for the Holy Father, of sympathy with persecuted French Catholics, of gratitude to their national benefactors, and to the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among their children. The fact of the withdrawal of government appropriations to the Catholic Indian schools—appropriations given out on a per capita basis—is well known to all, and the consequent hardships to Catholic missionaries and teachers, the danger of neglect as regards Catholic Indian children—the danger, in fact, to the whole system of religious instruction among them—should be equally patent to all.

The work of the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children is now simply a matter of Catholic charity. The extreme necessities of the case, the efficient work for God which can be done among these poor souls—that our nation has so neglected—if the Gospel can but be taught them, ought to be sufficient to fire the heart of the earnest Christian and lead him to further the work as best he can.

A So-called Prophet.

Now and again in the world's history there have arisen religious fanatics, proclaiming a special message and mission from God, and styling themselves "Reformers." Some of them have been honest, some of them have been frauds. An unsettled state of religious belief among the populace is the field they most assiduously cultivate. To-day the phenomena of religious restlessness, doubt, anxiety, are clearly and extensively showing themselves. But in spite of the loss of faith, man is an obstinately religious being. We might naturally, therefore, look for the rising of some prophet—the coming of a reformer, or of many reformers, one outdoing and rivalling the other. They have come before

and it was about time that one should come again. And he has come to New York with lots of noise in the shape of Dowie the Restorer with his host of Zion.

We speak upon the matter, not because we think the subject of it is worthy of the notice, but because, to our surprise, we have received several inquiries about his work. As regards Catholics, they cannot for a moment have any doubt as to the falsity of his apostolate, nor do they require a distinct, infallible utterance from the Pope to learn that. Neither does any other normally rational creature.

As to Dowie's belief in himself, well, for an absolute judgment on that point, we leave it to Him who alone can make it, Almighty God. But for us, who must judge from external signs and conduct and who are forced to give an opinion, because Dowie is a public man and boasts a public mission, we will say distinctly that he is a base impostor.

He proclaims himself a prophet, yet he gives no proof of his divine mission. He takes the name of one of God's chosen, yet in no particular has he ever justified his action or shown any possession in common with the ascetical Elias. He preaches a gospel of self-denial, yet indulges unblushingly in luxuries of the rich; he claims a spiritual mission, yet is begrimed with the material things of this world, while Elias had to be fed by ravens, fasted long and lived in a cave.

He employs the coarsest billingsgate and the vilest metaphors. He is a tyrant, a supreme autocrat, a successful business man if you will, but we would have to stultify ourselves most outrageously to believe that the man is other than a fraud. He will pass away shortly and go the way of all impostors.

The Perversion of the Public Conscience.

It is a significant characteristic of the press of the country that it emphatically denies that the State has any responsibility to preserve and to guard that public conscience which it is the divine right of the church to establish. Recently a leading journal contained an editorial apropos of an infamous divorce case, in which it proudly challenged any minister to marry the guilty parties and preserve his good name, yet said that the State might do this, and uttered no word of complaint against such an action.

Now, the case was a most flagrant one; both parties had been judged by the State as guilty of immorality, yet the

State might turn about with impunity and deliberately legalize what it had declared by its own lips to be crime.

We write this here not alone to call attention to the wide-spreading cancer of divorce, but also to note a wider and deeper principle regarding the welfare of the State.

The State may have in itself but a material power and only a temporal end, but the sure basis of all these and of their development must be spiritual—that is, must rest in the conscience of the individual members out of which is made the conscience of the nation.

It may be well to recall that, apart from preparing souls for everlasting life, the Catholic Church ever seeks the welfare and the prosperity of the citizen as a creature here on earth and of society, of which he is naturally a member. It is not only on the grounds of eternal salvation, though they are foremost and all-embracing, but also in order to teach the citizen his duty, to establish and preserve social order, to insure a national conscience, that she insists so strongly, so uncompromisingly on religious and moral instruction for the young.

They who in their short-sightedness would lead the State into the delusion that she is without obligation in the matter and has no office as the supporter and preserver of religious and moral truth, are but as the blind leading the blind, and both will fall into the ditch of national chaos and anarchy.

A public conscience is the only security of public law and order. The government may pass as many laws as it will, but unless there be back of them the sanction of the people, they will be entirely ineffectual.

Respect and obedience for law come only from moral training, and such training without religious instruction is truly fruitless. It is like building the roof of a house before its foundations and its walls are constructed.

It would be well for us, as a nation, to awaken more earnestly to the truth that we ought to have and to cultivate a public conscience.

A short while since an English court spoke of one of our divorces as "a fraud upon civilized jurisprudence." Now, where are our conscientious American lawyers and legislators that they do not seek to make unjustifiable this manifestly well-deserved rebuke? Where is the conscience of a people that will stand for such immorality in the law which represents their ideals and the ideals of their country?

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

KNOWLEDGE of local history is rightly considered an aid to patriotism, especially when heroic deeds are on record to stimulate ambition. For this reason it is to be hoped that other writers will follow up the good work started by Thomas A. Janvier in his new book on *The Dutch Founding of New York* (Harper & Brothers). The Knights of Columbus have already given considerable attention to the study of early New York history, and the claims that demand recognition for distinguished public service by Catholics, notably in the case of Governor Dongan. There is much yet to be done in this field to show that the Catholic immigrants, who came somewhat later than the Dutch and the English, have adorned many walks in life and contributed largely to the welfare of the present city of New York.

* * *

As a matter of record it should be remembered that the New York *Times* excluded parish schools from the competition for medals in its historical study of New York City. A request made by the Rev. Thomas J. O'Brien, Superintendent of the Brooklyn Catholic Schools, to allow the pupils of parish schools to enter its history competition met with refusal. That no reasonable explanation has been given for this refusal may be judged from the following letters:

To the Publisher of the New York Times:

MY DEAR SIR: I have just read with interest your proposed New York City History Competition in to-day's issue of the New York *Times*. It occurs to me that by limiting the competition to the public-school pupils, your praiseworthy endeavor to stimulate civic pride in our great metropolis, especially among the youth of to-day, fails to consider a large number of the city children. At least 85,000 are in attendance at the parish schools of New York and Brooklyn. They are the sons and daughters of citizens, and are destined to be a part of the future New York City. It seems to me that they too might profit by the study which your History Competition is calculated to provoke. By reason of their studies in American history, on the same lines as in the public schools, they are qualified to compete.

We are second to none in our desire to have American youth excel in the civic virtues, and our pupils are taught to regard American patriotism as a religious duty which they owe their beloved country. Speaking for our Brooklyn parish schools, I should like, if you can see your way to it, that our schools be allowed to enter this competition under conditions similar to those set forth in your to-day's issue. Respectfully yours,

Brooklyn, May 19. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

To the Publisher of the New York Times:

MY DEAR SIR: I have noticed in your recent issues several references to the exclusion of other than public-school pupils from your History contest. I beg leave to say that "the reasons why the competition was confined to the public schools" are not at all obvious, even after you have attempted to reveal a few. "That the public schools are the only schools which could be dealt

with as a system" is not true; the Catholic public schools, for which I wrote, are organized into a system, with superintendents, principals, teachers, courses of study, graded classes, etc., and our organization, quite as well as the public-school system, could insure a very large additional "number of competitors with certainty of intelligent and fair sifting of the essays offered."

Of course, if the *Times* felt that it could not extend its plan without "the danger of relative failure," I accept that explanation as adequate, but at the same time I recall the fact that the *Herald*, the *World*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle* are metropolitan journals that are able without such fears to open their contests in literary and historical matters to all schools without discrimination.

Respectfully yours,

Brooklyn, May 25, 1903. THOMAS J. O'BRIEN.

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A circular from the Catholic University contains the announcement that, with the approval of his Grace the Archbishop of New York, the Institute of Pedagogy will be located, for the future, in the College building at Madison Avenue and Fifty-first Street.

The academic year is divided into two half-years. The first half-year begins October 1 and ends January 31. The second half-year begins February 2 and ends June 1. Examinations are held at the close of each course of instruction.

Students who complete, with satisfactory examinations, the courses given by the Institute, receive certificates which entitle them to the exemptions granted by the Board of Education in New York City.

Courses are offered in Principles and Methods of Education; History of Education; Psychology; Civics and American History; English.

Two lectures per week, making a total of sixty lectures per year, are given in each of these subjects.

The courses of the Institute are registered by the Regents of the University of the State of New York. They lead to the degrees of Bachelor of Pedagogy and Master of Pedagogy.

The tuition fee for each course is $15, payable in advance.

For circulars, containing description of the courses, and other details, address: Rev. Dr. E. A. Pace, Cathedral Library, 536 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City.

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An appeal just put forward by the Authors' Society of New York is of particular interest to all literary workers. The appeal points out that, almost alone among civilized nations, the United States insists on charging full letter rates (two cents per ounce) for book and magazine articles transmitted within the confines of the United States to publishers and editors. The only exception is that when these MSS. have been put into type they may be sent, if accompanied by the proof-sheets, at book rates within the limits of the United States.

Nor is this the only anomaly in the present postal laws. MSS. may be sent from the United States to the remotest countries, or from the remotest countries to the United States, at one cent per two ounces. Thus, an author just across the frontiers, in Canada or Mexico, may send his MSS. to any part of the United States for one-fourth less than would be charged for purely domestic transmission.

The law bears hardly upon American brain-workers, because a MS. is not often disposed of at its first destination, and the expenses of successive transmissions to and fro must all be borne by the writers.

The Authors' Society expects to submit a bill to both houses at the next session of Congress, and it issues a call to all American authors to contribute of their time, their energy, and their means to the work of the coming campaign.

* * *

Quite a number of leading representatives were in attendance at Cliff Haven for the Round Table Conferences of Reading Circles, August 25, 26, at 11:45 A. M., under the direction of Warren E. Mosher.

First Conference.—Value and necessity of organization in Reading Circle work. How to organize. The question of membership. Systematic courses *vs.* desultory reading. Social features. Current topics. How to revive interest in the movement.

Second Conference.—Relation of the Reading Circle to the Summer-School. How to attract our young people and how to retain them in the Circle. Alumni Reading Circles. A common line of work. Central direction. Advantages and necessity. What the Circle can do for Catholic truth. University extension. Catholic publications. The introduction of sound literature in public libraries.

A conference of Reading Circle representatives was held on Thursday morning, August 27, at 11:45, to arrange programme for Reading Circle Day, and to assist in the extension of the movement. Any who wish to make inquiries about the way to begin a Reading Circle should write to Warren E. Mosher, 39 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

TOPICS TO BE CONSIDERED IN FORMING A READING CIRCLE.

How to organize—by general call or picked members.

Prescribed course—how arrived at.

Lessons, most important feature. Supplementary readings and exercises, secondary, but both thoroughly prepared.

Leaders. Their duty; tact in drawing out backward members rather than monopolizing topics and time.

Programmes. Too much variety worse than not enough. Apt to be distracting.

Social features.

Mode of conducting meetings—formal or informal.

Frequency of meetings. Individual home work the basis.

The attitude of Catholic High School and Academy graduates toward the Reading Circle.

Constitution and By-Laws, their advantages.

How to plan the Circle work.

* * *

At Ottawa, Canada, the d'Youville Circle resumed its new session's work on Tuesday evening, the 6th of October. The meeting was large; some new members were registered. A brief account was given of the summer visitors to the convent,—many of them alumnæ, and some the friends who have shown deep interest in the association from the beginning.

The plan of study for the new session was outlined. It will be as in the

two preceding sessions—historical and literary. In history the study of the Renaissance has led up to the Reformation, and this to the revolutions of the eighteenth century. It now remains to see what the developments, especially the reactionary ones, of the nineteenth have been. Beginning with the Conference of the Holy Alliance at Vienna in 1815, very special notes to be made on the great Religious Renaissance in England.

On every alternate history evening the study will bear on the mediæval institutions, by way of comparative study, to see what has been gained and what lost since we have added the steam and electric motor powers to those of chivalrous enthusiasm and simple faith.

The Rev. W. J. McGinnis, D.D., of Brooklyn, in his address to the senior pupils at the convent in the early September days, offered his yearly prize to the best class paper on this subject, while the Rev. Lucian Johnston, of Baltimore, offered to the same competitions a prize for the best papers on the lady of the then upper classes, *la chatelaine*, compared with the ideal woman as religious and secular education make her to-day. Both prizes are much valued, and the d'Youville Circle will do the same work without competing for the rewards.

The literary study will be a continuation of the great nineteenth century poets who have shown the tendency of a revival or renaissance of faith. The Preraphaelites to be considered in their relation to the Oxford movement, but some time at each meeting will be given to the sweet singers now with us, without any concern as to their tendency.

The Rev. Lucian Johnston's review of a book entitled *The Sins of a Saint*, by P. R. Aitken, mentions several authorities whom Aitken also mentions, and does not fear to say, proof-in-hand, on the pages of these volumes of Lingard, Green, Kemble, that Mr. Aitken's use of these authorities is simply "an outrage on all historical deceney."

A new poem by Frank Waters (Ottawa), author of *The Water Lily*, an oriental tale, was mentioned. It is a weirdly beautiful story of an artist whose demonized violin brought desolation and ruin, but whose true love brought back peace and joy through awful sacrifice and pardon. It has been pronounced of Miltonic beauty, as to its construction, by some of the reviews. It is a mediæval legend of the Hartz Mountains.

* * *

Some excellent advice from Bishop Hedley is here condensed relating to the selection of the best reading for Catholics. There are two classes or descriptions of Catholic reading; one is the directly religious sort, such as catechisms, sermons, spiritual reading, and apologetics. The other is only indirectly religious, and appeals to the human faculties in general—to the imagination, the heart, and the sense of the beautiful, as well as to the intelligence. Although what I here say applies in a great measure to both classes of production, yet it is chiefly of the latter I would speak; that is, of history, biography, natural science, travel, fiction, and verse. What I would urge is this: that we should try not to be content except with the very best; the best in matter, and the best in literary form and presentment. It appears to me to be absolutely certain, from experience, that it is only the very best that ever achieves anything like universal acceptance. Literature that is poor in taste and feeble in expression sometimes catches the popular ear; but the

reason is, that it also appeals to the baser human propensities. The literature of the good, the moral, and the religious starts with a human bias against it. And unless it is excellent, and even exceptional, in form and presentment, it will never set the human field on fire. It is, therefore, worth our while to strain every nerve to secure excellence. One production that is recognized as superlative will do more in the good cause than fifty which are only mediocre. A really good work wins its way, gradually but surely, and attains the universality which alone in these days is effective in turning the tide of evil literature. A first-rate journal or newspaper would have a similar ubiquity; whilst inferior publications never get further than our own camp. Is it fanciful, or utopian, to insist on this, in our present conditions of means and writers? I do not think so. Certainly we cannot call forth a genius to order. Not even the strongest publishers, with all their resources, can make sure of a great literary work. But, as in other matters, the recognition of an axiom like this gives us a good working rule in details. That rule is, in my opinion, that all Catholics who aspire to guide the production of Catholic literature should cultivate an enlightened fastidiousness. This does not mean that we should sit down and wait for the apparition of a genius, and meanwhile publish nothing. Ordinary needs must always be supplied, and second and third-rate productions are a great deal better than nothing. But we should never be content with the second and third-rate, for such ware will never attain the universality that I am harping upon. We should never be content with them; and we should cultivate the spirit of restricting what is evidently second and third-rate within limits, on principle; reserving ourselves, and looking out for something really great.

It is not volume or mass, but vitality, that will make head against the secular press. Even in supplying the wants and demands of our own flock we may be too indifferent to quality; yet, as far as that goes, I should be the last to place any critical restrictions on a good and prudent judgment. But if we are to take our place in the great arena of the modern world, we must pray for a genius. Is it impossible that our leaders, our rich men, our scholars, should enter into some kind of co-operation to facilitate the appearance of really first-class Catholic literature? I shall be told that you can have what is first-class if you are prepared to pay for what is first-class. To this I would reply that I do not see why it is impossible that we should pay for what is first-class. By united and organized effort a great deal can be done, even in the direction of raising money. But money and material resources are not by any means all that is required. Even in our own body, I know many instances of money having been lavished on second and third-rate productions. What we must have is, first, what I have called an enlightened fastidiousness among our leaders—our well-off men and women, our devoted and apostolic men and women, and our active Catholics, lay and clerical. We cannot expect all our organizers and contributors to be persons of literary judgment. But we can well expect them to have their attention kept wide-awake on the matter of literary excellence. We can expect them to shake off the idea that good literature is a fortuitous accident, that there are no practical means for making sure of it, and that we must trust to chance and luck. We can expect them to use their eyes, to see how some literature seizes upon the world's acceptance, and to inquire the why and the how. We can expect them to

bring to all their discussions lofty and enlightened views, and always to lean, in their decisions, to what seems to be better, and not to what is clearly very indifferent, when it is a question of literary publication. And above all, we can expect that a large and increasing number of our influential people, impressed with the importance of good Catholic reading, should interest themselves, whether by discussion, co-operation, or readiness to contribute in the Catholic press; for it is certain that although the literary value of a community may not be greater than that of its individual members, yet the agitation and concussion of atoms invariably produce both light and heat—and a community which is mentally and physically on the alert will, from time to time, produce or facilitate something far more excellent than could be expected from the best intentions of mere organizers, who are too often left to themselves and to the consciousness that few sympathize with them so far as to take a living interest in what they are doing.

Let us consider, for one moment, that fascinating topic, the possibility of a first-class daily paper, carried on under Catholic auspices. I will suppose that it is equal in literary power, in news, and in general contents to the average of other daily papers. We should then have such advantages as the following: The true statement, morning by morning, of all public information affecting the Church and Catholic religion; the Catholic version of the constantly recurring scandals, as they are called, and of histories tending to injure Catholicism; the prompt contradiction and refutation of lies and slanders; comment of the right sort on the doings of politicians and on current history and crime; sound and religious views on matters social, industrial, and municipal; and the constant prominence of distinctively Catholic topics. Besides this we should have general literature and art treated with wisdom and with due regard to the morality of the Gospel; and more serious matters, such as Holy Scripture and the relations between faith and science, would be handled with reverence and knowledge.

Now, it is quite certain that we have Catholic writers in abundance at this moment; they could be formed into a staff, to make this ideal an actuality; and therefore to make such a paper widely read; and therefore, again, to do something which would go far to neutralize the secular press. I do not know anything which would so revolutionize the conditions of modern reading. A hundred examples of what might have been could be found in the Catholic subjects handled by the press during the last ten years. But I will take one from the United States. In the United States there is no Catholic daily, any more than among ourselves. Ever since the Philippine annexation the affairs of Catholicism in the Philippines have been a burning public question in the States. During all this time story after story, we may say lie after lie, abuse, scandalous tales, misstatements of church laws, garbled versions of fact, religious bigotry, and racial hatred have poured from the secular press in the States. The Catholic press has tried to reply, but in no place had it more than one chance to their six, and generally, before the Catholic weekly could get out its refutation or its rectification, people had forgotten all but the general bad impression, and were in process of being impressed with something fresh. It certainly seems strange that there is no daily paper in the strong and numerous communities of Catholics in the States. We are accustomed to look to American Catholicism for a lead in everything that demands

pluck and skill. Even in Canada they are hardly better off. On the other hand, in the little country of Holland, with its 1,700,000 Catholics, there are several Catholic dailies. And I need not refer to Ireland—where, indeed, Catholic papers must needs flourish, and are just as vitally required as in this country, but for obvious reasons do not greatly influence the English press.

Meanwhile, whilst we wait for our clergy and laity, our scholars and our rich men, to unite their forces, and, like little Greece, when Greece was for once united, hurl themselves upon the Asiatic hordes, we can perhaps do not a little by making good use of what we have. I have spoken mostly of the supply of good reading; but there is a great deal that could be said about the demand. I will only say this—that all of us, whether priests or laymen, are doing an excellent thing if we try, wherever we can, to teach the young to read. I am not, of course, referring to what is taught in the elementary school, but to what has to be taught to those who are grown up and are the material out of which our Catholic public is being formed. To teach a young man or young woman to read, you must lose no time with them; if they get through a year or two after leaving school without reading they will never read. I do not mean they will never read the paragraph press, the sporting and betting paper, the "scandal" papers, and perhaps the short and silly story papers. But they will not read good and salutary reading. You must begin at once, with your suitable Catholic literature, with your guild, your society, your club, your good advice. They must be got to feel by degrees that there is a vast region, by no means uninteresting, that lies outside daily life and material existence, and which can be known from books. They must be made to feel that a man or woman who does not to some extent travel or live in this ideal, superior, and intellectual world, lives only half a life—nay, not half, but a stunted, poor, and sordid life. They must be shown that their religion is a vast and glorious universe which they can only come to know really well by reading. And they must also be taught by experience that one way to sweeten toil and to help a man to a quiet, kind, and peaceful life is to take frequent plunges into that world of curious and refreshing reality which is made up of the story of the past and the fancies of men who can think and dream. Doubtless this kind of training will fall mostly upon the clergy.

In my opinion, to teach the young to read is one of the most essential parts of pastoral work. And we cannot sufficiently bless the Catholic Truth Society for supplying them with literature of every kind and degree, so that no man can complain that he has nothing to offer his flock. But this is a matter in which the laity also, both men and women, can effectively help; and it would certainly be worth their while to do so. In what is called social work, probably there is not half enough use made of the press. School teachers who retain an interest in their growing-up boys and girls should never be satisfied until they have given them a taste for reading. Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul and visiting ladies should have little things ready to attract young persons and to interest the family. And our Sunday-schools might profit by the example of non-Catholics and send the children home rejoicing with an illustrated magazine or tale. So, by degrees, with the habit of reading would come the demand for reading, and the Catholic body would stir itself more and more to supply better and better reading. M. C. M.

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THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.—BY BONAZZA.

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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LIKE BETHLEHEM.

BY LOUISE F. MURPHY.

GUARDING their flocks, that hallowed night of old,
The Shepherds saw Judea like a gem
Flashing her lights o'er humble Bethlehem.
Unto those simple watchers of the fold
Came echoes of the feasting: did they hold
Vain longings in their hearts? Did they condemn,
But human-like, what God had planned for them
Aspiring to the power, and the gold?
But lo! unto their watching eyes was given
The glory of earth's one sweet night of heaven!
So we, repining oft, for things afar,
The worldly things, that vain and empty are,
Forget the little city of our heart
Where lies our heaven, glorious, and apart.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

SIR HENRY IRVING'S DANTE.

BY J. J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D.

NEW YORK has recently been entertained by another visit from the distinguished English actor, Sir Henry Irving. Most of his New York season was taken up with the presentation of "Dante," a drama written especially for him by the well-known French playwright, M. Victorien Sardou, in collaboration with M. E. Moreau, a name unfamiliar as yet to English-speaking playgoers. There is no doubt that Mr. Irving is physically an almost ideal impersonation of the great Florentine poet. Probably very few men since Dante's time have been so well adapted to body forth satisfactorily to the mind's eye his human personality as he actually moved among his contemporaries. It is evidently this that has tempted Sir Henry into an almost unpardonable error at the height of his great career. For, beyond Mr. Irving's satisfying counterfeit presentment of the great poet, not only is there nothing to say in favor of the play, but there is very much to be said against it. The story, as told upon the stage, is an absolute satire upon the life of one of the greatest men that ever lived. That it is so beautifully staged and so artistically presented only adds to the almost unspeakable wrong that is done to the name of a man among men, one of the exceptional characters of the race.

When the play was first produced in England last spring it evoked in the columns of the *London Tablet* a deserved protest from Mr. D. Moncrieff O'Connor, who condemned severely the unwarranted representation of Dante, as forgetful of all his own high thoughts—poetical, religious, and political—in his solicitous anxiety for the fate of an unworthy woman and his illegitimate child. Mr. O'Connor said, with commendable directness:

"The outrage which M. Sardou has perpetrated in the play now being performed at Drury Lane on one of the most hallowed names in literary history, the dishonor he has attempted

to attach to that memory, are painfully emphasized by the genius and splendor with which that outrage has been presented. That English public opinion should allow, without emphatic protest, the character of Dante to be traduced by the calumny of a vulgar intrigue, must deeply wound all capable of being touched by what is most ennobling and elevating in man. But that English scholarship, so rich in consecrations to Dante, so loyal in sympathy, so profound in appreciation, should have been unmoved by this pitiable insult is as deplorable as it is incomprehensible. It is too ample a tribute to the genius of Sir Henry Irving.

"Is it to be permitted that what is highest and most commanding in letters should be maligned and belittled 'to make a Roman holiday'? Is it to be permitted that one on whom for centuries has been concentrated the study of brilliant thought is to be falsified and wronged 'to tickle the ears of the groundlings'?"

The indignity that is thus heaped upon Dante in the play is all the more to be deplored as Dante's personal character has always been considered of the loftiest. "Dante," said Carlyle, "speaks to the noble, to the pure and great, in all times and ages. He burns as a pure star fixed there in the firmament, out of which the great and the high of all ages kindle themselves. He is the possession of all the chosen of the world for uncounted time." In a previous passage of his lecture on The Hero as Poet, Carlyle had said: "True souls in all generations of the world who look on this Dante will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes, and hopes, will speak always to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante, too, was a brother." If there is anything that the play of MM. Sardou and Moreau attempts to accomplish it is to smirch the essential purity of Dante's character, and to impugn his sincerity as a man.

It is a question how far a dramatist is bound to respect the truth of historical details as they are known, and how far he is constrained to fidelity in the representation of the characters of historical personages whom he selects to put on the stage. When the personages selected, however, are of the importance of Dante, and are so closely bound up with the life of the age in which they lived as to make any misrepresentation of them a serious falsification of the history of the

times, then it would seem that the dramatist must forego an appeal to historical interest and deliberately choose imaginary characters if he wants to produce certain effects, or else must not depart so far from the known facts as to make his work a satire on the theme he has selected without in some way giving his audience a hint as to the truth in the matter.

It is well known that Mr. Irving, realizing the eminent suitability of his personal appearance for the satisfactory presentation of Dante on the stage, has long had in mind the desire to add this to his roll of characters before the close of his career. There is a stage tradition in London that some years ago he asked Mr. Tennyson, the late Poet Laureate, to write for him a drama the principal character of which should be the great Florentine poet. Tennyson appreciated very fully the nature of the task thus asked of him, and is said to have replied, after giving the subject serious thought, that it would require the genius of another Dante properly to present the character of the great Italian in dramatic form; that in English a Shakspere might have attempted it with some hope of success, but that no lesser dramatist could possibly succeed even in a minor degree.

Mr. Irving found in the French playwright, M. Sardou, a more complacent employee than the late Laureate. Even Sardou, however, seems to have realized eventually his incapacity for the difficult task and preferred to share his responsibility with another. Hence the appearance of a second name, that of M. Moreau, on the playbills as co-author of the present dramatic version of Dante. We doubt if this name has been heard outside of France before in relation to dramatic writing.

It seems curious at first that M. Sardou should admit as a collaborator in so important a work, a comparatively unknown playwright. It might have been thought that a play with Dante for its subject represented the opportunity of a lifetime for M. Sardou, and with the chance to have his work staged by so distinguished an actor as Sir Henry Irving, would have proved a source of inspiration sure to result in a really great dramatic work.

If there is anything that the play of Dante as presented is not, it is certainly not a great drama. It is not only false to history and to personal characterization of the individuals represented, but it is dramatically crude and ineffective, and its

situations savor more of a Drury Lane melodrama than of even an ordinarily successful modern play.

This is so true that many of the foreign critics, especially the Germans, have refused to recognize in "Dante" the experienced stage-craftsmanship of M. Sardou, and have insisted on attributing the play entirely to his collaborator, the undistinguished M. Moreau. This is undoubtedly the only possible explanation for the inexpert dramatic farrago which has been inflicted on the English and American theatre-going public. Surely M. Sardou would never have permitted the drama as it is to go before an intelligent French audience, and would never have consented to the use of his name as one of its authors, had the critical judgment of it to come first from his French compatriots. The play has been very well characterized as "made in France, but for export only," and every one knows in what class goods of this kind must be placed.

There is a little book published in connection with the Irving engagement, and sold in the theatre, in order to give a better idea of the play and the characters introduced. Without doubt it is one of the most naïve publications that the literary public has had a chance to read in a good while. As this book of the play is official, it is supposed to show what are the grounds on which the dramatists selected certain features of Dante's life as furnishing a basis for the stage story that they have told. Messieurs Sardou and Moreau even provided the writer of the little volume with an interview in order to explain their position on many matters. There is no doubt that there was need for the explanation.

Here is a passage from it: "There is more," said M. Sardou, "of the soul than of the body of Dante in our drama. We have personified in him a lover of liberty, a fierce hater of persecution, of oppression, and of clerical domination. . . . Our Dante is not the historical Dante; it is the moral Dante. . . . We have taken him in his full grandeur as a symbol of liberty. It was this conception of the hero that we offered to Henry Irving. . . . Politics pass away, accessories fade; what moves us is the dominant idea of the poet, his attitude of revolt against the injustice of men. In him, through the mist of the Middle Ages, we see a modern light shining."

It is refreshing to find that even the French playwrights do not consider their Dante the historical Dante. It is rather

startling, however, for those who have seen the play, to be told that it is the moral Dante that is presented; had they said the immoral Dante they would have been much nearer the truth.

Here is another naïve passage from the book: "The central episode of the drama is the love of Dante for Pia de' Tolomei. We know, by the confession of Dante himself in various parts of his works, that a year after the death of Beatrice he fell in love with a *donna gentile* (gentle lady), who had shown him great sympathy at the time of his bereavement. We know, too, by the poet's confession, and by the admission of all his biographers, that this second love was not a mere boy's freak, but a real and ardent love, which later on he was somewhat ashamed of.

"Who this 'gentle lady'—a friend of Beatrice who in Purgatory reproaches Dante for his infidelity—may have been, it is difficult to state, though some believe she was Gemma Donati, who afterwards became Dante's wife."

After thus confessing that the *donna gentile* of Dante may very well have been his future wife, it must be considered, we suppose, as typical of the French dramatists that they should prefer to assume, contrary to all authority in the matter, that he referred to another woman, and should then build up their play on this assumption. No French play, of course, is successful unless there is "the other woman in the case," and in recent years the moulds of French dramatic form have so uniformly been constructed after this model, that it would be useless to expect a drama cast on any other lines. This may be an excuse for the French playwrights, though it can scarcely be considered as quite sufficient justification for Mr. Irving's presentation of the play thus constructed to the English-speaking public.

This *donna gentile* has been a stumbling-block to many critics, but no authority on the details of Dante's life accepts the interpretation of the passage, which for dramatic purpose has been assumed to be the true one by MM. Sardou and Moreau. Scartazzini, whose hand-book to Dante is one of the most authoritative of modern publications on the great poet (Davidson's translation, p. 55), says: "The 'gentle lady' with whom Dante fell in love after the death of Beatrice is a real crux to interpreter and biographers, a crux all the more diffi-

cult because all the ancient writers observe an absolute silence with respect to this event in Dante's life, and because the two accounts given by the poet in 'The New Life,' chapters xxxvi.-xxxix., and in 'The Love Feast,' I. i.-ii. 2, are not quite in harmony with each other."

After showing that the two accounts are really not discrepant, Scartazzini says: "Even Dante's second love was very innocent, being confined to looks of piteous love on one side and on the other to feelings of nascent sweet affection, at first cultivated, then battled with and finally conquered. All the more singular must seem the hardships and reproaches which the poet makes to himself, and his fervent and most bitter repentance. This only proves how fine and delicate were Dante's views regarding sexual love."

As a matter of fact, there is very serious doubt whether Dante really referred to love for a living woman or not, and it is a question in the mind of many commentators whether his words must not be taken as referring to the study of philosophy, which he took up for many months after Beatrice's death as a source of consolation, and, allowing himself to be carried farther in his philosophical speculations than he intended or considered to be good for him, expressed his remorse for his apparent neglect of his loved one.

Thomas Davidson, who translates Scartazzini's hand-book, accepts this explanation as the true one, and says that the critics have all been ingeniously striving to loose a knot which in reality does not exist. According to Davidson, the reason why all ancient writers observe absolute silence respecting Dante's second love is because there never was any such thing. If words mean anything, then Dante tells us this in the clearest possible way. He says: "I declare and affirm that the lady of whom I became enamoured was the most beautiful and virtuous daughter of the Emperor of the universe, to whom Pythagoras gave the name of Philosophy" ("The Feast," ii. 16). Davidson adds: "How Dante came to look upon philosophy as a piteous lady after reading Boethius on *The Consolations of Philosophy*, is clear enough. He himself says: 'I, who was seeking to console myself, found not only a remedy for my tears but words of authors, of sciences and of books, and considering these I judge fairly that philosophy, the lady of these authors, of these sciences, and of these books, was a supreme being,

and I imagined her made of a gentle lady, and I could not imagine her in any attitude save a piteous one: wherefore so eagerly did my sense of truth admire her, that I could hardly turn it away from her.'"

The principal critics who would connect the *donna gentile* of Dante with a real woman are agreed that the only one who can be accepted for the part is Gemma Donati, the circumstances of whose life fulfil most of the conditions required for the explanation of Dante's reference. With regard to this subject Scartazzini explains very fully, yet briefly enough to be quoted:

"Balbo and others after him have supposed that Gemma Donati, subsequently the poet's wife, was the same as the piteous consoler of 'The New Life.' This hypothesis is not discountenanced by the story in 'The New Life'; for, if marrying was no longer, in Dante's eyes, an infidelity to Beatrice, nothing forbade him to marry the fair consoler, albeit at an earlier period he had condemned his nascent love for her. The hypothesis is farther strengthened by the fact that the houses of the Alighieri and those of the Donati stood back to back, and that the story in 'The New Life' compels us to admit that the house occupied by the fair consoler was in close proximity to that inhabited by the poet. At the same time it is strange to think that Dante should have made his own wife the symbol of Philosophy, a thing altogether contrary to the custom of the time. But, still, it is not impossible that in this, as in so much else, Dante departed from the usage of his age, and raised a literary monument to his own wife. The fact that he conceals the name of the 'gentle lady,' while he reveals that of Beatrice, tells rather for than against the hypothesis."

Mr. Moncrieff O'Connor, in his letter to the *Tablet*, portions of which have been already quoted, says: "It were useless to follow the farrago of absurdities, as to history, with which this travesty abounds, but we may remark, as evidence of the execrable taste with which the thing has been done, that, not content with inflicting Dante with a mistress, M. Sardou must needs give her the name of an honorable lady, between whom and Dante no breath of suspicion existed, and who in real life was dead years before the action of this piece begins." She is the lady who in the fifth canto of the Purgatorio, under

the name of La Pia, asks Dante to pray for her when he shall return to earth after his long journey.

Beyond the meagre facts stated in the text, that she was a widow who had remarried, there is nothing but conjecture. Tradition says she was murdered by her second husband. The Irving book of the play says:

"This gentle vision of a lady, invested with such melancholy pathos, in the few lines of Dante,—this gracious, mysterious figure tempted the imagination of artists in every age; painters have wrought pictures of her, novelists have written romances, and an Italian musician has composed an opera on the subject. Sardou and Moreau have now made her the heroine of their drama. But, in the dearth of facts, all have necessarily used their imaginations in weaving her story."

For the first time in history, however, the French dramatists have dared to breathe a word of scandal against this fair sufferer, who in Purgatory is atoning for minor offences, not grave sins, of which in her regard there is indeed no hint anywhere else than here.

Perhaps the greatest insult in the play to the genius of Dante and the spirit of his life and times—if possible, more unpardonable even than the fact that Beatrice and La Pia almost jostle one another more than once on the stage—Beatrice, the Celestial, Pia, the Guilty Love—is the reason given for Dante's journey through hell.

He is supposed to be told that he will never learn anything of the illegitimate daughter whom he is seeking unless he makes the journey to hell. Like Ulysses, then, going through Hades in quest of information, Dante's trip through the nether world is undertaken and carried out entirely for this purpose. Of course it is supremely belittling to the lofty purpose of the "Divine Comedy," and utterly subversive of the influential position the poem has held as the sublime, poetic exposition of moral advancement through the conquering of evil; but even this ludicrous satire of the facts of the case does not give the French playwrights pause. It was necessary that their drama to be effective should contain scenes from the Inferno. With French adhesion to dramatic rules, these must be introduced in organic unity with the plot of the play; hence if the true purpose of a great literary treasure must be per-

verted, it is only another necessary sacrifice to successful melodrama; and who shall say them nay?

There is another phase of the drama of "Dante," as presented by Mr. Irving, which we cannot but deprecate, especially here in America, since there are features of the play that will undoubtedly appeal to old-time prejudices against the Catholic Church, and will appear to many people as a confirmation of historic traditions with regard to the Church and the Prereformation period, that have long since been blotted from the pages of actual history.

All during the play Dante is made to appear as constantly in opposition to the church authorities, and any one who did not know the actual details of his life could not possibly help but conclude that his life had been mainly devoted to active recalcitrancy to the teachings and authority of that body.

Time was when such a misrepresentation appeared justified because of false traditions with regard to the position occupied by Dante in the life and thought of his times. In recent years, however, it has come to be recognized that far from being a heretic, Dante was a most faithful son of the Catholic Church, and that his works breathe her spirit and her teachings better than those of any other great writer. A modern Roman theologian is even bold enough to say that were all the libraries in the world destroyed and the Holy Scriptures with them, the whole Catholic system of doctrine and morals might be reconstructed from the "Divine Comedy." A number of popes, among them Paul III., Pius IV., Clement XII., and Pius VII., have accepted the dedication of editions of the "Divine Comedy." Nearly half a century ago Pius IX. sent a wreath to be placed upon Dante's tomb at Ravenna. The late Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., was not only a great admirer of Dante, but took special pains to proclaim on many occasions his favoritism towards this greatest of Italian poets. He occupied a place in the heart of that great pontiff close to that of St. Thomas Aquinas, of whose philosophy and theology Dante's immortal poem has well been called the sublime poetic expression. For those who know how great was Leo XIII.'s reverence for St. Thomas this will serve as evidence enough of his feeling towards Dante.

In beginning his Second Series of Studies in Dante, Mr.

Edward Moore, D.D., principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and lecturer on Dante at the Taylor Institution, said with regard to Dante as a religious teacher, especially in relation to Catholic doctrine:

"The object of this essay is, mainly, twofold. First, to point out the extraordinary variety of men and minds that nowadays recognize in Dante a religious or moral teacher, and to contrast this phenomenon with the equally extraordinary incapacity to appreciate him prevalent in the last century, and even later. Secondly (and chiefly), to vindicate his theological position as a sincere and orthodox Catholic. This is a subject on which the most erroneous views have prevailed, owing to the omission to note the vital distinction between denouncing abuses in discipline or practice, and impugning error of doctrine."

He adds further: "Probably no pre-eminently great writer has ever been the subject of such utterly diverse judgments as Dante, and this from the literary and artistic, no less than from the theological side."

The whole spirit of the play breathes the old tradition that made Dante one of the so-called Prereformation reformers. With regard to this false notion, the late Mr. John M. Mooney, in writing his preface to the English translation of Ozanam's *Dante and Catholic Philosophy*, published by the Cathedral Library Association, New York, 1897, some seven years ago, said:

"The Protestant tradition that the most illustrious of Catholic poets was a foe to the Papacy is still alive, and though many non-Catholics are led to study the trilogy because of Dante's glorious imagination; strange philosophical and theological science; forcible, compact, unique style; passionate expression of sentiment and of creed; there are few who are not prejudiced in his favor, especially, and one might say invincibly, because, more or less justly, he attacked ecclesiastics of the Roman Catholic Church, and, more or less considerately, censured evils that afflicted the church in his day. Only a Catholic can duly estimate the value of Dante's censures, which, however violent, impugn in nowise the doctrine or the divine organization of the church; as only a Catholic can, with full intelligence and perfect sympathy, comprehend the philosophical views and theological tenets of the medita-

tive religious poet, who towers above all others in solitary grandeur."

Those who may still have any lingering doubts with regard to the possible heretical tendencies of Dante will do well to read Father Henry Sebastian Bowden's editorial preface to the Commentary of the distinguished German critic, Franz Hettinger, on Dante's "Divina Commedia," its scope and value, as translated for English readers. Father Bowden points out that while Dante's teaching as regards the Empire was radically unsound, and that consequently his book, *De Monarchia*, was placed on the Index as dangerous, this by no means implies a censure of the man himself. Dante's political teaching, if carried out to its fullest extent, would have proved subversive of the then existing political conditions in Italy, and so, for the sake of civil order, had to be condemned.

On the other hand, it is an indication of the tolerance of the church that, notwithstanding the fact of Dante's very free condemnation of several popes, whose lives by no means justified the poet's bitterness and whose sentences are due not to poetic justice but political prejudice, no condemnation of the "Divina Commedia" was ever issued. Father Bowden calls attention to the Index of Prohibited Works published by act of Parliament in England with reference to books which, because they reflected on the character of the reigning sovereign, or on their conduct with regard to religion, it was made high treason to possess. This index has been in existence since the Reformation. The Roman Curia might well have acted in the same way in the supposedly intolerant fourteenth century with regard to Dante's "Divina Commedia" without being liable to any more criticism than the English government, but as a matter of fact the popes always thought too much of Dante's great poem thus to condemn it. Father Bowden concludes: "The Holy See's treatment of the poet is that of a wise and generous parent who will not allow the strong passions in the erring child to influence her recognition and approval of his truer and better nature, and thus as the 'Divina Commedia,' notwithstanding serious blots, remains substantially a magnificent exposition of the Catholic Faith, it has been studied and extolled by theologians and poets."

The highest ecclesiastical authority in England put himself on record in no unmistakable terms as regards Dante's attitude

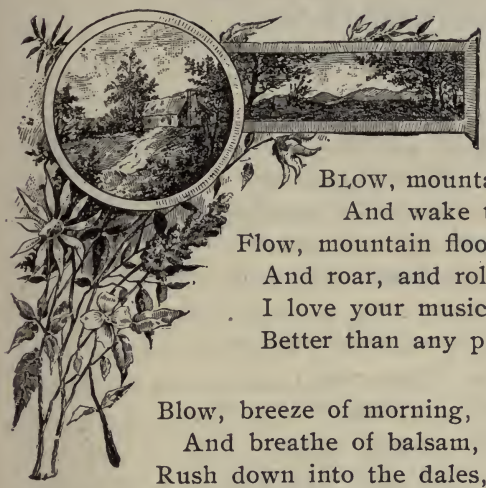
towards the Catholic Church in a letter to Father Bowden commending him for this translation of Hettinger's Commentary. Catholics who may still be timorous in their judgment or in the expression of their opinions with regard to the supposed heretical tendencies of Dante may well accept the late Cardinal Manning's official approval as competent authority in this matter. Few happier tributes have ever been penned to the genius of Dante, as well as to his essential Catholicity, than this brief letter of the late Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster:

"You have conferred a true benefit upon us by publishing Dr. Hettinger's work on Dante. It will be not only a signal help to readers of the 'Divina Commedia,' but it will, I hope, awaken Catholics to a sense of the not inculpable neglect of the greatest of poets, who by every title of genius, and by the intensity of his whole heart and soul, is the master-poet of the Catholic Faith. Excepting Ozanam's beautiful *Dante et la Philosophie Chrétienne*—for I can hardly refer to Rosetti's edition—I know of no Catholic who has in our time made a translation or a comment on Dante. It has fallen to non-Catholic hands to honor his name. Perhaps it may be because of certain burning words against the human and secular scandals in the mediæval world. Bellarmine has long ago cleared away those aspersions from the Catholic loyalty of Dante.

"There are three books which always seem to me to form a triad of Dogma, of Poetry, and of Devotion,—the *Summa* of St. Thomas, the 'Divina Commedia,' and the 'Paradisus Animæ.' All three contain the same outline of Faith. St. Thomas traces it on the intellect, Dante upon the imagination, and the 'Paradisus Animæ' upon the heart. The poem unites the book of Dogma and the book of Devotion, and is in itself both Dogma and Devotion clothed in conceptions of intensity and of beauty which have never been surpassed or equalled. No uninspired hand has ever written thoughts so high in words so burning and so resplendent as the last stanzas of the 'Divina Commedia.' It was said of St. Thomas, 'Post Summam Thomæ nihil restat nisi lumen gloriæ,'—After the *Summa* of Thomas nothing remains except the light of glory. It may be said of Dante, Post Dantis paradisum nihil restat nisi visio Dei,—After the Paradiso of Dante nothing remains except the vision of God."

All this is, of course, very far from the picture of Dante as a rebel against the church and a Prereformation reformer, which Sir Henry Irving's Dante will surely lead those ignorant of the truth in the matter to assume as the only true expression of Dante's position in religious matters. The traditions that used to support any such false notions have long been discredited, but, like many other lies of history, they still crop up, ever requiring new refutation. Perhaps the present exaggeratedly erroneous version of Dante's politico-religious career and his relations to the church, with the utter misrepresentation of his real principles which it involves, may really prove of service to the cause of truth, in the midst of the present renewed interest in Dante, by calling public attention forcibly to the recent literature with regard to this subject, and so bring about a diffusion of proper information in these regards.

In the meantime we think that the literary and dramatic world cannot but regret the fact that so great an actor as Sir Henry Irving should risk a serious blot on his career by presenting a play so false to the truth of history. Sir Henry cannot plead, as so many other actors might, his lack of responsibility in the matter, and it is evident that his desire to be at least the physical ideal of Dante for this generation, has led him into what is a serious error of judgment, if not an unpardonable fault of taste and an unworthy display of the lack of true dramatic instinct.



IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BLOW, mountain winds, your bugles blow,
And wake the forest with your glee;
Flow, mountain floods, in thunder flow
And roar, and roll triumphantly:
I love your music wild and strong
Better than any puling song!

Blow, breeze of morning, o'er the hills,
And breathe of balsam, fir, and pine:
Rush down into the dales, O rills!
Through belts of shadow, bands of shine;
And lift your voices grand and free
In Nature's mighty symphony!

Sing out, sing strong your thunder-song,
And shake the mountains with your mirth:
Shout out, and let the rocks prolong
The grandest music heard on earth,
The deep, majestic organ-voice
That makes my gloomy soul rejoice!

Lift up your heads, O granite hills!
Where Freedom made her dwelling-place.
There, to the music of your rills,
She nursed a bold and hardy race:
Their swaddling clothes the thunder-cloud,
Their lullaby the tempest loud.

Ten thousand years of sun and storm
Have swept o'er ye with scarce a trace
To mark or mar your stately form,
Or seam with scars your rugged face;
Pillars of time, sublime ye stand,
Stone-records carved by Nature's hand!

Blow, winds of morning, loudly blow,
And tell to me what here befell
Ages and ages long ago,
When earth, upheaved by fires of hell,
Her tons of granite hurled in air
And reared those mighty altars there!

What awful warfare waged on earth
When fire and flood and storm combined
To rive and twist with demon-mirth,
And build those marvels of mankind!
What fearful hurricane of wrath
Scattered those boulders in his path?

Truly this ground is hallowed ground,
The battle-field of Titans vast:
The wreck of worlds is scattered round,
And ruin o'er the country cast:
Here in this wild and grand purlieu
Earth met a fearful Waterloo.

Blow, mountain winds, your bugles blow!
There's battle music in your blast:
Flow, mountain floods, in thunder flow
Over the rough rock hurrying fast!
I love your music loud and strong,
Sonorous as a battle-song!

Better a life among these hills,
These woods of hemlock, spruce, and pine,
Than life among the Southern rills,
Where through the palms the sunbeams shine:
The South is sweet; but give to me
The North with all its energy!

JULIAN JOHNSTONE.

FREDERIC OZANAM.

BY REV. HENRY A. BRANN, D.D.

IT is just ninety years since Napoleon the Great, after imprisoning the Pope, was scourged by divine vengeance in the disastrous retreat from Moscow, and crushed in the battle of Leipsig in 1813. It was on April 13 of that year that Frederic Ozanam, the second of fourteen children, was born, at Milan. He was the son of a voluntary French exile who had been a soldier, a professor of French, and finally had become a physician. The Ozanam family, although for centuries settled in France, near Lyons, were of Hebrew origin—of that wonderful race which has given to the world the greatest poets, the greatest lawgivers, and the most illustrious characters in history. It was at Lyons that young Frederic began his studies. He showed ability, and wrote philosophical essays and good verses even in his early years. But unfortunately, like too many young Frenchmen of that time and since, influenced by infidel traditions and by the infidel teachings of many of the professors in the state schools and colleges, he lost his faith, so that like the contemporary philosopher, Jouffroy, he seemed at one time, as he tells us, to doubt "even his own existence." But at this crisis in his life Providence sent him a counsellor and friend in the Abbé Noirot, an adept in guiding young men through the tangled wood of passion and incredulity to the open glades of virtue and religion. Frederic was the youngest of the able abbé's one hundred and thirty pupils, but soon shone at the head of them all; "an elect soul," as the venerable priest, who lived long after his favorite pupil's death, loved to call him.

In France, once the model Catholic nation, a despotic and immoral dynasty, a selfish and infidel aristocracy, and a clergy corrupted by secular intrusion into the sanctuary and by simoniacal practices, had dragged throne and altar into the mire. False systems in religion and in politics were everywhere rampant. In 1830 particularly the St.-Simonians became

a very numerous and noisy sect of social reformers. The policy and the teaching of the founder of this sect were to build a religion of the future on the ruins of Christianity. His disciples, Enfantin and Bazard, developed his socialistic theories and won over to their ideas many talented Frenchmen.

Ozanam, then only seventeen years old, entered the lists against them, and in 1831 composed a refutation of their theories in a treatise which won the admiration and the praise of Lamartine. The condition of society at that time in France was deplorable, owing to the frequent revolutions which destroyed public order and filled the country with dreamers and sophists who, having rejected the safe, logical, and divine teachings of Christ, were tossed about by every wind of doctrine. Atheism reigned supreme in schools and colleges. Materialism swayed the masses, and Utopias in politics and religion were nightly dreamed and daily preached by the visionaries who undertook to lead the people. In the law school of Paris, when Ozanam entered it in 1831, he found only three Christians among his fellow-students. The rest were rationalists, atheists, or St.-Simonians.

Ozanam tells us that he was the only one in his boarding-house who kept the law of abstinence on Friday. But he soon found a more congenial place of residence in the home of the celebrated mathematician, André Marie Ampère, a good Catholic, who afterwards became Frederic's father-in-law and faithful friend. Ampère was one of the few able men of his day who in France agreed with the saying of the philosopher, Jouffroy, who, after years of scepticism, publicly confessed before his death "that all the systems put together are not worth one page of the catechism."

Frederic, surrounded on all sides by enemies of his faith, bravely defended its doctrinal and its moral principles from constant attack. But he felt that words were not the most efficacious weapons to use in defence of truth. Deeds are better.

The St.-Simonians pointed particularly to the condition of the laboring classes and of the very poor, and taunted the Catholics with indifference to their welfare. The Revolution of 1789, the despotism of Napoleon, and the Voltairianism of the Bourbon restoration had effaced from men's minds the memory of the beneficent monasteries and of the countless charities of the church in the ages of faith, when her wealth was shared

with the sick and the needy. "Show us your good works done for the poor!" cried the new quack doctors of poverty. Under the stimulus of this taunt the young law student, Ozanam, and two friends, Lallier and La Mache, determined to organize a society under the patronage of St. Vincent de Paul, to visit and assist the poor. They were aided by Mr. Bailly, the very worthy proprietor of a small newspaper, the *Catholic Tribune*, which became their organ. "Most of you," said Bailly to Ozanam and a group of his young friends, "are studying to be lawyers, some to be doctors; go help the poor, each in your special line; let your studies be of use to others as well as to yourselves; it is a good and easy way of commencing your apostolate as Christians in the world." But they had little experience until they made the acquaintance of good Sister Rosalie, a name held in benediction to this day even among the infidels of France for her devotion to the poor. She supplied work enough for these young gentlemen determined to be Christians in act as well as in word. It was at the very beginning of this apostolate to relieve the poor that Ozanam wrote to a friend the letter in which he used a phrase that characterized his whole life: "For some time past—above all, since I have seen some very young men laid low by death—life has worn a different aspect to me. Although I gave up the practice of my religion, the idea of the other world had not sunk deeply enough into my heart, and I only began now to realize that I had not hitherto been mindful enough of two companions who are always walking by our side, even when we do not notice them—God and death."

The motive of Ozanam and his companions in founding the St. Vincent de Paul Society was derived from Christian faith and from Christian charity. There was nothing of mere humanitarianism or of mere natural philanthropy in their work. It was prompted by higher considerations and by nobler ideals. They loved the poor because they loved Jesus Christ.

"Charity," wrote Ozanam, "should never look back but always forward, for the number of her past benefits is always very small, while the present and future wants that she has to relieve are infinite. Look at the philanthropical societies with their meetings, reports, summings-up, bills and accounts; before they are a year old they have volumes of minutes. Philanthropy is a vain woman who likes to deck herself out in her good works

and admire herself in a glass; whereas charity is a mother whose eyes rest lovingly on the child at her breast, who has no thought of self, but forgets her beauty in her love." There was no flattering of the poor, no stimulating of their natural envy and of their hostility to the rich, no weakening of the respect for the rights of property, in the beneficent work of the St. Vincent de Paul societies which soon began to spread from Paris all over the world.

Ozanam was a sound philosopher and a safe theologian as well as a good Christian, and consequently he was not misled by socialistic theories in his work. He knew that the real solution of the problem of poverty and of the questions disputed between capital and labor is found only in the gospel of Christ. In his study of Dante and of Dante's master in theology, Thomas Aquinas, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society learned the essence, the qualities, and the effects of the virtues of justice and of charity. From Thomas Aquinas, speaking for all the great philosophers, theologians, and statesmen of the world, he had learned that the right to private property, founded in the natural law, sanctioned by the universal custom and law of nations and by the canon law of the church, should be sacredly respected; that respect for this right stimulates private activity and public industry; preserves public order; for, this right being intact, each man knows his place and his limitations. This right promotes public peace by guaranteeing each one in the possession of what he has lawfully acquired. Defending this right stands justice with a drawn sword, preserving property from the thief and the unjust aggressor, whether he use the name of the state or his own in the attempt to despoil and to plunder. But all rights are limited. The right of property is not absolute. It is limited by God, by death, and by the necessities of our fellow-men. The only absolute owner in the universe is God, for he alone is the Creator. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof"; and the Lord gives to every individual of the human species the right to live, and imposes on all men the obligation of helping their neighbor in distress or affliction.

The great law of charity, as laid down by Christ, is as universal as justice, and qualifies all human rights. While owning property, to use it for the benefit of others, to let others share it, to give to the poor what is not necessary for ourselves, and

if we wish to be perfect to "go sell all we have and give to the poor," is the teaching of sane reason and the counsel of Christ. In him the rich find the Divine Model of disinterestedness, generosity, and unselfishness. In His Name, St. Paul tells Timothy, "Charge the rich of this world not to be high-minded nor to hope in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us abundantly all things to enjoy. To do good, to be rich in good works, to distribute readily, to communicate" (I. Tim. vi. 17). Christ's love of poverty is the model for rich and for poor; a love so great that, as Dante says, he preferred poverty to his mother, for he left her at the foot of the cross, while he carried poverty up to the cross with him.

The growth of the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul was rapid. In 1833 there were only nine of them; in 1845 they had increased to nine thousand, six of which were in London. Ozanam intensely realized the importance of their work. The social question of class distinctions and of poverty for him was the great question. "It is a social question," he wrote in 1848; "do away with misery, Christianize the people, and you will make an end of revolutions." "It is the struggle of those who have nothing with those who have too much." "If it be the struggle of those who have nothing with those who have too much, if it be the violent shock of opulence and poverty which is making the ground tremble under our feet, our duty, as Christians, is to throw ourselves between these irreconcilable enemies, and to induce one side to give, in order to fulfil the law, and the other to receive as a benefit; to make one side cease to exact and the other cease to refuse; to render equality as general as it is possible amongst men." He never ceased during his life to occupy himself specially with the founding and organizing of new Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul.

Still, the foundation of these conferences for the spiritual and temporal relief of the poor was only an incident in the life of Ozanam. His chief claim to honor and fame is in his great literary talent, his numerous historical works, and his fidelity, from first to last, in an age and circle of infidelity, to the doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church.

He became a professor in the University of the Sorbonne in 1840, when he was only twenty-seven years old, and he had for contemporaries men like Cousin, Guizot, and Villemain,

who disagreed with him in religion, yet honored him for his genius and for his virtues. Among Catholics he could always count on the aid and sympathy of Montalembert, the eloquent and invincible lay champion of Catholic principles, and on Lacordaire, the greatest and the most influential preacher in France in the last century. For fifty years no practical Catholic had taught in the Sorbonne; while the voices of rationalists and of Voltairians had rung through the halls of the once famous Catholic university, denouncing the Catholic Church, and misrepresenting her creed and her action in history and in philosophy. Cousin had taught pantheism, and Villemain had calumniated the church with the applause of crowds of listening students.

But now Ozanam entered the field. The crowd was against him. The students had been corrupted by infidel fathers at home, or by infidel teachers in the primary schools. It required great tact and great courage to stand up against self-interest and popular prejudice. Yet the young professor was not found wanting. He was gentle, but he made no compromise; he was calm, but he made no concessions. He knew the truth, he had studied well his subjects; he had facility, eloquence, magnetism, genius; and the infidels were dumb, while the Catholics applauded, for he spoke with the eloquence of conviction and of truth. Lacordaire eloquently describes his influence in these words: "Athens listened as she would have listened to Gregory or Basil, if, instead of returning to the solitudes of their native land, they had poured out at the foot of the Areopagus, where St. Paul was preaching, those treasures of science and taste which were to illustrate their names." Ozanam had qualified himself as lecturer in law, in literature, and in history, by studying all the languages and all the literatures of modern Europe. He had sought out in Germany, France, and Italy the original sources and documents; consequently the information imparted by him was reliable. He was not like the ordinary writer of modern history, with whom we are too familiar, who takes his information at second hand from some prejudiced and biased source. Ozanam's statements and opinions were not discolored by prejudice or bigotry. He sifted both sides, wherever the statements were conflicting, and never drew a conclusion which was not warranted by the premises. Hence men whose prejudices made them averse to

his teaching were unable to withhold admiration for his ability, his honesty, and his impartiality. He loved the church so much that he hated whatever tended to disgrace or tarnish her fame. This was shown even in minor matters. For instance, he had no mercy, as an examiner, on clerical students who failed in their examinations. Once a seminarist, who had failed to pass them, called on him for an explanation. The professor at first mildly pointed out the mistakes of his student, and then with great severity said to him: "Your very dress, sir, compels me to be more exacting. When one has the honor to wear the livery of the priesthood, one should not lightly expose it to a similar disgrace." He knew that one of the greatest enemies of the church is ignorance, and especially ignorance among the clergy; and he remembered the words of the prophet: "For the lips of the priest shall keep knowledge, and they shall seek the law at his mouth; for he is the angel of the Lord of hosts" (Malachias ii. 7). Schism and heresy can exist and flourish among the masses of the people only when they are ignorant of the truth, and led by ignorant, cowardly, or unfaithful guides.

Even when engaged in the arduous work of a professor, and in the midst of most serious studies, Ozanam never forgot the poor. After his morning lecture at the Sorbonne he often spent his evenings in lecturing in the basement of the Church of St. Sulpice to assemblies of laboring men. He took a deep interest in this work, and prepared himself as carefully for it as for the audience of cultured young men who listened to him in the university. "Let us see what Christianity has done for the workingman," said he in one of his St. Sulpice lectures. "Free labor has no greater enemy than slavery; consequently, the pagans, who held to slavery, trampled free labor under foot. They spurned it, and stigmatized it with the most offensive names. Even Cicero, that great and wise man whom we are so fond of quoting,—Cicero says that there is nothing liberal in manual labor; that trade, if it be small, is to be considered sordid; but if vast and opulent, need not be severely blamed (*De Officiis* i. i. c. 42)." He then quoted the law of the Twelve Tables, according to which the debtor, who was not able to pay, could be sold by the creditor, or could be cut up into as many pieces as there were creditors, so that each might have a piece of him. At a later period in Roman history,

instead of cutting up the debtor, his creditors compelled him to sell his children; and even up to the reign of Constantine the children of debtors were sold in the public market place. Often he would quote for his uneducated hearers the beautiful poem of St. Francis of Assisi to my "Lady Poverty." How beautiful it is!

"Lord, have Thou pity upon me, and upon my Lady Poverty. Behold her seated on a dunghill; she, who is the queen of virtues, complains because her friends have spurned her and have become her enemies. Remember, Lord, that Thou didst come down from the abode of the angels in order to take her for Thy spouse, and to make her the mother of a great multitude of sons who should be perfect. It was she who received Thee in the stable and in the manger, and who, keeping company with Thee all through life, took care that Thou hadst not whereon to lay Thy head. When Thou didst begin the war of our redemption, Poverty attached herself to Thee like a faithful squire. She stood by Thy side during the combat; she did not forsake Thee when Thy disciples fled.

"When at last Thy mother, who followed Thee to the end, and took her share of all Thy sorrows; when even Thy mother could no longer reach to Thee because of the height of the cross, my Lady Poverty embraced Thee more closely than ever. She would not have Thy cross carefully finished, nor the nails in sufficient number, and pointed, and smooth; but prepared only three, which she made blunt and rough, that they might better serve the purpose of Thy torture. Whilst Thou wert dying of thirst, she refused Thee a little water, so that Thou didst expire clasped in the embrace of this Thy spouse. Oh! who then would not love my Lady Poverty above all things?"

Ozanam in his beautiful work on the *Franciscan Poets* brings out strongly the love of poverty which characterized that perfect follower of Christ, St. Francis of Assisi; and Ozanam was always fond of offering him as a model to the laboring classes and to the rich, for the life and example of this thirteenth century saint, if imitated by Christians, would leave this world free from conflicts between capital and labor. Ozanam saw these conflicts in the streets of Paris in 1848.

There is no more interesting scene in his life than the death of Monseigneur Affre, the Archbishop of Paris, in the

revolution of that blood-stained year. The streets of Paris were deluged with blood. All the evil elements of that turbulent capital had risen in insurrection, had formed barricades, and were defying and holding in check the regular army which defended the government. On Sunday, June 25, Ozanam, with two other friends who were on duty as national guards, thought it would be a good plan to get the archbishop to come to the barricades and intervene as a peacemaker between the two factions. The brave prelate acceded at once to their request and went with them towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, then the worst quarter of Paris, where the rebels held absolute sway. The people saluted the archbishop in the streets, applauded him as he passed, and many knelt for his blessing. For the Frenchman, no matter what may be his defects, loves courage, a virtue never lacking in the sons of Gaul. General Cavaignac, in command of the regular forces, warned the archbishop that his life would be in danger if he went to the barricades. The insurgents behind them had already made a prisoner of General Brea, although he carried a flag of truce. But to every remonstrance the archbishop answered, "I am going." He was cool and determined to the end. He would allow no one to accompany him or share the danger, but repeated as he went along, "The good shepherd giveth his life for his flock." He climbed up the nearest barricade in the Place de la Bastile, holding up the branch of a tree to which a white handkerchief had been attached, as a flag of truce and a sign of pardon, when suddenly a shot, from a window over his head, struck him and he fell back, exclaiming as he died, "May my blood be the last shed!" The news of the death filled Ozanam with remorse, for it was he and his friends who had suggested the archbishop's intervention. But his blood quenched the fires of the insurrection, which was really a civil war, the most dangerous of all wars, as we know by our own sad experience.

Ozanam continued his arduous studies and labors in the Sorbonne until 1852, when a fatal illness, which had been destroying his health for some time, compelled him to retire to Eaux-Bonnes, in the south of France. There he stayed for some time, and then travelled through Spain. It was on this trip that he wrote these beautiful words: "In this land, where man has done little, I see only the works of God, and I now

say, with all the might of my faith, that God is not only the great Geometer, the great Legislator, He is also the great, the Supreme Artist. He is the Author of all poetry. He has poured it over creation in floods, and if He wished the world to be good, He also meant it to be beautiful."

The evidence of this Christian faith and Christian spirit runs through all his works; and on this account the pleasantest task of one who undertakes to study his life is the perusal of his writings, as well on account of the learning which they manifest as of their polished style. An admirer of Dante, Ozanam's *Dante and Catholic Philosophy* is a master work on the subject. *St. Francis and the Franciscan Poets* is a gem of literary beauty. *Civilization of the Fifth Century* and *German Studies* are the works of an erudite, conscientious, and impartial historian, who writes in the most elegant and classic French. The matter as well as the form of his writings is perfect; for he was a painstaking, hard-working scholar, who had the virtue of application as well as the gift of genius. The second part of the *German Studies* is devoted to *Civilization among the Franks.* In this work there is one especially interesting chapter on the labors of the Irish missionaries of the sixth century. Ozanam loved the land, the race, and the character of those wonderful Western Celts, who may be said to have reconverted Europe after the barbarian invasion and the destruction of the Roman Empire. The heart of one whose blood, lineage, and faith are derived from the same Celtic source as these apostles derived theirs, cannot read their fascinating story in the beautiful pages of Ozanam without palpitating with love for the noble and Christian Frenchman who made the faithful record of their labors, their sufferings, and their glory.

In his luminous book we follow these Irish missionaries across the Irish Sea to England and to Scotland; we see them build schools and religious houses for the education of the Caledonians and the Saxons. Then we follow them across the Channel, up the Rhine to South Germany, into France, into Switzerland, up the Alps, over them to Southern Italy; marking their way by institutions of learning at Malmedy, Luxeuil, and Stavelo, at St. Gall, and at Bobbio; braving the wrath of the vicious and the ignorant, half-savage Teuton and Frank, and giving patron saints like St. Kilian to Würzburg,

St. Virgilius to Salzburg, St. Cataldus to Tarentum, St. Fiacre and others to France, and St. Gall to the canton named after him in Switzerland. No more interesting episode can be found in the writings of Ozanam than the story of the missionary labors in Gaul of the learned and indomitable Irishman, St. Columbanus, the spiritual father of many monasteries and convents, and the fearless missionary in face of corrupt kings and queens, and of a degraded people.

At last Ozanam, hopelessly sick, settled down in Italy. There his interest in the St. Vincent de Paul Society continued. He had found on his way to the little town of Antignano, near Leghorn, conferences established at Nice, at Genoa, at Pisa, at Leghorn, at Florence, and at Porto Ferrajo. This consoled him in his last days at Antignano, which he left in a dying condition, to return to France. He died a most edifying death, after receiving all the sacraments of the church, at Marseilles in 1853, at the age of forty, on the 8th of September, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin; and his last words were, "My God, my God, have mercy on me!" His whole character as a man and as a Christian is shown in the opening sentences of his last will and testament, made a few weeks before his death: "In the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: I commit my soul to Jesus Christ, my Saviour; with fear because of my sins, but confiding in His infinite mercy; I die in the bosom of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church. I have known the doubts of the present age; but all my life has convinced me that there is no rest for the mind and the heart except in the faith of that church and under her authority. If I attach any value to my long studies, it is because they give me the right to entreat those I love to remain faithful to a religion in which I found light and peace."

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
(From a Portrait of the Poet painted by Haydon in 1842.)

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF WORDSWORTH.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, Ph.D.

IT is difficult to say how far Nature and her influences form and fashion the poet. A Whittier amid his Berkshire hills, a Burns wandering amid the meads of Ayrshire, a Wordsworth holding communion with "the meanest flower that blows" by the shores of Ullswater, owe much indeed to the curriculum of Nature, and the reflection of her fair face, her pure and gentle spirit, is found in well-nigh every page of their work.

Indeed, it is only when you have trodden "in the footsteps

of Wordsworth" through the Lakelands of Cumberland and Westmoreland that you fully realize what a share lake and river, mountain and mead, fell and force, scaur and scar, and the gentle whisperings of the lonely daffodils by the shores of Grasmere Lake had in moulding the spirit of the great High-Priest of Nature.

The relation between the poet and his time is a peculiar one. Chaucer was cradled by camp and court. Pope never looked at the heavens; and if he did, he saw no starry dome. His poetry is full of literary ruffles and periwigs, and the false philosophy of Bolingbroke. Yet Alexander Pope is, to a great extent, the product of his times.

William Wordsworth followed Thomson and Cowper, and led the heart of man back in pilgrimage to the shrine of Nature, whose altar lamp had burned unheeded during the reign—the dark night—of the Correct School of Poets.

The philosophy of this great poet's life was "plain living and high thinking." From Cockermouth, where the poet was born on April 7, 1770, to Hawkshead Grammar School, with an interval at college; and from Grasmere to Rydal Mount—this is the world of Wordsworth. He lived among the dalesmen whose simplicity, integrity, and strength form the subject of many of his finest poems.

I shall never forget how reverently I approached the grave of the poet in the little cemetery of Grasmere on my visit to the Lake region of England, a few months ago.

It was a glorious morning in June, and a June morning in England is especially charming. I had arrived at the quaint little village of Grasmere the evening before, and my first pilgrimage the following morning, at the early hour of six o'clock, was, Wordsworth in hand, to the grave of the poet.

Fitting it was, I thought, that I should read a poem at his grave; but which of his poems should it be? I opened the little volume at random, and most appropriately my eye fell upon "A Poet's Epitaph." What a coincidence! Perhaps this poem embodies more of the spirit and gospel of Wordsworth's poetry than anything else the poet has written. With the gentle Rothay murmuring hard by a requiem, and the birds in the old yew-trees singing matins, and "the two-fold shout" of the cuckoo that in the poet's school-days made him look "a thousand ways in bush and tree and sky" faintly heard in the

WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE IN GRASMERE CEMETERY.

distance, I read in the still morning, standing by Wordsworth's grave, while the little village of Grasmere, with its quaint houses of blue and brown slate stone, was yet asleep, the following beautiful lines:

"Art thou a statesman in the van
Of public business trained and bred?
First learn to love one living man;
Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

"A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!
Go carry to some fitter place
The keenness of that practised eye,
The hardness of that sallow face.

"Shut close the door; press down the latch;
Sleep in thy intellectual crust;
Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch
Near this unprofitable dust.

"But who is he, with modest looks,
And clad in homely russet brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.

"*In common things that round us lie*
Some random truths he can impart;
The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

As becoming the poet of simplicity whom Nature lovingly took to her breast, and whose garment of thought has neither frills nor fringes, the author of the *Prelude* and the *Ode to Immortality* sleeps in a grave marked by a simple slab, bearing the inscription *William Wordsworth, 1850.* On his grave was a bunch of pansies. Below his name on the same slab is inscribed Mary Wordsworth, 1859, his wife having survived him nine years. It is hallowed ground. Near by are the graves of the Quillinans, related to the Wordsworths by marriage, as well as those of his sister Dorothy, who it is said helped him much in his work; Sarah Hutchinson, his wife's sister; and his constant friend, William Wordsworth; his son who died in 1885, and the poet's two children, Thomas and Catherine, who died in the year 1812.

A little removed from the Wordsworth family plot are two monuments, one commemorative of Hartley Coleridge, the unfortunate man of genius who did so little with the gifts he had received from a bounteous Heaven and whom Wordsworth befriended, the other a memorial to Arthur Hugh Clough, the poet and sometime fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, who died November 13, 1861.

It was interesting to visit the Grasmere village church—St. Oswald's—where Wordsworth and his family attended service for many years. The last remains of a pew in which the poet sat was lately purchased at a good price by a New York publisher. The sexton of the church, Mr. Edward Wilson, who was born in Grasmere in 1822 and knew the Wordsworths intimately, informed me that for many years after Wordsworth had moved from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, he continued to walk—a distance of five miles—to the Grasmere church, as there was no church at Rydal Mount.

A tablet with a medallion of the poet marks the place

ST. OSWALD'S CHURCH, GRASMERE.

where Wordsworth used to sit in Grasmere church, the work of the Preraphaelite sculptor Woolner, the following inscription on the tablet being contributed by Keble, the author of the *Christian Year:*

To the Memory of William Wordsworth,
A True Philosopher and Poet
Who, by the Special Gift and Calling of
Almighty God,
Whether he discoursed on Man or Nature,
Failed not to Lift up the Heart
To Holy Things;
Tired not of Maintaining the Cause
Of the Poor and Simple:
And so in Perilous Times was Raised up
To be a Chief Minister
Not only of noblest Poesy
But of high and Sacred Truth:
This Memorial
Is placed here by his Friends and Neighbors
In Testimony of
Respect, Affection, and Gratitude,
Anno Domini MDCCCLI.

I learned from Mr. Wilson, the sexton, many interesting facts in connection with Wordsworth's life at Grasmere. The poet came to Grasmere with his sister Dorothy in 1799, and lived at Dove Cottage till 1808. These were his most fruitful poetic years. Here he wrote "Hart Leap Well," "The Idle Shepherd Boys," "The Brothers," "Michael," "To the Cuckoo," "Resolution and Independence," the poems on "The Daisy," "The Character of the Happy Warrior," "The Green Linnet," "To the Skylark," the "Ode to Duty," "The Waggoner," most of "The Prelude," many of his best sonnets, and his "Ode to Immortality."

As a rule Wordsworth would be "composing all morning," while Dorothy was busy at household work. They then walked out together, or went into their little pinnace on the lake and "read poems on the water, and let the boat take its own course," while in the evenings there was plenty of social life at the Wordsworth home when good neighbors dropped in to share a frugal meal, to talk, or to play whist.

The poet was a great walker, and one of his favorite walks was back of the village, up into what is known as "the black quarter" at Easedale. All the octogenarians of Grasmere can tell you stories of Wordsworth, and each of the oldest inhabitants feels that he holds his stories in "*eminent domain.*" One large-limbed villager, who had been keeping company with a pot of ale some time and who had often done "chores" for the poet, ventured to hold himself superior in his knowledge of the dead singer to the good woman who now has charge of Dove Cottage. "It is I," said the brawny villager, with an emphatic wave of his hand, "and not Mrs. Dixon, who should have charge of Wordsworth's cottage." Wordsworth's characteristics he summed up by saying that "he was fond of studying the flowers—and the ground."

It is related of Wordsworth that, as there was no postman in Grasmere during his residence there, the poet used to go at midnight to meet the letter-carrier on his way from the village of Kendal, a distance of eighteen miles from Grasmere.

It was to Dove Cottage that Wordsworth brought his newly wedded wife—who was a Mary Hutchinson—in 1802. Dove Cottage was formerly a little hostelry known as the Dove and Olive. It was purchased in 1890 from Mr. Lee of Bradford by the Dove Cottage trustees, who now hold it for the nation.

HAWKSHEAD GRAMMAR SCHOOL: SHOWING WORDSWORTH'S DESK.

This Grasmere home Wordsworth has immortalized in many poems, but especially in "The Waggoner."

The trustees have endeavored to keep it much as it was in the time of Wordsworth's occupancy. De Quincey has left a most graphic account of his first visit to the cottage, which was to be his own home for so many subsequent years. He wrote: "A little semi-vestibule between two doors prefaced the entrance into what might be considered the principal room of the cottage. It was an oblong square, not above eight and a half feet high, sixteen feet long, and twelve broad; very prettily wainscoted from the floor to the ceiling with dark, polished oak slightly embellished with carving. One window there was —a perfect and unpretending cottage window, with little diamond panes embowered at almost every season of the year with roses; and in the summer and autumn with a profusion of jasmine and other fragrant shrubs. From the exuberant luxuriousness of the vegetation around it, and from the dark

hue of the wainscoting, this window, though tolerably large, did not furnish a very powerful light to one who entered from the open air."

Going out of the cottage by the door to the east you look upon a small orchard-garden, like so many others in Westmoreland, in which apple-trees, various shrubs and flowering plants, commingle with numerous flowers that are native to the district. Wordsworth has immortalized this orchard in several of his poems, especially "The Green Linnet," in which the very spirit of the place is enshrined.

The poet's room, which served as study, library, parlor, and drawing-room, is directly above the one which you enter on first going into the cottage. In it the Wordsworth household and their visitors held high discourse. There are three chairs in this room of great interest, the cushions of which were wrought by Dora Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, a sister of poor Hartley Coleridge, and Edith Southey, the daughter of the poet. They are a memorial of "The Triad."

Adjoining Wordsworth's room is the guest chamber of which so many of the friends of the household made use. It is a tiny room with a bright outlook on the orchard-garden to the east.

In it have slept John Wordsworth, a nephew of the poet; Coleridge, Southey, John Wilson, Walter Scott, Sir George and Lady Beaumont, Thomas Clarkson, Charles Lloyd, Thomas Wilkinson, and the Coleridge children.

Speaking of the simple and humble life led by Wordsworth at Dove Cottage, Professor Knight says:

"A visitor can overleap the intervening years and go back in imagination to the cottage of Wordsworth's time; and it is not difficult to realize that rare union of simplicity and rusticity which gave its unique charm to the life led within this humble home first by the brother and sister, afterwards by husband, wife, children, sister, and guests. Such a combination of 'plain living and high thinking' has probably never been experienced before or since amongst the poets of England; and it is not too much to say that the publication of Dorothy's *Journal* has been a revelation of many things hitherto quite unknown as to Wordsworth's early life. The chronicle of the poet chopping wood for household fires in the same small scullery where Dorothy worked at other times, and of the

hundred trivial miscellaneous items of apparent drudgery, were all due to the most honorable poverty; and side by side with this we have minute disclosures of the progress and completion of a great poet's work which have scarce a parallel in history."

The sitting-room directly over the dining-room in Dove Cottage contains different portraits of the poet; amongst these the one taken on Helvellyn, Nash's pen portrait, and Haydon's, which the poet himself regarded as his best and which is reproduced in this paper.

The library in the cottage contains original editions of all of Wordsworth's works published in his lifetime—the gift of Professor Knight, who has done so much to preserve the records and work of the Poet of the Lakes.

While discussing the character of Wordsworth with the kindly old sexton, Mr. Wilson, I inquired how it came about that the poet Wordsworth changed his politics—went from Whig to Tory—and Mr. Wilson replied, That is easily explained. It was because Lord Brougham threatened to reduce his salary as distributer of stamps for Westmoreland.

So it would appear that a poet is after all very human, and *sometimes* when you touch his pocket, you touch his principles. Browning's lines are then justly aimed when, in reference to Wordsworth's political turn over, the author of "Saul" sings:

"Just for a handful of silver he left us."

It would appear that Grasmere has been Tory for generations, and Mr. R. Rigg, the present member, is the first Liberal who has been elected for the district for very many years.

Asked as to the difference between the Church of England in Wordsworth's time and now in Grasmere, Mr. Wilson said it is much more Ritualistic to-day. Wordsworth certainly must have had a Ritualistic moment—nay more, a moment of real Catholic faith, when he penned his beautiful sonnet on "The Virgin." It was the poet's reward for being true to art, which ever has its root and inspiration in Catholic truth.

It is folly to charge Wordsworth with pantheism. The late Aubrey de Vere, his *ami intime*, has acquitted him of this charge, and perhaps no critic has written more sympathetically and wisely of Wordsworth than De Vere. I find his criticism far more valuable than his poetry, for however clear and true and reverent is De Vere's poetic thought, no *quicklime* enthu-

RYDAL VILLAGE.

siasm can give him a place beyond that of a second-rate poet A classification of the poets would assign him this place—no more.

Wordsworth certainly lived in a literary neighborhood among the Lakes. At Keswick, which is some sixteen or twenty miles north of Grasmere, lived for many years the poets Shelley and Southey, and at Brantwood, near Coniston, the great art critic and essayist, John Ruskin.

Just as you are issuing out of Ambleside, at the head of Lake Windermere, you are shown the house in which lived for many years Harriet Martineau, and about two miles from Ambleside, beyond what is known as Low Wood, stands the pretty cottage of Dove's Rest, the residence for a brief time of Mrs. Hemans, the poetess. When De Quincey first came to the Lake region he lived at Coniston, and moved to Dove Cottage in 1808, when Wordsworth left the latter for Allan Bank, which stands in the back part of the village of Grasmere. From here the poet went in 1812 to the Rectory, where he lived for two years.

By the way, it may be interesting to note that one of the tenants of Dove Cottage before Wordsworth moved into it was the dalesman-shepherd from whom the character of Luke was

drawn in the poem entitled "Michael." Mr. Wilson pointed out to me the farm which is known to-day as Michael. This and Tintern Abbey are two of the masterpieces of Wordsworth. He who cannot find pathos in the line

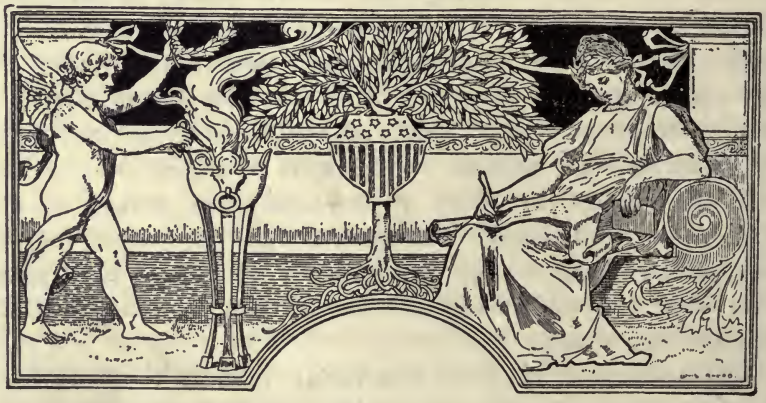
"And never lifted up a single stone,"

should never look upon a page of Wordsworth.

From 1814 to 1850 Wordsworth lived at Rydal Mount. The village of Rydal is about a mile and a quarter from Ambleside. Rydal Mount is a little cottage almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy. At present it is occupied by Fisher Wordsworth, who adopted the name of Wordsworth and is married to a granddaughter of the poet. Between Ambleside and Grasmere lives another granddaughter, Mrs. Col Mair, whom I saw in the Grasmere church and whose profile resembles that of her grandfather very much.

Simple, lovable, strong, noble, the Poet of the Lakes—the Vicegerent of Nature—lived his eighty years and left to the world a precious legacy of song. His poems are but the voice of nature—now of the mountain peak, now of force and fell, now of his loved celandine and daffodil sweetened, bedewed, baptized into the divine tenderness of truth.

The genius of his life-work can best be interpreted where his spirit seems yet to abide—amid the lakes and vales, the fields and fells of Westmoreland.



SOME AFRICAN LANGUAGES AND RELIGIONS.

BY REV. LUKE PLUNKETT, *Miss. Ap. Uganda.*

IN the course of an article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, January, 1897, by the eminent Orientalist, Mgr. Charles de Harlez, on "The Necessity of Studying Languages and Their Monuments," we read the following passage:

"But there is a fourth branch of the sciences whose bearing, from the religious point of view, is unhappily not suitably appreciated, nor its action in the world sufficiently recognized. I refer to the science of languages and their monuments, a science too much neglected, and yet one whose importance may not be slighted, since these monuments contain that religious history of humanity which is to-day chiefly employed in judging the dogmas and achievements of Christianity."

The learned author is evidently referring not only to studies in Egyptology, Assyriology, Chinese, Coptic, and Syriac—of which he is himself so great a master—but also to other less well-known branches of the same subject, as farther on he says:

"The ancient inhabitants of America, Oceanica, and Africa are summoned, like those of Europe and Asia, to play parts that are never unimportant. Theories concerning the origin of man, the nature of his intelligence, his soul, and the original unity of the human species, are everywhere receiving light from philological monuments."

Hence it may not be inopportune to place before your readers a brief summary of the languages and dialects spoken in the countries round the north-western, northern, and north-eastern shores of the Lake Victoria Nyanza, and extending inland for a radius of say three hundred miles. Besides being of some interest to the philologist, it may serve as a basis or guide for future investigation in the same field by those who have time and opportunity at their disposal.

The region known as the "Uganda Protectorate" has attracted no little attention during the last twenty years. First, after its "discovery" by Europeans in the reign of King Mutesa (1862), came a series of cruel persecutions of the

Christians by his successor, King Mwanga; then civil war broke out, followed by the hoisting of the British flag; the flight and capture of King Mwanga and King Kabarega; the despatch from England of special commissioners sent to investigate and arrange matters; the Sudanese Mutiny; and finally the appointment of the present child-king, Daudi Chua. The construction of the Mombasa–Lake Victoria Railway—an immense undertaking—attracted hundreds of Europeans and others to the soil of British East Africa. American engineers also came over in the service of the "American Bridge Company," who by their energy and skill added a good deal to the success of the new railway. It may be allowed me to say, that personally the present writer feels most grateful to the American bridge-makers, and to all those Europeans who helped to construct the railway, because no longer shall we missionaries have to tramp on foot the dreary eight hundred miles between Mombasa and Uganda's capital, as we had to do in 1895. Whereas it occupied us then four months to travel from London to Kampala, the same journey can now be easily accomplished in less than a month. And as the *Bazungu* (or white men) have already found their way to these inland countries in considerable numbers in the past, it is pretty certain that they will come in much larger number in the future. They will come, it may be, in the interest of science, or in the service of our king, or to seek their fortunes in ivory, rubber, or the gold mines that have yet to be discovered; or, God grant, to work for the salvation of souls as foreign missionaries. But in whatever capacity they may come, and if they wish to work in contact with the natives, a knowledge of one or more of the various dialects spoken in the Uganda Protectorate will undoubtedly be of the utmost importance for their success.

Every European who lands on the East Coast of Africa, between say Cape Guardafui and Delagoa Bay, becomes acquainted, more or less, with the language known as *Kiswahili*, the *lingua franca* of East Central Africa and Zanzibar and Pemba. In the interior, however, while Kiswahili is most useful for carrying on intercourse with Arab and Swahili traders, it is but little understood and seldom spoken by the natives, who have their own tribal dialects. In many cases these dialects differ from one another almost as much as Gaelic does from German or English from Italian; hence it is no slight

matter to master even one of them, especially those of the Masai-Nandi groups with their deep guttural and nasal sounds.

The principal dialects spoken in the Lake region and along the banks of the Upper Nile may be summed up under the following groups: Bantu, Masai-Turkana, Nandi-Lumbwa, Nilotic, Madi, and Hamite. The region referred to lies between the fifth degree north latitude and the first degree south latitude; the Laikipia Escarpment on the east (near Kikuyu), and the Congo Free State on the west. The total area thus included is reckoned at about 150,000 square miles, with a population of 3,800,000, according to the boundaries of 1901.

The mystery of the parentage and the place of origin of the Bantu group of languages still remains unsolved—probably it originated, like so many other tongues, at the Tower of Babel. About 40,000,000 people speak the Bantu language. It is spoken, more or less, from the Cameroons on the west to Zanzibar on the east, and from the borders of Somaliland on the north to Cape Colony on the south. It is much more closely interrelated than is the case in any other grouping of African forms of speech, or than are the Aryan languages.

The Masai-Turkana group constitutes a very loosely knit group of languages, each of which perhaps resembles the others slightly more than it approaches dialects outside this grouping.

The Nandi-Lumbwa group is merely dialectical variations of one common speech.

The Madi and Lendu groups have West African affinities faintly allied to Bantu.

The Hamitic group is spoken in the Protectorate only by soldiers and traders, but possibly Somaliland may be annexed any day now; at present it is outside the boundary. Space does not permit us to tell in detail of the geographical positions of the countries where so many different dialects are spoken.

With regard to the forms of belief prevailing, the people speaking the above dialects may be divided into four classes:

1. Christians—Roman Catholic and Protestant.

2. Mohammedans—the religion of Islamism having been introduced by Arabs from the coast.

3. Heathens with a vague belief in a God of the sky, but having little or no worship; also a belief in witchcraft and omens. This is especially the case with the Masai, Nandi, and people of Kavirondo.

4. Pagans with a strong belief in numerous spirits—ancestral and others—and in witchcraft.

These spirits are called "Bachwezi" by the Banyoro people, and "Balubare" by the Baganda and Basoga. In former times the religion of the Baganda, in so far as they can be said to have had any religion at all, consisted in the worship of the Balubare spirits. They believed, however, in the existence of a supreme Creator whom they called Katonda (from the verb *Kutonda*, to create), but said that he had handed over his authority to the Balubare (*Lubare*=sing), of whom there were several. Some of them represented various phenomena of nature, such as the rainbow, earthquake, thunder; others were supposed to reside in certain trees, rocks, rivers, and hills; others again bore the names of virulent diseases, *Kawali* (smallpox), *Kaumpuli* (black plague), and the like. Pre-eminent among the Balubare was that of Mukasa, the Neptune of the Victoria Nyanza, who was supposed to have supreme control over its waters, and had to be propitiated by offerings before each voyage. The *mwoyo*, or soul, of a departed king or great chief was frequently styled a *Lubare*, and was believed to reside in certain persons, to whom was given the name *mandwa*, or medicine men. It is told of King Mutesa, that in order to prevent any of the *Mandwa* from pretending to have the king's spirit (or soul) after his death, that in case any of them should make such a claim, he was not to be believed unless he could speak Arabic—the king himself having known that language to some extent.

In Basoga each Lubare (spirit) has its own supposed place of abode and its own *Kălăgo* (that is, *Mandwa* or medicine man), whom the people consult on certain occasions, and who always gets a fee of a hen, sheep, or goat—or, from a chief, a cow. There are about twenty of these Balubare in the province of Basoga alone, but their cultus is fast dying out through the pressure of famine, disease, hut-tax, and the presence of missionaries. The same Lubare is styled "good" or "bad" according as the favor asked be granted or refused. Besides "spirits," the Basoga have a particular liking for the snake; in fact, it is certain that in the past, at any rate, they paid it a special kind of worship. They even go so far as to address it as "*mukama wafe*"=our master. Even still in some places, when they wish to celebrate a certain feast, a big snake or

python is procured, which is carefully guarded in a hut during the days of the feasting, and kept gorged by the presents of chickens, sheep, and goats brought to it by its crowd of pagan devotees. No doubt the Kalago, or medicine man, takes care to put aside for his own use, and that of his numerous wives, the greater part of the offerings brought to the hut for the snake. During the time the feast lasts this snake is called a *Lubare*, and although they fear rather than love it, they seem to acknowledge that it (or rather the spirit within) has power to do them evil. Women and children are brought to be presented to the snake, while its protection is besought on their behalf, and they are told not to injure it. And, as a matter of fact, a Basoga will seldom kill a snake if he can avoid it. If the snake kills him, it is taken as a sign that he has done something to offend the Lubare. In some of their legends the snake is made to speak.

The generic name for snake in Luganda is "*musota*," and we see this word turning up in the Nandi, Lumbwa, and Kamasia language, two hundred miles away, as meaning devil. The word "*musambwa*" in the Luganda language also means a kind of large snake, and we find that at least seven different tribes—some living widely apart from one another—use the same word to mean their devil or evil spirit. The words *Shetani*, *Masitani*, and *Seitan* are merely variations of the name Satan. That these untutored tribes, knowing nothing of Genesis, should, in common with the white and other races, connect the snake or serpent with the spirit of evil, is certainly interesting; but that the devil should select the snake as his visible counterfeit presentment to enslave them, is not so surprising when we remember the incident in the Garden of Eden.

The Baganda possessed no idols, and apparently nothing that could be called temples; but numerous little beehive-shaped huts—and most of them not much bigger—made of sticks covered with grass, studded the waysides, sacred to some *lubare*. These fetich huts are still to be seen in many parts of Basoga, either singly or in clusters, generally with a large tree growing close by, under which are placed the earthenware pots of food and drink placed there to propitiate the spirits. Besides the Mandwa, or medicine-men, who were the supposed medium of communication between the people and the Balubare, there was another class of sorcerers whose business it was to detect criminals, somewhat answering to the augurs among the

ancient Romans. A third class followed the lucrative calling of professional rainmakers.

The Baganda historians in describing the traditional incidents in the life of their supposed first king—the famous Kintu—relate, in all probability with more or less fidelity, the chief facts connected with the creation and fall of man. They say that Kintu was the first man, that he was brought forth (=*yeyamuzala*) by Gulu (=Heaven or the Above), and that when he came into the world he found no other people there. Gulu said to his son Kintu: "Go down to the earth, you and your wife Nambi, and bring forth children." Gulu also commanded them: "When you are going to the earth take care that Warumbe (=lit., *Death*), the brother of your wife, does not go with you; he is away at present; start early in the morning before he returns, so that he does not see you going, because if he shall see you going he will go with you, and as he is very wicked, he will kill all the children to whom you give birth. And if you forget anything do not come back for it."

Kintu and his wife set out; but the former returned, in spite of Gulu's command, for some millet seed. Warumbe seized the opportunity and returned with him. When children were born to Kintu he requested one as a servant. He was refused, and in the spirit of vengeance killed Kintu's offspring one by one. Gulu, in mercy, finally sent his son, *Kaikuzi* (=lit., the Digger), who removed Warumbe from the earth.

It is remarkable that the Bantu root word for man—*ntu*—is found in the name Ki-ntu (*mu-ntu*=one man; *ba-ntu*=many men); the prefix *Ki-* being sometimes used as an augmentative, meaning greatness. As if Kintu was *the* man, *par excèllence*, of the human race, just as other nations regard Adam. The word Kintu is also used to mean "a thing," great or small according to its adjective. With regard to the name Nam-bi, it is strange that we have here the root word for evil—*bi* (*muntu mu-bi*=a bad man; *bantu-ba-bi*=bad men; *yayōgĕra bu-bi*=he spoke badly). The prefix *Na-*, like *Ki-*, is also vaguely honorific. We find it in some female names, *e. g.*, *Na-masŏle*=the Queen-Mother; *Na-linya*=the Queen-Sister; *Na-longo*=a mother of twins. Hence the name Nambi might be freely translated "the mother of evil."

The Banyoro, who may be regarded as first cousins of the Baganda, but living more towards the north, relate another version of the oft-told Uganda legend respecting Kintu, in which

it is probable that Kintu represents in his person, Adam, Moses, Cham, and the original founder of the Banyoro dynasty.

Before leaving this interesting subject let us glance for a moment at the traces of the religion of the Masai and other tribes as found in their language. The Masai people believe in a vague power of the sky which they call "Añgai." This word means not only sky but is also used to indicate rain, which comes from the sky, though there is a special word for the water descending from the sky ("Attasha"). By far the greater number of the Masai are pastoral, hence rain is their greatest visible blessing from the above; hence their custom of giving worship to the visible rain-cloud instead of to the visible Deity. The sky god is evoked when a severe drought threatens ruin to the pastures. On such an occasion as this the chief of the district will summon the children of all the surrounding villages. They come in the evening, just after sunset, and stand in a circle, each child holding a bunch of grass. Their mothers, who come with them, also hold grass in their hands. The children then commence a long chant, or prayer, the burden of which runs: "*Añgai namonie aiopo inguruman engujida*" (=O God, we pray Thee clothe the fields with grass).

Some of the Masai hold that at the time when their race began there were four deities ruling the world. One was black, and full of kindness towards humanity; another was white, but held himself more aloof—was, in fact, the God of the Great Firmament. Then there was a gray god, who was wholly indifferent to the welfare of humanity; and a red god, who was thoroughly bad. The gray and the red gods, however, quarrelled with each other and were killed. The black god was very human in his attributes, and, in fact, was nothing but a glorified man, and the ancestor of the Masai. The black god, who originally lived on the snowy summit of Mount Kenya, also died after he had founded the reigning family; and now the Masai acknowledge the existence of only one deity of supreme power and vague attributes, the white God of the Firmament.

The Nandi speaking tribes also believe in the existence of a sky god (*Parak*), who is of much the same vague nature as the "Añgai" of the Masai. Their belief in the personality of this deity is, however, more exact and trusting, as is shown by the fact that the people of the Elgeyo Escarpment offer up prayer to God every morning, and they believe that what they ask for in this way will be granted.

Another branch of the Nandi race, the Kamásia, make the following tribal prayer to the Deity in times of adversity. The people meet together, bringing a sheep, some flour, and some milk and honey. Three holes are then dug in the ground, one for the oldest man of the tribe, one for the oldest woman, and one for a child. The food is cooked and mixed together, and portions are given to the man, woman, and child, who bury it in the holes allotted to them. The remainder of the sacrifice is then eaten by the old men of the tribe, and while this is proceeding the rest of the people pray very solemnly.

Among these people there is a vague belief in ancestral spirits as well as in a central Deity. It is thought that by burying this food in the ground the spirits of departed chiefs, together with, perhaps, the omnipotent Deity, may eat the buried food and accept the sacrifice of the tribe. The reason given by the natives for the selection of the old man and woman and the little child was, that the tribe intended to show that all its members, from the oldest to the youngest, were united in approaching God with a petition.

Such are a few of the simple customs and beliefs of tribes —whether belonging to the Lost Tribe or not remains to be seen—who have increased and multiplied in Equatorial Africa; who possess no written records; living their lives according to nature, helped it is true by a faint, glimmering ray of the Divine Decalogue; fond of singing, dancing, fighting, and in some places of stealing; whose wants are easily satisfied; knowing nothing of the outer, older, and more civilized part of the human family; tribes whose very existence were totally unknown to Europeans until within modern times.

From the preceding pages it will be understood what a vast work remains to be done in the task of writing down in grammatical form these African languages, with the view, in the first place, of having catechisms and other books printed suitable for the propagation of the Gospel among these as yet—with only a few exceptions—entirely heathen tribes. Surely it is not vain to hope that some of the talented young men now studying in the many centres of learning throughout the United States will offer themselves for service in the African Foreign Missions. There is room and work enough for all, as there are tribes that have hardly ever yet seen a white man, much less a missionary.

The whole of the above dialects are spoken in the two vicariates of the "Upper Nile" and the "Victoria Nyanza" (French), except, perhaps, a few on the borders. Several books have already been printed in the Swahili and Luganda languages, which have helped immensely in the conversion and education of the people. Unless we would see him fall lower than he is at present, we must hearken to the cry of the poor African—so long despised, so long in darkness, and hasten to save him before it be too late. The state of utter degradation and corruption caused among thousands of the brave Masai and other tribes along the railway line by the hordes of imported Indian coolies, since 1895, is too heartrending for calm description.

The last quarter of a century has witnessed a marvellous desire on the part of the Baganda people and some of their neighbors to embrace the Christian faith.

During the eight years we have been at work here over ten thousand have been baptized, and at present about fifteen thousand others are in course of instruction for the sacrament of baptism. The *Pères Blancs*, who have been at work in the country since 1879, can probably account for five times the above numbers at least. It may be that before the end of the twentieth century the whole, or at least the greater part, of heathen Africa will have come to the feet of the world's Redeemer—who knows? "*Æthiopia præveniet manus ejus Deo*" (Ps. lxvii.) Many of these tribes have excellent natural qualities; they are black, but not to be despised. Even among the rudest of them the little children address their parents as "Papa" (or "Baba"), "Mamma."

It is to the rising generation that we look for our chief success in the work of conversion, to those who are so far comparatively free from the bondage of heathen habits, and whose minds are more susceptible to the teaching of Christianity. The Light of the Gospel of Peace and Mercy—for nineteen hundred years the blessed possession of other races more favored—has at length found its way to these long-lost children of Cham. May the good prayers of Catholics far and near prevail before God to keep away from our future neophytes the dark demon of Mohammedanism—our greatest enemy, especially when officially favored—so that they may yet enter the One Fold under the care of the One Shepherd.

PORTS OF YOUTH.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

INCONSTANT heart, so quickly moved,
Ever again for thee
Gold tides, far out in the morning light,
Shall touch the mystery
Of a magic coast, and a merry quest,
Lit-sails dipping i' the far low west,
These—and then the long unrest
With its haunting melody.

Clear as the tones in a winding dusk
From buoy-bells afar,
The past will call in the wan, gray light
Under some evening star—
Over a waste of beaches, where
Pale wrecks whiten i' the wintry air,
With never a sea-bird homing there
From shadowy reef or bar.

E'en when the slow, all-leveling night,
Out of her ancient keep,
Lures the will from its sentry-post
Into the valley of sleep,—
Lo! a light: and the distant scene—
That lies the mist and the moon between—
Clears, and the ports of youth are seen
Shining over the deep.

AN ENGLISH ANCHORESS.

BY FRANCESCA M. STEELE.

QUINTON is a sleepy little town in the extreme north-east of Gloucestershire; its name has several derivations. Atkyns, in his *History of Gloucestershire*, says it is so called from the manor formerly belonging to a nunnery, 'queen' in Anglo-Saxon meaning woman; but from the time of Edward the Confessor Quinton or Quenintun, as it was then called, has been in lay hands, so this derivation seems far-fetched.

Noatus, in his *Worcestershire Nuggets*, says it takes its name from the game of Quintain, which used to be played in Quinton Field, one of the three hamlets that make the parish of Quinton, Upper and Lower Quinton being the other two. This was a very popular game in the middle ages, and no doubt the future anchoress, with whom we are here concerned, frequently witnessed it before she left the world and, as the wife of Sir John Clopton, knight and soldier, lived at the manor-house and entertained his guests. The game was one likely to attract spectators as well as players, and at a quintain tournament a large party would doubtless meet at the hall.

A strong post was placed in the ground, and on it was fixed a piece of wood turned by a spindle, at one end of which a bag of sand was suspended; the other end was broad enough to be struck by a spear when the player was in full gallop on horseback.

This piece of wood was called the quintain, and the pressure of the spear caused it to whirl round quick enough to catch the horseman a bang on his back with the sand-bag if his horse's speed was less than that of the quintain. Sometimes he was unhorsed, and his discomfiture no doubt added to the pleasure of the spectators.

It is rather a far-cry from this mediæval pastime to the life of a recluse, but it is with the anchoretic life of Dame Joan Clopton after she left the world on her husband's death, and was enclosed in a cell in the fine old church of Quinton,

that we are here concerned. Before passing to that we must relate a quaint legend concerning a former owner of Quinton Manor in the time of William the Conqueror. This was one Robert Marmion, who came over with the Conqueror and was given the Manor of Quinton and Tamworth Castle for his services. Not content with this he turned some nuns out of Polesworth Abbey and drove them to Oldbury. This abbey was dedicated to St. Edyth, a former abbess, and on her nuns being sent away she appeared one night, with her crosier in her hand, to Robert Marmion as he was asleep in Tamworth Castle and told him unless he restored the abbey he should have an evil death, and enforced her remarks with a blow from her crosier, after which she vanished.

The next morning Robert Marmion sent for a priest, confessed his sin, and restored the abbey to the nuns, and moreover gave the advowson of Quinton Church to them. At the dissolution in Henry VIII.'s time it went to the dean and chapter of Worcester.

It is an interesting old church, dedicated to St. Swithin, with late Norman arches and pillars on the south side of the nave, and traces on the west of the old Norman roof, with a steeped slope lower by many feet. The pillars and arches of the north side are poor; they are twelfth or early thirteenth century work.

The tomb of Dame Joan Clopton is in what was formerly the Lady-chapel. It is of gray marble, with an inlaid brass effigy of the dame on the top and a most interesting inscription* round it in Latin elegiacs, of which the following is a translation:

"O Christ! grandson of Ann, have mercy on Joan Clopton,
Who, as a widow, was consecrated to Thee and enclosed here;
Her husband having died as a soldier. For Thy sake, Jesu,
She made great sacrifices, generous to the miserable and to guests;

* Inscription on brass of Dame Joan Clopton:

"Christe nepos Anne Clopton miserere Joh'e,
Qui tibi sacrata clauditur hic vidua;
Milise defuncto sponso, pro te Thu fuit ista,
Larga liberis miseris prodiga hospitibus,
Sic ven' abilibus templis, vic fudit egenis,
Mittent ut celis quas sequeretur opes.
Pro tantis meritis, sibi dones regna beata
Nec premat urna rogo so beat aula Dei."

Thus she bestowed her wealth on venerable temples and on the poor,
Sending her good works to heaven that she might follow.
For merits so great, give to her blessed realms;
Let not purgatory detain her, but let the palace (court) of God bless her."

It is interesting to note that from reverence the Holy Name in line three is not scanned, but omitted. The arms of the Besfords, three pears, and Cloptons, an angel with a scroll, an eagle with another scroll, and two beasts with scrolls, adorn the four corners of the tomb.

Dame Joan Clopton was an heiress and the daughter of Alexander Besford, or Pearsford, of Besford in Worcestershire. She married Sir William Clopton, knight of Quinton, and had two children; a son who was sixteen at the time of his father's death, but appears to have died soon after, for the other child, a daughter, inherited her parents' estates. Sir William, who as we learn from the inscription was an officer, died in 1419, and it was after his death that Dame Clopton became an anchoress at Quinton, where she was buried in 1430 in the Lady-chapel.

It is considered probable that Sir William Clopton, who was both charitable and religious, built this chapel, and that the cell in which his widow was enclosed adjoined it. There is no squint in the church, and a careful examination of it leads to the conclusion that although no trace remains of a cell with a pent-roof, one was probably attached to this chapel for the holy anchoress's accommodation, and perhaps the small window next the sedilia opened into it, and has been bricked up since. The church has been restored less cruelly than many, but all remains of Dame Clopton's cell have disappeared; there still remains a small piece of colored glass, with a figure of a woman in prayer, in a window behind the organ, which may represent the recluse. Curious to say, it has survived all the other old glass in the window.

The brass, which is a very beautiful one and in fine preservation, represents the recluse in a habit, with a veil and wimple and a long cloak. She has no girdle, but the cloak is fastened with two cords with tassels at the ends, which reach below the waist; the sleeves of the habit are quite tight, and have a narrow band of fur round the wrist; on one hand is a ring

with a jewel. As this ring is on the right hand, it is evidently that of her heavenly espousals.

Anchoresses were allowed more liberty in external matters, such as dress, than nuns. When they were members of a religious order, naturally they wore the habit of their order. The ordinary dress of other anchoresses was a black habit and veil, such as Dame Clopton is represented as wearing. Her brass effigy is valuable as giving a picture of an anchoress's habit.

Richard Poore, the author of that beautiful book *Ancren Riwle*, written for three sisters of high birth who were anchoresses at Tarrant-Keynston in Dorsetshire in the thirteenth century, told them their clothes might be either black or white, only they must be plain, warm, and well made; they were to wear warm capes if they had no wimples, and black veils; rings, brooches, and ornamented girdles were forbidden them.

St. Ælred, who wrote a rule for his sister, a Cistercian nun who was also a recluse, ordered her to wear a black habit, both summer and winter, over some other mysterious garments specified by him; her veil was to be of "mean black," not of any "precious cloth." This prescription of a black habit for a Cistercian nun, whose habit is of course white, shows it was not an invariable rule for the recluse to retain her habit if a member of any religious order.

Warmth is especially insisted on in these old rules for anchoresses; no doubt very wisely, as many of them had no fireplaces in their cells nor means of warming them, so they must have suffered from the cold very much in England. The fancy picture drawn by a Protestant writer on recluses of an anchoress sitting comfortably over a fire in an arm chair, with a cat purring by her side, is singularly unlike the reality.

The cells of anchoresses and the furniture varied very much according to the dispositions of the inmates. Some anchoresses, though enclosed in a cell, lived in a house, attended by two maids; one window of the anchoress's cell in that case looked into the church, the other into her parlor in the house, where visitors came to see her, and through this parlor window her food was passed; there was a third window to give light and air.

Others lived in a cell attached to some church, either in the church or communicating with it; but the cell always had

a window into the church which commanded a view of the altar, so that the recluse could see the Blessed Sacrament and hear Mass from this window; there was a second window at which she received visitors, and usually a third for air and light.

As to the furniture of the cells, this appears to have been very simple. Many cells contained a stone seat, within a recess; some of the women had a chair or a stool to sit upon; some slept on the ground, which in many cases was the bare earth, with a stone for a pillow; others had straw or rugs, some a mattress, while others had a bed, though of a very simple description.

Their windows had a grating and shutters, and the parlor window had a curtain of black cloth with a white cross on it. The window was a source of temptation to the anchoress; the author of *Ancren Riwle* specially warns his anchoresses against looking out of the window: "It is evil above evil to look out, for the young especially." "Love your windows as little as possible, and see that they be small, the parlor's smallest and narrowest," he says in another place.

Gossip was another temptation to which anchoresses were subject; the anchoress's, and for that matter the anchorite's window also, was often the emporium of village gossip if the recluse was at all lax, and those authors who wrote for recluses, like those above mentioned, or Walter Hilton, the author of the *Scale of Perfection*, written for a recluse, specially warn their readers against this vice. Anchoresses as a rule took three vows—chastity, obedience, and, instead of poverty, a vow of constancy of abode; they were bound to remain in their cell till they died, unless sickness, compulsion, or obedience to their superiors obliged them to leave it; and there are instances of some who have been burnt in their cells rather than leave them. They were generally buried in their cells. Indeed, the life of these prisoners of love—"prisoners of Chirst," as the Germans call them—was a living death. They were walled up in their cells when enclosed by the bishop; hence, probably, the ghastly tales of "walled-up nuns" which have been circulated by Protestants, ignoring the fact that the immuring was voluntary on the part of the immured.

The ceremony of enclosure, which is a very beautiful one, was usually performed by the bishop of the diocese, or else

by some one delegated by him to do it. It has been said that the sacrament of Extreme Unction was administered; but this does not seem possible, since the recluse was not in danger of death. What probably happened was this: the service was read without the holy oils being applied, just as the Carthusian monk says a "dry Mass" (*missa sicca*) before he says Mass to stimulate his devotion.

After the service of Extreme Unction had been read the recluse prostrated him or herself, and the officiating minister read the burial service, after which he and the acolytes retired; the entrance of the cell was then walled in, or if a door, was securely fastened and sealed by the bishop with his seal.

Some anchoresses were rich women. They usually gave their fortune to the church or the poor, reserving enough for their own maintenance. Others were poor and dependent on the alms of the faithful; others lived in a cell which was perpetually endowed; others were dependent on some patron, perhaps the lord or squire of the parish in which they lived, who sent them their food daily.

In an old German rule for recluses, the recluse was bidden to put his pitcher and platter outside his window every morning after tierce and take them in again after none, when the recluse might eat and drink what was in them; if they were empty, he was to say his grace and wait patiently till the next day.

The chief occupation of the anchoress was, of course, prayer, particularly mental prayer. Most of those who became recluses had left the world to spend their lives in contemplation. Manual labor is enjoined on them also, and church embroidery appears to have been one of their occupations; sometimes they had the care of the vestments belonging to the church, and made and mended them; sometimes they made clothes for the poor; they also made their own clothes; but they were forbidden to teach children by St. Ælred and Richard Poore, who says the anchor house was not to be turned into a school nor the anchoress into a school-mistress. Many of them said the Divine Office, and those who could read also employed a good deal of time in reading spiritual books. They were allowed a good deal more liberty in prayer and in other things than nuns, but then, on the other hand, they were confined and enclosed far more strictly than the most strictly enclosed nun.

Indeed, it was the strictest and highest form of asceticism, and in these days, when pleasure and amusement seem to be the end and aim and object of most people's lives, it is difficult to understand how so many holy men and women were found, not only in England but in all parts of Europe, to embrace this strange, and to some terrible, life. Faith must have been stronger in those days than it is now to have enabled not only strong and talented men, but weak and delicate women, to live day and night walled up alone in a cell sometimes attached to a lonely church.

A PRAYER.

BY RHODA WALKER EDWARDS.

LORD, give me strength to fight,
Though the losing cause be mine;
With the weaker and the right
Keep me abreast the line;
And though the world accord
But a failure-mark to me,
Let others rise, O Lord,
Through my fall, to victory.

THE FORGETFULNESS OF THE MAESTRINO; OR, THE MAESTRINO'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

GIAN LORENZO was a genius. There was no doubt of it; the proof (if proof had been needed) being that he met with the fate popularly supposed to be accorded to prophets in their own country. In other words, the lad was regarded by his fellow-villagers with the contemptuous pity of a primitive community for anything beyond their narrow round of soil-tilling interests.

Every one has a nickname in Italy. There are too many "Pietros," "Giovannis," and "Giuseppes" in every village; so to save time one must be distinguished in some way, by a name denoting an avocation or personal characteristic. Therefore "Il Maestrino" (the little master) was the sarcastic epithet Gian Lorenzo went by, up there in sunny "Val-di-Collina," that tiny mountain citadel, where the shadow of the Alps falls across the vine-clad slopes. For could he not play the organ better than the "curato" (who had taught him the little he knew) or draw music even out of an old cracked fiddle; not only that, but also compose "canzoni" and hymns? Nevertheless all these accomplishments brought him no honor and glory.

It is strange that in Italy—popularly supposed to be the home of music—there should be such condemnation of a dawning musical genius. But the Italian mind, "au fond," is keenly and shrewdly practical. Brought up, not in the sordid slums of a city, which must inevitably kill the love of all things beautiful, but amid surroundings inspiring enough to produce a generation of artists, poets, and musicians, the peasants are yet confronted with the stern problem of life. To exist one must toil; and "quattrini" (money) are not to be had by music but by the hard labor of the ground. Few echoes of meteor-like successes, either in art or music, reach these remote mountain villages, where talent is considered only a drawback.

Besides which, village-folk can never realize that one of themselves could possibly turn out to be a genius in any other line than that of an agriculturist. No, disapprobation was universal; Gian Lorenzo's father complained bitterly of his son's ineptitude for farm-work. "The saints in heaven know I have worked hard enough all my life not to be afflicted with a son who is 'mezzo-matto' (half-crazy). Figure to yourself, he is not idle, but he does more harm than good when he works in the fields, for he scarcely knows corn from 'canne' (canes) and would plant vines at midsummer, with his head so full of his everlasting music!"

"But Gian Lorenzo is a good lad, Pippo; he does n't drink or play cards in the caffé," his wife would plead; her motherly heart proud of her handsome boy, though her practical peasant-mind deplored his unlucky musical tendency, which she, in common with all the village, considered a downright flaw in his intelligence.

"Oh, yes! *good* enough; so was San' Giuseppe good, but he had to be a carpenter all the same," grumbled exasperated Sor' Filippo.

"Eh, be! what would you? One must have patience," sympathized the neighbors—with that becoming resignation with which we regard our friends' misfortunes. "As you say, it is surely a trial from Heaven that one's boy should take more kindly to writing black notes on a sheet of paper than to the proper duties of life." Even the good old "curato" shook his head dubiously over his former pupil's tendencies, reproaching himself in his conscientious mind that he had ever taught the lad any music; ignoring the fact that talent, like murder, *will out!*

Only *one* person in the whole of "Val-di-Collina" (that most practical village with the most romantic name) believed in Gian Lorenzo utterly and absolutely, and defended him warmly against every one. Needless to say it was a woman. A man might defend his friend bravely through sneers of contempt, but it is the harder part to stand by a man through ridicule; and here the mother-instinct, dormant in every true woman, rises up lion-like to defend the man she loves.

Those who sneered at Gian Lorenzo before Annunziata Lanzi scarcely recognized the usually timid girl, with the soft dark eyes and gentle voice, in this stately young goddess, who

confronted them with flashing eyes and blazing cheeks, all her young beauty enhanced by generous indignation, which inspired her to a demonstrativeness so foreign to her nature. "Il Maestrino will never make a farmer, but he is not such a fool as you might think," said the gossips, after an unsuccessful tilt with Annunziata; "for he has made the prettiest girl in the village fall in love with him!"

"Madonna mia! but they make a handsome couple!" ejaculated a spiteful old crone, as the two passed her door. "A pity they will end in the poor-house—he with his head in the clouds, and she proud as the queen herself. Well, well, my proud beauty, you will probably work for both yourself and your ne'er-do-well husband when you *do* get married!"

And indeed they were a handsome couple, who wandered through the vine-terraces that Sunday morning after Mass at the village church, truly worthy of a land of classic beauty. Annunziata was tall and slender as a lily; her exquisitely chiselled features and perfect complexion, crowned by regal coils of dark hair, which seemed almost too heavy for the small, shapely head. No tawdry ornaments or bright colors marred the girl's beauty. She wore only the Sunday dress of the Piedmontese peasant, while the lace veil she had worn over her head at Mass hung lightly around her shoulders, revealing the beautiful turn of head and throat; her whole carriage being the perfection of grace which many a high-bred dame might envy.

Gian Lorenzo was tall but slightly built, and fair, as the Piedmontese so often are; his light hair and blue eyes contrasting strangely with the tan of an outdoor life. Those gray-blue eyes of his—the most striking feature in his face—somewhat far apart, and with a curious dreaminess in their expression, were the only indication of the born musician visible about this hardy son of the soil; for the artist hands, sensitive and well-formed, were stretched and hardened by constant toil. Sensitive, like all true artists, the young man had withdrawn more and more into himself because of ridicule and opposition. He never spoke to any one of the art which was his joy; and only the dark-haired girl by his side knew Gian Lorenzo's inmost hopes and aspirations. . . . Together they walked along the "primrose path of dalliance," with youth and love and hope between them; to be envied, perhaps,

though they lived in a land of dreams, soon to be dispelled by stern realities.

"Don't fear, Annunziata mia, but that I will make a name some day," said the young lover with all the confidence of youth. "There is always a place for good music in the world; so why should I not succeed? Oh, I *know* it; I can't explain it, but I feel it within me—the power to put into notes the harmonies that ring in my ears; sometimes in the night, sometimes at dawning; even out there at midday in the vineyards, till I *must* rise and write them *there* and *then*. And some day the world will hear the message, for the sweet spirit of music cannot be hidden, even though they should stop their ears and try to silence me. But they shall *never* crush me. I *will* be heard, I *will* succeed, if the whole world is against me but you, sweetheart. Enough if *you* believe in me, anima mia."

He had spoken low but passionately; and a sudden kindling lighted up the dreamy eyes. His emotion half startled Annunziata, and she looked up at him wonderingly and admiringly; but all his accustomed gentleness returned, as he bent towards the girl half wistfully for her answer.

"Nino mio," she whispered, "you *know* I believe in you! When I cease to believe in you, you can cease to love me! See now, I stake what is more to me than life on my belief in you."

He was satisfied; and they went on gaily building their air-castles, as young people will, in architecture whose soaring pinnacles rivalled the snowy mountain-peaks above them.

"I shall have my opportunity when I go to Milan," he continued; "for then I can see the great world and hear its music. There it is not petty like our narrow village (so thought the lad in his young enthusiasm), and *there*, *surely*, fortune will come, and then we shall be so happy, amore mio, you and I!"

"But *when* will you go to Milan, Nino?" questioned Annunziata.

"Next autumn, when I go to serve my time in the army," he replied. But the girl shrank back, her hand tightening on his. "No, no, don't speak of it yet," she murmured, tears already gathering in her beautiful dark eyes. "How can I do without seeing you for three long years? And if there should be a war, Nino, you might be killed like Sora Nana's son?"

"Non dubiti (don't fear). There will be no war; la patria has learnt a lesson out there in Africa, that Italia cannot spread her wings till she has served her time at nation-making; till she has peace at home. No, sweetheart, you will see me back safe and sound; not only that, but successful. Think of *that*, Annunziata, and it will give you courage! Su, amore mio! parting is inevitable, and even if you *could*, would you keep me back from the road of success?—keep me here in this village where they all despise me; no, even worse, think me a fool and an idiot?"

He spoke bitterly, even though it was his birthplace; but she knew he was right. Young as she was, Annunziata understood him; and woman-like, hid her own sorrow to smile up bravely in his face.

"Bella sposina mia, I will come to claim you, Christmas three years from now, when my service is over; not for the wife of the ne'er-do-well you so bravely defended, but a man who is successful. Ecco! 'Nunziata, I swear it! Remember, Christmas three years from now! If I do not come for you, it will be because I have forgotten you." (At which joke they both laughed, real as was their grief.) The lad threw back his head with a determined gesture which became him oddly, making his sweetheart feel as if a strange new personality had come in gentle Nino's place.

They were brave words enough, but words that seemed unlikely of fulfilment when three months later the group of fresh-faced village lads, Gian Lorenzo among them, left their mountain home to take the first plunge into the world by serving in the army.

A recruit's life is anything but an easy one, full of hard knocks and corners; and its rigid discipline could not fail to be irksome to an artist-nature like the young musician's. But strange to say, the lad took to it wonderfully; his hard life in the mountains had inured him to every kind of fatigue, and the military duties interested him. Away from the brutal frankness of his relations and village tormentors, and the agricultural work he hated, Gian Lorenzo was another being. His natural sunniness of disposition reasserted itself, and his quick willingness and ability won the young soldier the liking of his officers; while his good nature made him a favorite among the men not of the tougher sort. Though naturally quiet, the

lad was neither coward nor weakling, as he promptly convinced any bully who presumed on his gentleness; and thanks to his own good principles and his absorbing passion for music, he remained unscathed by many dangers of barrack-life.

In his rare leisure moments Gian Lorenzo could work unmolested at his music. True, a few laughed at him at first; and the inevitable nickname of "Il Maestrino" stuck to him; but here (unlike Val-di-Collina) his artistic proclivities won him far more respect than ridicule. It is the hardest thing in the world to believe in yourself, after having been constantly and frankly assured from childhood upwards that you are an utter failure; and the fact that this budding genius survived the storm and still clung to his music, was a sure proof the "real stuff" was in him.

Here too, in Milan, Gian Lorenzo gratified his hungry desire for music. There was always the fine military band of the cavalry regiment (the only reprimands and punishments the lad ever earned being for forgetting discipline for an instant at drill or parade when the sound of the band practising carried him blissfully away from his immediate surroundings); then there was the music in the parks; and, above all, a few blissful holiday nights at the opera—that beau ideal of Gian Lorenzo's ambitions, when he could spare enough "soldi" for three hours of perfect paradise in the uppermost gallery of La Scala; for in Italy the military are admitted at half price.

The bandmaster of the regiment, astonished at the country lad's rare gift of musical composition, helped him in the study of music till Gian Lorenzo passed out of the sphere of his abilities; and then introduced him to an old musician, who, though living on a few poorly-paid lessons, freely assisted him in mastering harmony and counterpoint.

In his letters to Annunziata there was always a bright note of hopefulness; and the opera which was to bring him such fame and success was spoken of between these two foolish young people as a thing already beyond doubt, which only needed time for its realization, for he had begun to work at it in earnest. Nothing, Gian Lorenzo vowed, would induce him, on the completion of his time in the army, to return to the paternal acres till he was in some degree successful. Until fortune came with the completion of the opera he would rather engage in the most menial jobs to keep soul and body to-

gether than go back to that hated village, to be once more a butt for the sneers of the rustic community. He had written several small musical compositions which were paid for; and confident of being able to turn these out in abundance, did not fear being ever in want.

"Pazienza, amore mio," the young man wrote to his sweetheart lovingly; "always that miserable word, 'pazienza.' We in Italy use it too much, and any one but an angel like you, carina, would have wearied of it and of me long ago. Oh! they thought me stupid in Val-di-Collina; but I was not blind, to see how many wanted 'la bella mia.' How Michele's sharp tongue would soften itself to compliments; and Carlo Manetti's black eyes fix her with a hungry gaze till I could have killed him as he stood; or that heavy-fisted farmer Perelli would boast of his lands and riches in hopes of tempting the loveliest 'ragazza' in all the valley! Not *one* of them but what would be glad to see me worsted. And yet, poor as I am, and unsuccessful, my beautiful sweetheart is mine, *mine!* It is love's triumph, Annunziata; surely the Madonna has inspired you to know that *no* heart will ever give you more devotion. Without your faith in me, your courage for me, fate would have crushed me long ago; and for *your* sake I must win not failure but success."

So time went on; Annunziata always with the woman's harder part of waiting, Gian Lorenzo hoping and working hard at the cherished opera. He had chosen the theme of a simple story of the sea—a romance of the fisher-folk; full of human interest and pathos—and woven his subtle harmonies about it till it took shape definite enough to satisfy its author's intensely critical sense of harmony. For Gian Lorenzo knew when he was at his best and worst; a too-abrupt shading off of the harmonies, an almost imperceptible break in the rhythm, offended his ear so much that often a whole passage or recitative had to be ruthlessly sacrificed and rewritten.

Outside his military duties the young soldier lived in a world of his own. He was wrapped up in his music and paid little attention to secular events; even when his comrades gossiped around him, discussing the news of the day. Rumors were always circulating of impending trouble to be caused by the Socialists (who have such a strongly tenacious grip of power in the metropolis of the north); but as yet they were but

mutterings, little heeded when the sky is cloudless, and almost accepted as a matter of course.

So when the long-threatened storm of a Socialist rising burst over Milan one bright May morning with sharp and pitiless fury, inflaming that latent demon, the blind rage of a populace, to deeds of impotent violence, the attitude of people and military was one of bewildered astonishment! "Wolf! wolf!" had been called too long, rendering the awakening proportionately bitter.

The action of the revolters was short and fiery. Before the peaceful inhabitants had fairly awakened to the sense of imminent danger martial law was proclaimed, and five days of violence had come and gone, destroying life and property with equal recklessness. Soon, however, the rising was reduced to impotence, stamped out by the iron heel of overwhelming military force; but in the crushing process many promising young lives were cut short on either side, seemingly to no purpose. Some on the one side, smarting under the sense of real wrongs, inflamed by demagogues who took care to keep their own persons out of danger; on the other young soldiers, little more than boys, standing like targets to be shot at. Regiments were called out to patrol the city; but as the brief reign of terror ended it seemed as if Gian Lorenzo's regiment would escape. Just at the last moment, however, the summons came from headquarters; Company C of the Novara Cavalry being ordered to night duty at what had been one of the most disturbed quarters in the brief hour of fighting.

However, the crisis had passed. Blood had been let; and with the realization of its futility, the fury of sudden passion burnt itself out as swiftly as it was enkindled. Street encounters were few and far between, and but a few stray shots were exchanged. Only as the spring night changed into day a band of insurgents, cleverly feigning drunkenness, made a sudden rush on the little company of soldiers, who, worn out with the night of enforced inaction, had somewhat relaxed their vigilance. In an instant the quiet street was aroused by the sharp interchange of shots resounding through the stillness. The trained discipline of the soldiers made it the affair of a few moments to end the fierce onslaught; and in the cold gray dawn there was silence again, only two or three still figures lying on the stones to testify that there had been a struggle.

Without any of the outward honor and glory of a battle-field, not even in the heat of an engagement, Gian Lorenzo passed through his baptism of fire, shot down in the darkness by the chance pistol-shot of some desperate ruffian. Poor young Maestrino! . . . He was unsuccessful to the end; in spite of all his high ideals, and the future in which he had stored all his hopes and aspirations. Yet, notwithstanding the unfinished opera, the ruined career, and the young girl far away in the mountains, whose heart would be breaking with this morning's fatal work, there was a hopeful look on the lad's face that it had never worn in the old days at Val-di-Collina, as they carried him to the military hospital, in hopes that the faint flicker of life might be revived.

But the surgeons shook their heads silently. It was not the flesh-wound, dangerous as it was, which had wrought the harm, but the blow on the head as he had fallen from his horse on the stone pavement. "The heads of these mountain contadini are hard enough in all conscience," said the head surgeon, "but not sufficiently so to stand such a concussion. The fact that this lad is still living shows that he has considerable powers of resistance. He will very likely not arouse from the state of lethargy; and better he should not do so, 'povero diavolo'" (shrugging his shoulders significantly), "for that blow on the head will probably leave him a hopeless idiot!" And the busy doctor passed on to another case.

But life and death alike were matters of little moment to Gian Lorenzo, as he lay there heavily in a death-like stupor; hovering for nights and days on the dim borderland till youth and strength triumphed, and life reasserted itself in the shape of raging fever. Even more pitiful than stupor was this wild delirium of waking. Pain-racked and burning with the fire which was slowly sapping his vitality, the lad tossed restlessly to and fro, muttering incoherent sentences, and hoarsely humming scraps of music, till the overtaxed body yielded to a brief interval of quiet, only to be succeeded by a fresh access of wandering.

These disjointed outpourings were never violent or painful to listen to, poor boy! for there were no dark chapters in that short life to be revealed. Only the perpetual monotonous burden was "the opera"—always the opera—its plot, its setting, its success or failure. Sometimes he was composing it, some-

times repeating whole recitatives from it, sometimes—and these were the most pitiful—it had been produced and failed utterly, when the poor disordered brain would give way to blank despair. If those who loved him had been near it would have torn their hearts; even the hospital doctors and attendants, hardened to all kinds of pain and misery, stopped to watch Gian Lorenzo curiously, wondering if this was permanent madness, or only a phase of delirious fancy. Not a word did he ever speak of his old life or of Annunziata. But as he grew weaker a change came, and he begged ceaselessly and continuously for the opera to be brought to him that he might finish it.

One day a celebrated brain specialist was visiting the hospital, and insisted on seeing this strange case. As usual, the poor weak voice was reiterating its petition; appealing to every passer-by: "Why will they not let me have my opera? There is only *so little* to finish; only the final aria and chorus, and it is done. And it *must* be finished by Christmas! Christmas! I can't remember why; I only know it *must* be done by then. Signor mio (addressing the doctor), *you* look kind; have compassion on me and tell them to bring me my opera! Don't let them hide it from me any longer. It is not theirs; it is *mine*, for I wrote every note of it. It is no use to them, for they cannot finish it, while . . . The melodies are here (passing his hand restlessly over his throbbing forehead), *piercing* and *clamoring* to be let out; and if I do not write them they will kill me, and I will die without finishing it." And the weak voice sank into a wail of despair, which touched the physician's heart.

The great brain specialist, whose opinion was sought so far and wide, might have been carved for a figure of strength as he stood there by Gian Lorenzo's bedside in a concentration of thought, his keen gaze fixed intently on the boy's face. He was a small man considerably under the medium height, but so full of innate dignity that people instinctively looked up to him and obeyed him. His closely-cropped iron-gray hair and fierce gray moustache, combined with a square-cut chin, gave a somewhat grim and severe expression to his face in repose. But the big moustache covered the kindest mouth in the world; and when he turned his great dark eyes, like search-lights, full and suddenly upon one, the effect was magnetic. There flashed lightning-like glances, brightly intelligent

and comprehensive, from eyes too large for the small face; and looking into their luminous depths, one recognized it was a face to trust.

Hard and opinionated, some of Dr. Carocci's colleagues called him—they knew him least; pitiless indeed he was to self-complacent mediocrity, but his patients told another story. Children and animals made instinctively for him, and many a poor wrecked brain owed its restoration to health to his untiring skill.

So long and silently did he stand by the bedside that the hospital doctor, weary of waiting, took courage to speak; saying lightly: "Curious business, isn't it, professor, that this contadino's madness should take the form of believing he has composed an opera? They must allow the soldiers to hear too much music here in Milan. Well, as you see, there is little to be done here. Shall we go?"

Ignoring the question, the specialist turned on the doctor with the abruptness which was apt to awe his subordinates. "To what regiment does this man belong? I wish to make inquiries about him"; and noting down Gian Lorenzo's name and regiment he moved away, when once more the poor lad's pitiful appeal was reiterated: "My opera! You will make them bring me my opera?" Not brusquely, as he had answered the doctor, but gently as one might speak to a sick child, the great physician laid his hand soothingly on the boy's forehead. "Non dubiti, figlio mio; have a little patience and thou shalt have thy opera, I promise thee,"—"that is to say, if it is in existence," he murmured to himself.

Well aware of the difficulties to be encountered in regions where "red tape" is common, Dr. Carocci trusted to no inquiries; but being a man of prompt action, went directly from the hospital to the barracks of the Novara Cavalry and asked for the officer in command. His name was enough to secure him respect and attention; and after hearing his errand the bandmaster, the sergeant, and several soldiers of Gian Lorenzo's company were sent for; all of whom confirmed the fact that "Il Maestrino" was constantly writing music. "Indeed," said the honest bandmaster, in a burst of confidence over his favorite, "quel povero ragazzo (that poor boy) often wrote me pieces for the band, and they were always well received. Nothing more natural than that he should have written an opera, for he could well do it, eh, altro!"

A search among the young soldier's poor belongings finally brought to light a roll of music which, when opened, turned out to be the cherished opera. "Worthless or not, the poor lad shall finish it; at any rate, if it does not cure him he will die more peacefully for having seen it," said the professor, as he carried it away in triumph to the hospital.

The patient's condition had become more serious than ever in his absence, and the instant the physician saw him he realized that no time was to be lost.

"Do you not think it will kill him outright, professor, the effort of exercising the brain in a state of such prostration?" queried a doctor who had been in attendance.

"The result is in God's hands, not ours, sir," returned the specialist; "but under Him I mean to fight the case, and shall certainly use the only means in my power to do so. Were the brain in a normal condition this course of action would be fatal; as it is I am assured that, given his strength holds out, the patient's only chance of life lies in finishing his opera."

At sight of the precious document Gian Lorenzo's face lit up, and with a glad cry of joy he tried to reach it—only to fall back helplessly on the pillows. But one of the physician's strong arms was instantly around him, supporting him, while the other hand opened the music and found the unfinished page. Then, motioning to the attendant, he administered a powerful stimulant. It was pitiful to watch the effort of the weak body striving to answer the brain's incentive, as the lad strove to take the pencil in his nerveless grasp. The usual positions were reversed: the brain, abnormally active, acting without an effort; the body helpless to comply with it. As the pencil dropped from his hand Gian Lorenzo looked up to the doctor with an almost animal-like look of dumb suffering. And Dr. Carocci understood. Enclosing the lad's thin hand completely within his firm and sinewy one, he let it guide him note by note; pausing every now and then, when the patient's small stock of strength gave out, to moisten the blue lips with cordial.

Slowly but accurately pages were filled with the magic notes, which seemed to flow spontaneously from the poor boy's brain. Not a word was spoken. It was like a case of thought-reading, where all power of action is transmitted to another,

without any previous knowledge or understanding on the other's part; Gian Lorenzo's brain conceiving the idea, the physician's hand carrying it out. Finally there came a pause, as if the sick brain had suddenly refused its work; and the doctor instantly profited by it to end the mental and physical strain which he perceived had become critical.

A gray shadow was spreading over the face; every drop of blood seemed to have left the body, and in another moment the frail chain of life might snap. The lad had gradually sunk lower even with the support of the strong arm; and by this time Professor Carocci was half-kneeling by the bedside. He gently drew the book away, whispering, "Enough for the present, figlio mio; you will finish the rest when you are better." It was just in time; for, as the words passed his lips, Gian Lorenzo fell back in his arms, apparently lifeless. This, then, was the end of the struggle; and Death, not the grim little doctor, had won the victory. Another would have given up the case as hopeless; not so Professor Carocci.

Every possible means known to science were employed to revive the feeble spark of life. As the slow minutes passed he persevered obstinately, lips and jaw set like a vice; never relaxing his vigilance, but grimly, patiently fighting the fight with death. At last his efforts seemed likely to be rewarded; the powerful remedies began to take effect, and breathing became perceptible. A few hours afterwards he was able to leave Gian Lorenzo sleeping, secure that his patient was out of the immediate clutches of death; and giving orders that no one should talk to him under any circumstances.

As soon as possible the physician returned, for he was curious to note if with returning strength and consciousness there would be—as he feared—permanent injury to the brain of his strange young patient. The young man still appeared intensely weak, but his color was more natural, and there was every sign of perfect intelligence in the wondering blue eyes he lifted up to the specialist's face. "Where am I?" he asked, bewildered. "Have I been ill?"

"You are in the military hospital, where you have been ill with brain fever exactly five weeks," replied Dr. Carocci succinctly; knowing that the quickest way to aid recovery is to put the mind of the patient at rest. "They brought you here, together with some other wounded soldiers, from the bar-

ricades, on the night of the May riots. But you are on the way to mend now; and will probably be able to return to the barracks in a few weeks."

"The barracks?" said Gian Lorenzo perplexedly; "was I serving my time as a soldier? I don't remember any riots. Indeed, I don't seem able to remember *anything;* though I have been trying, trying ever since I awoke!" And the old troubled, feverish look came over his face.

"Don't try to, on any account," said the physician emphatically. "I can tell you as much as you need know for the present; when you are stronger you can think. You had been with the regiment of Novara Cavalry; and I understand your term was nearly expired when the Socialist rising occurred. Your company was on night duty and you happened to be one of the first victims shot down in an encounter. The wound itself was not dangerous; but in falling you received a blow on the head which only by the mercy of God did not kill you instantly, but resulted in an attack of fever which not one man in a thousand would have come through. You realize now, perhaps, why you cannot remember things better. But for the present you must not talk any more, nor hear talking. . . ."

Gian Lorenzo was an obedient patient, for in the languor of convalescence thought proved absolute pain. He was content to be quiescent in the realization of returning health; but now and then, as his vigorous young strength came back, a sharp pang of apprehension for the future shot across him.

"What are you thinking of as you lie there so quietly?" questioned Dr. Carocci one day, unexpectedly, when visiting his patient.

"Music, doctor," replied Gian Lorenzo promptly; "I have always loved it. All day long I keep stringing together the harmonies which come into my head, and I would write them if I could. Then a strange dream comes to me continually"; he spoke hesitatingly, flushing slightly. It did not come easily to the lad to speak of his own thoughts and feelings; but the doctor's kind eyes, attentively fixed on him, seemed in some way to encourage and reassure him. It was a curious sympathy that had arisen between the distinguished specialist, usually so unapproachable, and the humble young soldier. They seemed to understand each other. Gian Lorenzo, instead of being overawed, felt a strange confidence in the stern-faced little physi-

cian; while Dr. Carocci, on his part, felt not only interested but attracted to the boy, whom he realized was no ordinary character,—"I seem to have been always writing an opera; I can think out all its parts clearly and distinctly up to a certain point, when suddenly there comes a break and I can go no further. Physical force seems to prevent me, though the broken melodies still hammer on my brain, and the black notes dance before my eyes till they fairly blind me with pain. But finally—I do not know how—some kind agency intervenes between me and the obstacle which prevents my work, helping me to finish it, though with an infinite effort. For in the dream the opera is always finished. . . . Then—I wake with a start, and it is all gone, and I am lying here like a useless log, without an opera or a brain, without even a memory!" And Gian Lorenzo sighed drearily.

For a few moments there was silence; till the physician, leaning forward, began to speak, quietly yet impressively, in his deep, full tones: "It is no dream; it is *reality*. Listen and you will understand. From the beginning of your illness this opera was the incessant subject of your wanderings. Night and day you dwelt on it, begging every one to bring it to you; but no attention was paid, as it was only considered a curious phase of delirium. When I first saw you I realized that there might be something more in it than the mere wanderings of unconsciousness. I made inquiries at the barracks, and, thanks to an old friend of yours—the bandmaster—discovered the famous opera. It was the *only* chance—though a slight one—of saving your life and reason to let you attempt finishing it; but, still in a state of unconsciousness, you did so; but the effort very nearly cost you your life. Now it remains to be seen what fame this dearly-bought masterpiece is to bring its composer!" He concluded lightly, not wishing to over-excite his patient. But Gian Lorenzo seemed scarcely to have heard the ending; his eyes, dim with emotion, were fixed on the doctor's face.

"Then it is to *you*, doctor, that I owe my life; *you* were the good angel who came to deliver me, and yours was the hand that rescued me from that dream of horror which was *no* dream. To think that you should have taken all that trouble —a distinguished professor like you—for a poor peasant who most of the world would call half-witted, who has even

forgotten his own life and identity! Oh! I know it makes you angry, but I *must* say it, How can I ever thank you?"

"Per carita!" said Carocci shortly, in his most forbidding manner, "I detest thanks, and that is an end of the matter. I did it merely in the interests of science,—and of *music!* For the rest, my boy," his rare smile crossing his grave face and leaving it as stern as before, "I know a little of men by this time, and there is no necessity of words from you! By the way, young man, you seem to have little curiosity about this work of yours, which I imagined you would be wild with anxiety to resume. How do you know but that, in my ignorance, I might have consigned it to the waste-paper basket, or even stolen it to make my own fortune, as I might well have done?"

The lad smiled wistfully. "I had n't any more courage about it, doctor; I know it must be worthless. How could any one out of their senses compose music? It will be a confusion as great as my brain was; and is yet," he said despondently. "It seems to me music has been my curse instead of my blessing."

"On the contrary, persons out of their senses are occasionally capable of writing or composing much more brilliantly than when in them," observed the professor drily. "In this case, at any rate, I must tell you that your opera is anything but worthless! I myself know nothing of music; but I took it to the Maestro Bianchi (as you know, our greatest living musician). The maestro is no flatterer of undiscovered genius, and frank to bluntness; but these were his words concerning it: 'Caro mio, this would be a success if produced, for it is *music!* Where did you discover it? I would like to shake hands with the man who wrote it; there is an intermezzo in it I would give some years of my life to have composed!' Is that enough to satisfy you of its worth? When you are better you shall see the maestro yourself and he may help you with his advice."

Some days after this there were visitors at the hospital for Gian Lorenzo. In hopes that the sight of them might possibly recall his old life, and fill up the past which still remained a blank to the young musician, Dr. Carocci had sent to Val-di-Collina for his parents.

Immediately on seeing him, the lad's mother rushed upon him with a torrent of talk, kisses, and lamentations; the father

meanwhile standing sheepishly by. "Figlio mio, benedetto! What have they done to thee? They have half killed thee between them all, these miserable soldiers and doctors. But ecco, la mamma and il babbo (father) have come to see thee! Madonna mia santa! how thin he is—he that was always so handsome, and such a good lad too, if he did think of naught but that blessed music! Nino, tell me, thou hast not forgotten la mamma? What is it? Thou lookest at me like a stranger! *Say* thou hast not forgotten thy own mother!" she pleaded piteously; for though he suffered her caresses passively, there was no sign of recognition, and the lad made no effort to return them. "Signor Dottore, is it possible? how could this thing have happened to him? My Nino is not mad; his mind is sensible, and yet he has *forgotten his father and mother;* forgotten even that poor child Annunziata, who is breaking her heart for him."

"No, I *cannot* remember, try as I will." And Gian Lorenzo looked, troubled and perplexedly, from one to the other. "It is no use deceiving thee; I have forgotten everything, *everything*, up to the time of my illness, and I cannot remember even to have seen thee before," he said at last desperately.

"Figlio mio! wilt thou tell me thou hast forgotten *her too—Annunziata*, that thou lovedst so much?" Her voice rose shrilly with emotion and excitement as she continued to pour out a voluble torrent of laments and reproaches.

"Annunziata? Who is Annunziata?" asked the lad wearily, utterly exhausted with the strain of their presence and the useless effort of remembrance; an access of fever showing itself in his flushed face and heightened temperature.

"Did I not tell thee the lad was always 'mezzo-matto,'" whispered his father audibly and roughly. "Come, mother, it is no use; you must leave him to the dottori, who can look after him."

But the poor woman made no reply. She had broken into a fit of hopeless and subdued weeping. Dr. Carocci, irritated at the failure of his plan and fearing more harm had been done than good, hurried them relentlessly away.

"You must not grieve yourself so much, my good woman," he said, when they were outside. "Time may mend your son's mind, and his memory will come back sooner or later.

In the meantime it is useless to worry him; he must be let alone!"

"Va bene! it is easy talking, but he *always was* mezzo-matto (half crazy) and he always will be; and how is one to do with such a burden?" grumbled the father.

"Diavolo! man; he is no more mezzo-matto than you and I!" blazed out the professor, with a gleam of sudden anger in his search-light eyes which would have disconcerted a more courageous person than Sor' Filippo. "Do not fear, your son is not likely to be a burden on *your* shoulders. He has written an opera, I tell you, that will bring him fame and fortune. In a few weeks Milan will be ringing with it; and then perhaps, when you hear men talking with respect of the famous young composer, you may not be quite so ashamed of the mezzo-matto." The physician spoke with fine irony; but the rustic mind took it literally.

"Did you say he would make money with that rubbishy music?" questioned old Filippo, incredulously; shrewdly considering if after all his unsuccessful son *might* have his market value.

"If he does so, and were I in his place, *you* would get little good of it in return for your hardness—you hard-fisted old miser," said Dr. Carocci, frowning and turning on his heel contemptuously, leaving the astonished rustic to gaze after him in open-mouthed wonder.

"I was a fool to make such a preposterous blunder," reflected the physician irritably as he returned to his patient, whom he found in a state of feverish anxiety and depression. Unconsciously to himself, this bit of "Val-di-Collina" frankness had had its usual effect of depressing Gian Lorenzo deeply. "Just as I expected!" he said grimly. "You have been working yourself into a fever again with this business of trying to remember and worrying about the future. Now take my advice as a friend, and live in the present. Your case is an unusual but not an unknown one; and all you have gone through is quite sufficient to account for it. I do not say for *certain*, mind; but in my opinion there is every probability that in some unexpected, sudden emotion of any sort your memory may return. Meanwhile your future is settled for you. Maestro Bianchi wishes you to stay with him till the opera is revised; then with his influence you can arrange for

its production as soon as possible. After that . . . let us hope we shall all be bowing before you, Val-di-Collina first of all" (for the keen-sighted physician had realized from this glimpse of his parents what the village attitude must have been to Gian Lorenzo, and its effect upon his sensitive nature).

"You have been too good to me, doctor; *too good*, though I must not say it!" said the lad gratefully. "In one thing, at least, I have been successful, when my illness has brought me a friend like you!"

Meanwhile his parents returned home; and with the obstinate stupidity of ignorance openly lamented their son as hopelessly mad. His father, apparently unable to formulate any other idea, doggedly repeated his assertion: Gian Lorenzo was *always* mezzo-matto; now he is worse, and between ourselves (darkly) I think that gran signore of a doctor, who is superbo (proud) as the devil himself, has cast his great black evil eye upon the lad! How arrabiati (irritable) these gran signori are! Santa Pazienza! that is a man to be afraid of; he made eyes enough to eat me because I had the courage to say the truth about my own son!"

Meanwhile poor Annunziata was passing through a fiery ordeal of suffering, for Gian Lorenzo's mother made her the recipient of her confidence, sparing the girl nothing, with the unconscious pitilessness of the poor. "Well, well, it is useless, ragazza mia," she concluded; "you might just as well marry Michele there, who wants you; for my poor boy has forgotten you completely! Eh, what would you, when he does not know his own mother? Figure to yourself what he said when I told him Annunziata was breaking her heart for him. '*Who is Annunziata?*'" But the poor girl heard no more. The torturing strain had been too great; and she fell in a dead faint at the woman's feet; but soon recovered and went home silently; for, like her sweetheart, she was quiet and reserved.

Day after day she performed her round of duties mechanically; not idly weeping, but hiding her grief and mortification proudly from careless eyes. Not a word of her trouble ever escaped Annunziata, though her lips were set to patient endurance and the soft color had faded from her beautiful young face. Those unconsciously cruel words, "Who is Annunziata?" rang ceaselessly through her brain, like the requiem of hope;

and sometimes during the sleepless nights she had to stop her ears to shut them out!

The young girl spent her hours of leisure at the shrine of Our Lady of Dolors; for there only the poor child found temporary peace. "Madonna mia! make him successful; send him his desire, even if he has forgotten me; make *him* happy, even if *I* must bear the grief!" was her ceaseless prayer. "Thou who hast felt the Seven Swords of Sorrow, make my one poor sword less terrible to bear! Pray for him, Maria Santissima; pray that this may not be sent us because he forgot to say, 'Se Dio vuole' (If God wills it), when he promised us such success before he went away. He was so young and confident, Madonna mia! he did not stop to think; but he was so good always!"

For in her simplicity the girl could find no fault in her lover to account for this heavy visitation, except that in his youthful confidence God had been considered too little in the shaping of his plans. . . .

It was nearly Christmas, and Gian Lorenzo, now well and strong again, had been working hard in putting the opera into shape, and, with the influence of Maestro Bianchi, it was to be produced on the inauguration of the opera season (December 23). As the doctor had predicted, the walls of Milan were placarded with it: "Fior' di Mare—Opera Nuovissima" (Flower of the Sea—New Opera), by the Maestro Gian Lorenzo. The talk in music circles, and, in fact, all over the city, was exclusively of the new opera, by the unknown composer, which promised an unqualified success. After the last rehearsals had taken place its composer felt a little less apprehensive for the result. He was anything but optimistic, poor lad; but so accustomed to failure and disappointment that success seemed a thing unattainable. However, every one assured him there was no chance of failure; artists and musicians alike congratulated him; and at the end of the last rehearsal came a "Bravo!" from the Maestro Bianchi that sent the blood rushing to Gian Lorenzo's face, for it seemed worth all the rest.

The eventful night came at last. The grand old theatre, which has seen so many triumphs and failures, was crowded in every part with perhaps the most critical audience in the world. Every one seemed more bustling and excited than the young maestro, the principal person concerned, at least to out-

ward seeming; and even Dr. Carocci, who had stopped to exchange a few words with him at the wings, wondered at his apparent *sang froid.*

"You will stay to hear *your* opera, doctor!" he said; "I shall like to feel you are here; it will give me heart and courage, even if it is a failure! Besides, it is *you*, by right, who should bow to the public when they applaud the 'finale'; for it is *yours*, not mine!"

Carocci turned to regard him critically, as one would examine some curious specimen. "Finalmente (finally) it seems they have managed to put a little conceit into your head. Well, better late than never; but how do *you* know the public are going to applaud at all?" he inquired severely.

"I *don't* know, doctor," laughed Gian Lorenzo; "that is why the courage is slowly oozing out of my finger-tips. I never knew I was such a coward before! Well, 'Che sarà sarà!' (What will be, will be). In a few bad half-hours it will be over; and, after all, it is the fortune of war!" And he threw back his head bravely with the gesture which had so delighted poor Annunziata in the old days. There was something of the stuff heroes are made of about this gentle young musician, which, combined with his modesty and personal charm, made him irresistible. At least so thought Dr. Carocci, a soft expression lighting up his grave face as he looked at his favorite.

Just then the call-bell rang, and of the two the great physician seemed the most perturbed. Always laconic, he was most so when moved. He could only take Gian Lorenzo's hands in his hearty grasp, holding them as he said: "Courage, figlio mio, and good fortune! You have come through worse than this before!"

"Thank you, doctor, for the wish; and let us hope your good fortune will counteract my bad luck!" And he left the lad smiling bravely, though he noted his hands were cold as ice.

When the young conductor appeared before the public he was well received; his youthful, almost boyish appearance made a favorable impression—in a word, he was "simpatico" (sympathetic), and that goes far with an Italian audience. But when the overture ended, and a few numbers of the opera had been encored, the applause was universal. The simple,

human interest of the story, wedded to such perfect harmonies, seemed to go straight to the hearts of the audience, long accustomed to artificial compositions straining only after effect. As Bianchi had said, it was *real music;* and this keenly-critical gathering instantly realized the fact. At the end of the second act came the tragic consummation of the plot—the death of the heroine, who, on seeing what she believes to be the boat of her dead lover return empty and rudderless from the sea-fishing, casts herself over the cliffs in an access of despair. After a soprano solo full of pathos the fisher-maiden takes the fatal leap, and the stage remains almost in absolute darkness, the outline of the cliffs and the stretch of troubled waters scarcely visible against the night sky. Then comes the "intermezzo," swelling, surging, crashing upwards, in a burst of splendid orchestration—the myriad voices of the storm beating on the coast. Bold indeed were the thunder-harmonies, expressive of the wild forces of nature mounting now into fresh outbursts of fury. Again and again they break; one pathetically human *motif* soaring above and dominating their fierce conflict. Then, gradually, with the perfection of the scene-painter's art, the darkness fades into gray morning, and, with recurring intervals of tempest and calm, the storm is spent. Wailing and throbbing come the soft cadences of the violins as the wind-gusts lose their force. The opalescent dawn spreads over the sky, and when day breaks in sunlit splendor the harmonies lose their note of sadness, and one can hear the waves dancing and rippling, lapping the feet of the dead girl as she lies cast up on the beach.

A pin might have been heard to drop as the music died almost imperceptibly into silence, but immediately afterwards a roar of applause resounded over the house from pit to gallery; not merely hand-clapping, but real enthusiasm, long and continuous, till there was no mistaking the temper of the audience. Gian Lorenzo *was undoubtedly a success!* From his box Dr. Carocci had been watching him intently. Though he had never dreamt of such an ovation for the young musician, he had dreaded all along the effect of this moment on the highly-strung organization, already overwrought with excitement. If the flood-gates of memory were unlocked at such a time of emotion, the rush of thought and feeling would be overwhelming, and he trembled for its physical effect.

All the physician's fears became redoubled as he observed Gian Lorenzo's strange quietude. The young man seemed unmoved by the frenzy of applause surging about him, and the orchestra looked at their conductor curiously. Suddenly he aroused himself as if with a powerful effort of will, put his hand to his head for a second, then rose slowly to his feet and faced the audience, steadying himself against the music-stand as he bowed bravely and repeatedly in response to the fresh outbursts of applause. Immediately afterwards he disappeared, and the first look at his face as the doctor joined Gian Lorenzo at the door convinced Carocci instantly that his surmises had been correct. He was feverishly excited.

"Doctor, you were right! It has come back; and I remember everything, *everything!* And I must go back to Annunziata as soon as possible!"

Seeing that the lad was utterly exhausted mentally and physically, Dr. Carocci took him by the arm, and leading him into a little private room, made him hastily swallow a glass of brandy.

"I am not ill, doctor; I will be right immediately; but this has made me feel somehow like a stranger to myself; and everything seems upset. After the first nervousness I felt no more emotion of any kind. But when they kept on applauding the intermezzo, a strange feeling of dizziness came over me; something in my head seemed to snap, and then . . . memory came back to me in a lightning-flash which fairly took away my breath; my boyhood in Val-di-Collina, the barrack-life here in Milan, and—my own dear love! Professor, I could kill myself when I think of it, though I know it was all unconscious. To think that I should have remembered my music and yet forgotten her—forgotten my Annunziata who waited for me so patiently! For I promised her to come for her this Christmas, rich and successful; instead of that I am selfishly busy with my own affairs, leaving her either to break her heart for me or utterly forget me (which is nothing more than I deserve). Oh, do you not see why I *must* go to her at once, this very night?"

Just then the door opened to admit Maestro Bianchi, who advanced towards Gian Lorenzo with outstretched hands: "My congratulations, figlio mio; there is no need to assure you that your name is made! I am an old man now, I shall not live

much longer; but to-night has renewed the recollections of my youth, and I am glad to think I will leave our heritage of music in hands like yours! Well, success is sweet—I know how sweet—when one is young; and you deserve good fortune. But you are ill, lad; this has been too much for you"; he stopped short, with an inquiring look at the maestrino's face.

"His memory has come back!" said Carocci, "that is all." When the second call-bell for the last short act of the opera rang imperatively, Gian Lorenzo started up; but the physician laid a detaining hand on his arm; and addressing the elder composer said sharply: "Maestro, he cannot go on with this to-night! I will not answer for the consequences if he faces the strain of the public again!"

"But I am perfectly able, and I cannot disappoint the public on the first night. I *must* finish it, doctor."

"Not if I can prevent it," said the little iron-gray man quietly; but there was a tone of absolute inflexibility in his voice which convinced both his hearers of the finality of his decision.

Suddenly the veteran maestro jumped up, smiling. "Per l'amor di Dio! why did I not think of it before? Here, quickly, give me the score, lad, and I will conduct myself! If the public are angry, I can tell them you are ill."

"If they are angry!" said Gian Lorenzo, gratefully, following him to the door; but he had already disappeared, and in a moment they heard the burst of applause which greeted his appearance. The short act was soon over; at its conclusion another prolonged roar of enthusiasm broke out, and the maestro reappeared triumphant.

"They were content," he said simply; for with the unfailing modesty of which the successes of a lifetime had never robbed him, the veteran musician seldom appeared to realize that he was a popular idol, and accepted the invariable enthusiasm of his receptions always gratefully. He would take no thanks for what he had done for Gian Lorenzo.

"I explained to 'questa buona pubblica' (the good public) that you were indisposed; and they sent you their 'saluti,' as perhaps you may have heard," he stated gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye. "Now I will leave you, for you need rest; and to-morrow you can conduct again, if that tyrant of a doctor will permit," nodding towards Carocci.

Directly he had departed Gian Lorenzo said earnestly to the physician: "I must go to Val-di-Collina to-night, doctor, or I cannot be back for to-morrow's performance."

"Do as you like about that," returned the specialist; "the few hours quiet of a journey would probably do you good. Only let me say one thing before you commit yourself. No, I am not talking of your health." He spoke gravely and impressively. "Remember your position is made now, and you are a very different person to the lad who left Val-di-Collina. You will be rich and prosperous. As the famous young composer all Italy will be at your feet in a few weeks; then this peasant sweetheart of yours may no longer satisfy you! I repeat, *think well of it* before you marry her in a hurry and then grow tired or ashamed of her!"

"Professor," said Gian Lorenzo, springing to his feet and towering over the little doctor like a young giant, his eyes flashing with that peculiar steel-gray fire which only blue eyes can show, "there are some things which no man on earth shall say to me, not even *you!* Forgive me," he added more gently, "I know I owe everything to you; but you do not know my Annunziata, or you would not speak like this. *Ashamed* of her, indeed! Was she ashamed of me when every one's hand was against me; when they sneered at me as an idiot? But for her faith and courage for me, I think I would have made an end of myself up there in Val-di-Collina long ago. It is *my* turn to repay her now; and is a little money or success to make *me* superior to *her*—to my beautiful sweetheart, whom no man, no matter how much he loved her, could ever be worthy of? No, doctor, a whole lifetime of devotion is not enough to repay Annunziata for what she has been to me."

"Forgive *me*, Gian Lorenzo," said Carocci, struggling with a troublesome cough in his throat, and putting out his hand, which the young man wrung heartily. "You are a better man than even I thought, which is saying a good deal, and your sweetheart is a lucky girl. Go to her, then, and God bless you!"

Two hours afterwards the young composer was speeding through the darkness in the St. Gothard express, dreaming dreams of the coming meeting. He arrived at Val-di-Collina in the sharp frostiness of early morning when the Angelus

bells were just ringing from the campanile; and remembering Annunziata's ways of old, he went down the mountain pathway leading to the village church. For Gian Lorenzo was anxious that his first meeting with his sweetheart should not take place under the eyes of the village he so cordially abhorred.

He waited there patiently at the turning, his heavy travelling coat turned up at the collar to protect him from the bitter cold. Presently, as he had hoped, a solitary figure came down the pathway; and his heart seemed to jump into his throat, for it was Annunziata. But had she forgotten him; married, even?—the thought had tortured him all along, making the flying express too slow. The sweet face was beautiful as ever; but its perfect outlines were a trifle sharper, and it was paler than before, with deep shadows under the long-lashed lids. Though her carriage was graceful and stately, there was a languor and gravity about the girl's movements which seemed unnatural in one so young.

As Annunziata drew near, the unwonted sight of a stranger in her path made her lift her eyes almost involuntarily; and the deep sadness in them, the shadow on the dear face he loved, sent Gian Lorenzo's prudence and fear of startling her to the winds. He rushed forward impetuously and folded her closely in his protecting arms. "Sposina mia (my little bride), I have come for thee at last. Sweetheart, thou art not afraid of me. See, it is only Nino! Look up, dear love, and say thou hast forgiven me for all this cruel waiting."

But Annunziata was speechless. Great joy like great grief is numbing at first; and though her head rested contentedly on her lover's shoulder, she could only whisper, "Nino mio! at last, at last!"

So once more Gian Lorenzo and Annunziata walked through the bare vineyards together; unheeding the bitter wintry cold. Their happiness was all-sufficient; and it required a powerful effort, on the young man's part, to bring himself back to the world of realities; to face the village again, and to endure their curious comments.

But no time was to be lost, if he was to return to Milan that night; and here Gian Lorenzo's military training and habit of quick decisiveness stood him in good stead. In a very short time he had told his story to his father and mother;

making the latter promise to return with him at once to Milan, to hear the opera, bringing Annunziata with her. "You will not need to be away long, mother—only a few days to see the sights and buy what you want; and as soon as possible after Christmas Annunziata and I will be married—as soon as *she* is ready, at least; for I am ready now"; with a glance towards his sweetheart which made a lovely rose-color flush her pale cheeks.

As the news of this wonderful home-coming spread the whole of Val-di-Collina dropped in one by one, to stare, wonder, and ask questions. Gian Lorenzo endured it all with patience; answering all their queries good-naturedly, though his old aversion to the village so absolutely overwhelmed him with loathing that he could have fled from the place. Not one of the village worthies who now crowded around him had ever given a kind word to the lad in the old days; and though his nature was a singularly sweet one, he could not quite forget. Furthermore he had never been like them, never felt the least sympathy with them; and now a gulf seemed to stretch between them which he found it impossible to cross. Strange to say, it was not his mental superiority, not even his apparent possession of money, that impressed them most; but the good travelling clothes which he wore with such unconscious ease! In a word, he was a *gran' signore*, and they fully realized the fact. Even the lad's mother seemed to share the feeling, as she confided to Annunziata when they were together, packing some modest belongings, in the girl's home.

"Look you, Annunziata, my boy has changed greatly," she said; "he is not proud, but he has an air that somehow makes me feel half afraid of him, for all he is so quiet! What if he should be ashamed of us there in Milan, among all his fine friends?"

"*Afraid* of him—of Nino?"—the girl laughed a soft ringing laugh of perfect content. "To me he is not changed in the least except that he is older and stronger and handsomer in every way." And she fell into a day-dream over folding her soft, creamy dress, till, springing up lightly, she exclaimed: "Non dubiti (don't fear), Mamma Lucia, Nino *is* a 'gran' signore,' as you say; so much so that he will *never* be ashamed of us." But with this enigmatic saying his mother was not enlightened.

So the three travelled back to Milan, reaching there just in

time for Gian Lorenzo to take them to a hotel for some food and rest, then proceed straight to the theatre. It was even more densely crowded than on the previous night, and immediately the young composer appeared he was received with a prolonged burst of enthusiasm.

To Annunziata, looking on from the quiet corner of her box, it seemed as if her cup of happiness was full to overflowing. But when the opening melodies filled the great listening opera house, and she watched that splendid orchestra swayed like one man by the boyish figure wielding the baton, she almost trembled at her own happiness. The whole scene was like fairyland to the simple village maiden—the scenery, and the pathetic story set to its wonderful music. But she lost sight of all this in the glory of the thought that *it was Gian Lorenzo's;* that the world had at last placed him on the pedestal he had always occupied in her faithful, girlish heart. At the end of the first act the applause was deafening; but as it continued, and the Maestrino turned to acknowledge it, a sudden deadening chill shot through Annunziata's heart like an arrow, killing her rapture as she looked at him with a strange sense of unreality. This morning, in Val-di-Collina, it had all been so different; altogether like a happy dream, when she was not able to recognize the change in his position. He had seemed so little altered; just the same loving, simple lad of the old days. But now, amid all this brilliant gathering and away from the infectious charm of his presence, a thousand doubts and fears assailed the girl, weighing her down with deepest depression. Perhaps Mamma Lucia was right, and Nino was too much of a "gran' signore" for them after all! Her boyish lover had completely vanished; and in his place stood this tall, dignified young "Maestro," in the faultless evening clothes which set off his fair coloring so well, bowing continuously, gravely, and composedly to the enthusiastic crowds as if accustomed to appreciation all his life.

Besides his own innate refinement, the lad had been fortunate in the example of the two men who were his beau ideal of manliness, Dr. Carocci and the Maestro Bianchi; and fortunately for himself the young musician had (like Bianchi) one of those rare natures which cannot be spoilt by flattery. He lived too sincerely in his music, while his modesty never let him lose sight of the fact that the applause was for *it*, not for

himself. Consequently this ovation affected him personally but little; and only because it meant needed success. As yet Annunziata had not realized this; so her heart sank lower and lower.

Suddenly Gian Lorenzo threw his head back with the old familiar gesture, and looked straight into the girl's eyes, when his boyish smile broke out over his face for a second. The effect was like magic! The distinguished stranger had disappeared again; and it was once more Gian Lorenzo! As she smiled back his sweetheart felt strangely comforted. She recognized what was indeed the truth—this quiet gravity of bearing was for the rest of the world; the smile was for *her alone!*

Dr. Carocci, who was in his box of the night before, experienced a curious distaste, which half annoyed and half amused him, towards looking in the direction of Annunziata and Gian Lorenzo's mother. His fastidious mind absolutely dreaded the sight of the village beauty who had so captivated his favorite. However, with a bold plunge of decision he followed the glance of Gian Lorenzo's eye. First curiously, then with awakening interest, his keen gaze rested long and attentively on Annunziata's face. This was not the ordinary country girl he had pictured, with only the passing beauty of youth to recommend her; who would never be able to rise to her lover's circumstances, but only perhaps drag him down to her level! No, a thousand times no! This stately maiden with the exquisitely chiselled profile, the pencilled eyebrows, and the softly rounded contour of face and throat, was beautiful as a picture in her simple gown of creamy white. The turn of her perfect neck and the proud carriage of her head were worthy of any patrician lady; but best of all—in the far-sighted doctor's eyes—seemed the modest sweetness and refinement of the gentle face. He turned away satisfied. "I might have known the lad would have good taste."

Later, at the conclusion of the famous "intermezzo," when the applause was at its height, Carocci glanced up again, curious to note its effect upon Annunziata. He had expected to see her moved; to watch the dark eyes kindling with pleasure and triumph; but instead the girl had withdrawn herself as far as possible into the shadow. The beautiful downcast face, more lovely than ever, was pale with emotion; and tears dropped slowly from under the long lashes. Gian Lorenzo

had won his highest tribute; and Dr. Carocci hastily averted his gaze, feeling as if he had unwittingly intruded on something not intended for his eyes.

Finally the opera was over—an undoubted success from beginning to end. As soon as he could escape from the formidable array of well-meaning congratulations, the hero of the hour made his way to Annunziata's box; a radiant young embodiment of triumph, his arms full of white blossoms with which he filled his sweetheart's hands. "All for thee, carina, the flowers and the success." But quickly noting the half-dried tears on her face, they made him for a second tenderly anxious. Bending over her in the shadow of her quiet corner, he whispered softly: "Sweetheart, this is my Christmas present! Thank God and the doctor, I have kept my promise after all! Look, dear one, our waiting is over. The gate of success is lying open, and, Se Dio vuole (If God wills it), we shall enter it together!" Lifting her wonderful eyes, still wet with tears but radiant with happy love-light, the young girl only answered simply, "Se Dio vuole! Nino, Si!"

A NARRATIVE OF THE MISSIONS ON THE CONGO.

BY A. B. TUGMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

AFTER many trips, both on duty and for the benefit of my health, that took me in all directions, even so far as to Mossamedes, one of the Portuguese possessions on the South-west Coast, I was able to gain some idea of the general system that had been adopted to raise the negro from his natural condition, and make him useful not alone to himself but to those whose aim it was to make the country habitable, and not simply one of commercial value, to the nations of the world.

My duties also, which were entirely voluntary in connection with the attendance upon the sick, to minister to them and carry out the instructions laid down by the physician, afforded me an intimate knowledge of the extent of the sufferings that were experienced by all, both natives and otherwise.

Throughout my experience with the African, both in Africa and in South America, and viewing the efforts that are being made by the various sects of the Protestant church, and comparing these with the efforts that the Catholic Church is making, we can but arrive at one conclusion; which is, that one is actuated in great measure by a mercenary motive, whilst the other is the outcome of a pure love of God. To arrive at this conclusion we need but take facts to prove the statement.

Commencing with the individual, let us compare those of the Protestant faith with the Catholic missionary.

From those whom I have met among my Protestant acquaintance but few there were who could have merited so much as respect, from an intellectual stand-point, and whilst I cannot deny that there were some who enjoyed a liberal education, these were but few and far between.

But in this light my views are open to question, for I would not desire to set myself down as an authority for human intellectuality. Let me, therefore, draw your attention

to what most impressed me, and what has enabled me to draw my own conclusions.

Look at the disposition and incentive of these opposing sects and compare their efforts.

The Protestant is engaged to enter the missionary band for a given stipend. He enters upon his work, therefore, for a

THE BOYS ON PARADE.

mercenary consideration; and in order to justify this, attributes to his Catholic neighbor a motive that is unbecoming.

The Protestant missionary, as I found him, was comfortably housed in what might be a fac-simile of the English country parsonage, to build which it was necessary to fall back upon the native, whose knowledge was gained at the hands of the Catholic missionaries, priests and brothers. Here he lives surrounded by all the comforts that he can lay his hand upon, in order, as it was told to me, that he might impress the native with a due regard for the white man's superiority. Here he carries on his mission; and upon what lines? As I found, by paying the chiefs, in order that they might send their children and their people to the school to

learn the nature of this superiority, and incidentally the art of reading and writing, both of which form the basis of all their labors, in order that they may enable them to study the Bible and sing hymns. This forms the ideal of his labors; though it proves a most expensive method, for so soon as the inducements are withheld, the pupils fall off and the missionary feels he is not doing his duty. I was told at one of the missions that it was impossible to get the natives to attend without some inducement being offered, and moreover in my time it was not altogether uncommon for rum to be dispensed as inducement by the missionary, who found this article to work wonders with the native, as I can heartily testify to.

On the other hand, look at the Catholic missionary as he enters upon his work; what is his condition? He carries with him perhaps a change, but from the size of his baggage it will not be a very extensive change at that.

Where the Protestant has means provided for building a comfortable home, the latter will have to depend upon his own ingenuity. There is no need to impress the native with his outward magnificence, for he has vowed himself to perpetual poverty. He has entered upon his mission as one who is capable to teach the religion of Christ, his only recognized Master, and has to look at the result of his labor, which shall be judged by Him, and not by the charitably disposed public. Thus, being a teacher, he enters upon his task; he proceeds to teach by impressing the native with the sanctity, power, value, and importance of labor. He stamps it with the highest and most holy seal by himself engaging in it, and by force of example draws to his side those who are disposed to participate in its fruits. He is not above the native, though he may be more fortunate; he humbles himself in accordance with the solemn vow he has taken, and in this way infuses into the life of his people the same influence that Christ his Master was wont to teach and practise. Like the Master, he becomes endeared to the disciple, over whom he is not long in gaining complete control; not out of fear or from any sense of superiority and exalted dignity, but as the natural result of that most powerful of all human influences, *love;* love, that purest of all virtues; and this he plants in the hearts of his people by example not by bribery, not by theory but by practice. Yes, and this secret was the very one that I heard the most

YOUNG TAILOR APPRENTICES.

vilified; the practice of this very virtue we were taught most to loath and despise, being told that it was only an outward display in order to gain influence, and then to ruin and deceive.

To emphasize what I have advanced as the standard of duty in the Catholic missionary in Africa you need but look at the accompanying illustrations, for you will be able to associate the religious with the practical side of his work, with the evidence that you have around you in this and every other country in the great universe.

Thus, so far as the training goes, what results can we present on both sides? The Protestant cannot and does not wield the same influence as the Catholic. When possible the Protestant missionary has his family, his wife, to share his attention, and besides this he has nothing but theory to back up any and every precept that he may advance. He fails in implanting the true principle of love, and therefore he can never hope to gain other than a mercenary end for his labors. If he is to put down superstition, polygamy, or any other evil that runs rampant, he will have to resort to those means that he established at the outset, or, unless he comes within the influence of the Protestant government, he

will have to appeal to them for aid in compelling the native to attend the mission.

The Catholic priest, on the contrary, was like a father; his influence over young as well as old presented the most forcible example. On one occasion I had an opportunity to call upon the Fathers of the Holy Ghost for artisan labor, for which there was a considerable demand with us. We had no carpenters and no blacksmiths, and none but the Kru-Boys, who possessed a very limited idea of such work. Thus we were forced to apply to our much-maligned enemies in religion. This short visit did much to open my eyes regarding Catholic doctrines and the value of their presence in such a country as Africa.

The station—a comfortable, well-planned building—was the result of their own efforts, and did not entail any unnecessary expenditure of funds other than what was absolutely needed for raw material. Here were all classes to be found, trained and disciplined natives who had been initiated in all those occupations that were most conducive to the welfare of the country, and would be the most highly appreciated by those that were to follow.

The fathers, as I have said, exercised complete control over their converts, and displayed that knowledge of the native character that not even our distinguished chief appeared to possess. For though Stanley could influence his men, yet he could not make of them any kind of useful beings, either to himself or to others.

At this station I was able to secure the help needed, and could not but feel ashamed that we should have had to resort to the Catholic mission for aid when we were always so ready and eager to decry them upon every possible opportunity. Moreover, having in mind the flourishing reports of the great results accomplished by Protestant missionary societies, one was ready to ask what it all meant, and look around for the secret of the enormous expenditure of funds that they continually need to carry on their work. This solution was not beyond sight, nor did it need any great amount of calculating to figure where all the money went.

The cost of living was great when it was taken into consideration that they had to depend upon food which was imported from Europe and the United States. They had to compensate the native for attending school, and their other

THE CATHEDRAL OF ZANZIBAR.

expenses were considerable. To think that they should have to train the native to work, or themselves set an example in this line, would certainly have shocked the contributors themselves. They were not engaged to teach anything but the Bible, and the contributors are willing at any cost to bear the expense. The Catholic priest, on the other hand, has but a poor fund to draw upon, and at all stages of his career meets with hardship. He is ever looking to his Master for aid, and at all stages is impelled to project his future work, ever broadening its scope, though his means are alas! too limited. But he knows that the Master whom he so devotedly serves will provide, and he continues to meet the hardships, and by degrees accomplishes, in many instances in a crude manner, the purpose he has in mind, awaiting the future and the will of God to open the hearts of those who possess the means to further the noble efforts that are made for His greater glory and honor.

The millions of dollars that are annually contributed for the furtherance and support of Protestant missions, judging from my experience not alone in Africa but several other Catholic countries, should make every Catholic realize the crying need

that exists for funds to carry on the work that so many of our patron saints initiated, and whom we are so ready to appeal to at all times when we stand in need of temporal benefits. If we are led to recognize the power and influence that these holy men wield at the hands of Jesus, we should in like turn be ready to respond to the plea that is raised by their followers whose whole life and efforts are spent in accomplishing what is for our benefit, and above all, the greater glory and honor of God through His Son, our Saviour and Redeemer.

The following is an excerpt just received from the head of one of the Protestant trading firms in England, whose stations are within the district of the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, and will go far to show how highly even Protestants think of the noble work that is being carried on by these true servants of the cross:

"I am much interested in the exertions put forth by your mission to develop industry and education. I am therefore glad to know that you are creating bricklayers, stone-cutters, carpenters, agriculturists, and I hope engineers and blacksmiths. You are doing a fine work for Africa. . . . The government ought to be doing the work you are doing in these matters; but as they have not undertaken it, nor are likely to do so, I hope they are giving you such financial assistance as you deserve. . . . The government of West Africa, unfortunately, thinks more of spending the revenue on worthless and unnecessary objects than in the cause of education. . . . Apparently in Africa it is the business of the government to tax the people, and do as little for them as possible in return. . . . Accept the amount of . . . as a token of my interest in your work. . . ."

If Catholics will but follow the example of this fair-minded Protestant gentleman, it will be a great help to the furtherance of the plans that for so many years have been frustrated owing to the lack of funds.

The Winds.

BY KATHLEEN MONICA NICHOLSON.

WHAT are the songs the mad winds sing?
What is the message their wild wings bring?
Moaning among the branches bare,
Whistling under the eaves at night,
Speeding over the hill-tops white,
Theirs to interpret the songs who dare:
Be it a prophecy, be it a knell
They leave behind as they swiftly go,
That the heart may hear and the soul may know,
But the lips may have no speech to tell.

We are the Past that to music burned
The hopes that died in the swift flown years,
The future gained that dissolved in tears,
The loved and lost that the heart hath yearned.
The breath of a flower, a dream, a pain,
To sentient being returned again.

We are the life that must end with years,
The hopes that perish, the loves that pass
As the breezes that sweep thro' the blades of grass;
We are the dead that know no biers,
We are the echoes of old years' chime,
We are all that was in the realms of time.

'Mong Karnak's pillars our songs we sang,
And proud kings listened and sad-faced priests;
We whistled low at their ancient feasts,—
'Mong Karnak's ruins our dirges rang;
For the years and ruins and mounds away
Are past and passing, and on we stay.

Voices of Pagans with faces prone,
To worship the gods of the early world,
Ere the Man-God came to earth and hurled
The altars to dust and claimed His own;
For us no home in earth or air,
Wanderers ever and everywhere.

Voices of souls of abandoned creeds,
Moanings of deeds of forgotten days;
Ever the world new means essays
To adapt her ways to new men's needs;
Tho' mountain and earthquake and glacial path
Have changed her face,—and the Man God's wrath.

We are the dreams that were dreamed before
Moses had carved the Tables of Ten;
We are the thoughts that came to men
Ere the dreamer dreamed of the Western shore.
We are of the Past. When our song is done
The Past and the Future shall be as one.

THE EMBERS REKINDLED.

BY G. V. CHRISTMAS.

"The time draws near the birth of Christ.
The moon is hid: the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist."—*In Memoriam.*

JAMES CLAYTON had "arrived." There could be no two opinions on the subject. For some years past he had been clambering up the slippery foothold of Fame's ladder, sometimes attaining a higher rung, at others sliding back again to his former position; but now his name was on every one's lips and his last book was the topic of the moment; and that is Fame—as we count it nowadays. He was sitting alone in his study this Christmas Eve, waiting for the somewhat tardy arrival of his typewriter. A tall, distinguished-looking man, with gray eyes which seemed as though they were better acquainted with sorrow than with mirth, and a smile which came rarely but which was well worth waiting for—"a man with a past." Such was the verdict of the women who were acquainted with him, as well as those who admired from a distance—and these were a large number; perhaps—who shall fathom the mysteries of a woman's mind?—on account of his well-known indifference to the sex. He had not, however, been always indifferent. The flower of romance had bloomed for him as well as for his fellows, and for a brief elysian period he had tasted the sweets of gratified love. And then had followed disaster, and now, he told himself, the torch of fame and ambition burned with a clearer radiance than any light which could be found in a woman's eyes.

This reflection was with him this snowy Christmas Eve as he waited to begin his work. It was the eighth anniversary of the day which had witnessed the wreckage of his hopes,—the day when he had discovered that for him wedded happiness was a dream and solitary endurance a reality. He rose from his chair and began to pace restlessly up and down the

room. Usually, accustomed as he was to the concentration of his ideas, he was able to control and keep in order any intruding thoughts which threatened to interfere with his routine of work; but this morning, somehow, it required a greater effort, and one after another vivid pictures of the vanished past rose up before his mental vision.

Presently he looked at his watch, and an impatient exclamation escaped him.

"Why does not that girl come?" he muttered. "Past ten already, and the weather never keeps her away." And then, as if in answer to his words, the bell rang and, after a moment's interval, a tall, slight woman, with a thick gauze veil concealing her features, entered the room.

James Clayton looked up in surprise.

"Miss Seaton is ill," began the stranger in a low, pleasantly modulated voice, "and I have been sent instead. You will find me an experienced typist."

The novelist started and bent a scrutinizing glance on the veiled features. The voice sounded strangely familiar, and his heart began to beat a little quicker than its wont.

"I regret Miss Seaton's illness," he said gravely, "but I have no doubt your services will prove efficient. Will you kindly begin, as it is rather late?"

The typewriter bowed her assent, and began, with somewhat trembling fingers, to remove her thick veil.

"Ethel!"

Sharp and sudden the name fell from the man's lips, and, for an instant, he and the woman, from whom he had parted eight years ago, stood gazing at each other in silence.

The woman was the first to regain her self-possession. "You remember me, then?" she said calmly.

"Remember you?" he echoed; "is it likely I should forget? A man may forget the woman he loves possibly, but he will always remember the one who has ruined his life."

She raised her eyebrows, while a faint, mocking smile curved the corners of her mouth.

"The world does not consider your life ruined, at any rate," she remarked. "For the last year I seem to have heard of little else but James Clayton's wonderful success, of his fertility of ideas, his originality of style, his ever-increasing fame. Gratified ambition spells happiness to most men, but it

appears that you are more difficult to please. But you must not miss your morning's work. As I am here and your typewriter is not, shall we begin?"

She seated herself at the machine, a slight, graceful figure in a close-fitting black dress, and awaited his dictation.

"What is the use of continuing this farce?" he exclaimed angrily. "*Why* did you come here to awaken memories which —which I *hoped* were dead and buried? The fire was extinguished long ago, and there is nothing so difficult to rekindle as burnt-out embers. What was your object in coming to torment me?"

The color rushed into her pale face at his impetuous words.

"I came," she said slowly, "to tell you that I—that I forgave you."

He stared at her with wide-open, incredulous eyes for an instant, in bewildered silence, and then he broke into a bitter laugh.

"Well, for barefaced audacity commend me to a woman!" he exclaimed. "You—my wife—came here to *forgive me*, when it is I who am the injured, insulted party? Why did we part?" he demanded peremptorily, crossing the room to stand in front of her, indignation in every line of his face. "Answer me that, and then explain, if you can, where your *forgiveness* comes in?"

"We parted," she said, in a low but unfaltering tone, "because you, being the victim of a delusion, rashly judged the woman whom at God's altar you had sworn to love and cherish until death."

"Rashly judged? Am I going mad or are you?" he murmured with the air of a man weighed down by a gruesome nightmare. "Did I not with my own ears hear you telling my friend, the man I trusted like a brother, that he need not despair, that his fidelity and patience would certainly be rewarded some day, *if* he was capable of playing a waiting game. You added—I can remember it as though it were yesterday—'I will see you alone to-morrow and tell you what I have arranged. Jim will be at Starborough until late in the evening.' Was that what you said, or was it not?"

"It was," she returned calmly, "word for word. You have indeed a wonderful memory. And then you interrupted us; you stormed, and raved, and insulted us both grossly; but you

never asked for any explanations, or whether I had anything to plead in my defence."

"Defence? You had none to make," he answered hotly.

"Pardon me, I had. I could have told you that Tom Dalton was in love with my sister Nellie, who was playing the coquette with him and treating him extremely badly, and that I was acting as intermediary, and doing all I could to bring the silly child to her senses. I had promised him solemnly that I would keep his secret, even from you, till the affair was settled. He was nothing but a boy in spite of his five-and-twenty years, and he was afraid of your chaff. Of course he was ready to release me from my word; indeed, I had great difficulty, when you left us, in preventing him from rushing after you and telling you the whole story; but I persuaded him not, and perhaps—who knows?—he thought I was *glad* to be released? Anyhow, he promised; you had doubted me, and I would not stoop to explanations—my pride was my besetting sin—nor would I forgive you; and you were proud too; we were well matched in *that* respect—and so I left you."

As she spoke James Clayton stood as one transfixed. His mind was in a whirl of conflicting emotions, and amongst them the newly born tidings of a great joy began to whisper to his heart: Ethel was innocent; she had come back to him, perhaps—she would stay.

"What have you thought of me all these years?" she demanded imperiously.

"I did not know what to think," he muttered. "Dalton's regiment got the route for India three days after our separation and I have neither seen nor heard from him since. Nellie, I suppose, refused him after all?"

"She did, and has regretted it; but never mind that now. You have believed that I cared for him then?"

"God help me, Ethel! I was half mad with wounded pride and jealousy, and I feared perhaps—he was an attractive fellow, you know, and nearer your own age than I—and, fool that I was, *I* was too proud to ask you!"

"It is our pride which has very nearly ruined both our lives," she said softly; "but now—" And she paused abruptly. "Do you see now that it is *my* place to forgive, Jim?"

He groaned and bent his head upon his hands. "*Can* you

forgive me?" he asked. "But why? The situation is the same. I let you go and lost all traces of your existence. What is prompting you to give me this chance of atonement? Is it"—and he rose and came towards her, the old tender light which she once knew so well shining in his eyes,—"is it that the old love still lives within you, that the memory of the old days has overcome your pride?"

"It is that, and *more*," she said, and her lips were parted in a radiant smile. "When I left you, Jim, I had, as you know, very little if any religion, and what I had was vague and unsatisfactory; but lately, within the last six months, I have been led to the light, and I believe. I am a Catholic, Jim, and it is a Catholic's *duty* to forgive. That is the principal reason why I came to you as Miss Seaton's substitute this Christmas Eve. I took up typing when my aunt, with whom I have been living, died; and going to the office to inquire for your address, I took this opportunity of seeing you at once. Shall I—stay, Jim, and spend Christmas with you?"

He rushed forward and took her in his arms, and the sorrow of their past vanished at the touch of a present joy. . . . Presently Ethel Clayton raised her head from her husband's shoulder with a demure little smile. "What about those burnt-out embers, Jim?" she inquired. "Do you think we *shall* be able to rekindle them, after all?"

He looked down at her fondly, with a laugh in his eyes. His face appeared ten years younger, and his manner was that of a school-boy newly released for his holidays.

"We will have a try at it anyhow, little woman," he said.

And outside, that Christmas Eve, the snow-flakes fell faster and faster and the reunited lovers looked out together upon a white world.

THE CHURCH IN FRANCE AND THE BRIAND BILL.

BY MANUEL DE MOREIRA, Ph.D.

FRANCE once more is making frantic efforts to root out of the country that religion which for centuries has been a legacy from the noble and great of the past. About a year ago they succeeded in expelling from their native land men and women whose praises were sung in every country. The army, inactive thanks to a prolonged peace, was called to enforce the new law, and we, in this home of freedom, read in our daily paper the venturesome deed of France sending one or two battalions of infantry and cavalry to evict eight or ten nuns, and a whole regiment, backed up by cannon, to expel a few peaceful monks, who had devoted their lives to the doing of good, and who had succeeded in relieving the country for miles around of poverty and suffering.

But that was a year ago. Since then they have tried incessantly to plan a last move, which, while in theory and under American conditions would mean the removal of heavy chains, still under French customs means impoverishment and suffering for the French clergy. The plan of this governmental campaign, which is to result in the separation of the church and state, has been championed by M. Aristide Briand, a man well known for his hatred of religion and of matters ecclesiastical. The bill makes French Catholics ask: Is the plan of the great Napoleon to be shattered? Is the dream of the infidel to be realized? Are the French clerics to be deprived of their lawful support? Free-thinkers, on the other hand, boast that the day of liberty is about to dawn, and that the rule of the cassock is to be ignominiously broken.

To understand clearly the present situation we must keep before our minds the terms of the Concordat, according to which the relations between church and state are now regulated. It will be remembered that the Concordat is the famous document drawn up between Napoleon the Great and Pius VII., while the pope was still more or less a prisoner at Fontainebleau. Napoleon had come to the conclusion that a country

without a definite religion could not last, and that a merely national church was, under the circumstances, an impossibility. He resolved, therefore, to make the best of the situation, by compelling the pope to agree to certain plans which would give the emperor a leading influence in church matters. The extent of this influence will be best gathered from the following articles of the Concordat, which we outline in substance:

Article I. The Roman Catholic and Apostolic Religion shall be freely practised in France. Its worship shall be public; subject, however, to those police regulations which the government may judge necessary to preserve order and peace.

Art. II. New boundaries will be made for all dioceses. These boundaries will be arranged by the government in concert with the Holy See.

Art. III. The first consul shall name within three months the candidates for archbishoprics and bishoprics of the new dioceses. His Holiness shall confer canonical institution according to previous custom.

Art. IV. The nomination to vacant bishoprics shall also be made by the first consul, and the canonical institution will be conferred according to the previous article.

Art. V. The bishops, after receiving canonical institution, shall take, in presence of the first consul, the oath of allegiance to the government.

Art. VI. Diocesan priests shall take the same oath, in the presence of a magistrate approved by the government.

Art. VII. At the end of the divine service the following prayer shall be recited in all the Catholic churches in France: Domine, salvum fac rempublicam; Domine, salvos fac consules.

Art. VIII. The bishops can name for rectors of parishes only those persons who are acceptable to the government.

Art. IX. All metropolitan churches, cathedrals needed for divine worship, shall be put at the disposition of the bishops.

Art. X. The government will sanction any new foundation made by persons in behalf of the church.

When Napoleon made known the articles of the Concordat, he published simultaneously with it a Code of Organic Laws, with, as it was supposed, the view of rendering the acceptance of the Concordat less objectionable to the "Corps Legislatif, by which it was ratified April 5, 1802. These laws are in substance as follows:

No bull, brief, rescript, or mandate; no provision or enactment of any kind whatever coming from the Holy See, even should these refer only to individual and single cases, shall be received or published or printed or carried into effect without leave from the government.

Bishops shall be amenable for misdemeanors to the Council of State, which, if a case be made out against the arraigned, shall be competent to pass a vote of censure.

No synod may be held in France without leave of the government.

On the death of a bishop his see shall be administered by his metropolitan; or should he be prevented from so doing, by the senior bishop of the province.

Vicars-general shall continue to exercise the functions of their office after the death of the bishop and until his successor has been inducted.

Parish priests shall give the marriage blessing only to those who can prove that the marriage ceremony has been already performed before a civil magistrate The parish register shall be valid evidence as to the reception of the sacrament, but shall not be received as proof of what is purely a civil matter.

The arrangements thus concluded between France and the Holy See have been the basis of all negotiations between the two powers since that time; and although complete freedom for the church was not had, still under fair-minded statesmen the church was not crippled in her work. Now, however, M. Briand resolves to break utterly with the past, and to institute a new legislation which, while freeing the civil power of its obligations, will reduce churchmen to the position of *peons*, and the church to a condition of abject vassalage. To understand the matter as it should be understood by those who keep themselves abreast of great historic changes, we must give the greater number of the articles of the Briand bill:

Article I. The Republic grants to all citizens freedom of conscience, and also freedom of religious expression. It grants the free exercise of worship except under the following restriction:

Art. II. The Republic will never protect nor subsidize, directly or indirectly, any form of worship. It will not recognize a minister of worship. It will not provide gratuitously any house for the exercise of worship or for the lodgment of any ministers.

Art. III. The government will suppress the embassy to the Holy See and the Ministry of Worship.

Art. IV. From the first of January following the acceptance of this bill, all public expenses for any worship, all salaries, indemnities, etc., granted to the department of worship will be suppressed.

Art. V. From the same date the government will withdraw the free use of any religious building, previously put at the disposition of the minister of worship by the state, the departments, or the communes.

Art. VI. Within six months of the acceptance of the present bill, all properties, either movable or immovable, belonging to any worship, proceeding exclusively from gifts or donations of the faithful, will be divided between the civil societies founded for the exercise and maintenance of worship. Any realty which has been a gift from the state will revert to it.

Art. VII. A pension will be granted to any official of any church, from an archbishop to a professor of theology in a seminary, who, being over forty-five years old, has received for twenty years a salary from the state.

Art. VIII. This pension will be in proportion to the number of years of service, and will be no less than $120 nor more than $240.

Art. IX. The buildings actually used for the exercise of worship, or as residence to its ministers, will remain property of the state.

Art. X. In one year from the promulgation of this bill, any building that has been erected since the Concordat with the proceeds of collections or private donations can be reclaimed.

Art. XI. Buildings used for worship, and which are state property, must remain in the ownership of the state.

Art. XII. The state will be obliged, for a period of ten years, to rent these buildings for the exercise of worship. The rental cannot exceed ten per cent. of the income of said congregation.

Art. XIII. Meetings for the celebration of worship will be under the same laws as any public meeting.

Art. XIV. No political meeting can be held in buildings used for worship.

Art. XV. A fine from $10 to $100, or imprisonment from fifteen days to three months, will be the penalty of those com-

pelling others to attend, or to contribute to the support of any worship, or obliging any one to close his store or factory on any religious feast.

Art. XVI. Any minister of worship who, in the exercise of his functions, will in reading pastoral instructions or in his sermons attack a member of the government, or any public official, will be punished with a fine from $100 to $600, or imprisonment from a month to a year.

Art. XVII. Processions, or any exterior manifestation of worship, can only take place with permission of the mayor.

Art. XIX. It is forbidden to bless or consecrate by a religious ceremony a cemetery, or a portion of it containing more than one tomb.

Art. XX. Ornaments and funereal inscriptions are to be submitted beforehand to the municipal authority.

Art. XXI. It is forbidden to assign any special place in a cemetery for a suicide or a non-baptized person.

Art. XXII. No cross or any religious emblem can be erected, or stay erected, in a public place, except in the building reserved for the exercise of worship. Those which exist can be taken off by the public authority, except in those cases where it has an historical character. A fine from $20 to $400 will be inflicted on any one who builds one, or re-establishes one previously destroyed by order of the authorities.

While pretending to give the church the common right, M. Aristide Briand, deputy of the Loire, draws up against the association of worship rules which do not allow the clergy of the different religions to live with dignity and to fulfil with freedom their high and great mission.

The injustice of this law is obvious. An ordinary association can increase its property indefinitely without being under the control of the state; the society which will supervise the celebration of worship is not allowed the same privilege.

It seems that the new bill has for its object to prevent in the future the church from possessing property which will help it to defray the necessary expenses. It confiscates property belonging to the ecclesiastical authorities. It is true that one article grants to the church properties which have been built with money received from the liberality of the faithful, but another article decides that realty proceeding from gifts of the state shall return to the state.

The Briand bill forbids any cross or religious emblem, and gives authority to public officials to remove all crosses or statues now in existence. These acts of revolutionary vandalism will only be prevented if the monument has an historical interest.

After having proclaimed the free exercise of worship, M. Briand breaks at once the application of this principle in placing in the same class prayer-meetings and political gatherings. In doing so he forces those who meet together for pious purposes to give notification thereof (according to the law of June 30, 1881) to the authorities before each meeting, and of going through other formalities not at all in keeping with the celebration of religious duties.

It seems to me that the separation of the church and state under such conditions would be, according to the perfect expression of Guizot, "but a coarse experiment which will lower and weaken both under the pretext of freeing one from the other." We naturally ask ourselves what would be the result to France if the church were to be separated from the state?

If the French government were a liberal, unmeddlesome power, like our own, then the separation would be something that every one would desire. On the part of the church, there would be the enjoyment of that salutary liberty under which she can exercise her influence to the greatest advantage. The government would no longer have anything to say in the nomination of bishops, and the church would be able to present to the state a solid phalanx of independent prelates flanked by battalions of vigorous clerics. It is true that the church would have to forfeit the present means of subsistence, and the clergy would have to depend on the people for the ordinary necessaries of life. As the people have not been trained to support the priests, it would be doubtful if they could be relied upon to do so in a satisfactory manner—at least in the beginning. But matters would right themselves in time, and independence would strengthen not only the spiritual activity of the church but also her financial condition.

Views and Reviews.

THE OFFICE OF OUR LADY.
By Father Taunton.

Few books have been published in many years past as valuable or as timely as Father Taunton's study on *The Little Office of Our Lady.** Some biographies have been published of late that do but little credit to Catholic hagiography, and prayer books issued which endeavor to put in the background the great fundamental truths of our religion. Such works are a positive injustice to the soul that is seeking instruction, and that should be led with the utmost care by one thoroughly acquainted with Catholic theology and possessing an intimate knowledge of its proper proportions.

The present volume may be put into the hands of the youngest novice, and he will gain from it one of the most valuable assets of the spiritual life—the meaning and the power of prayer. The author states in his introduction: "I have written this treatise especially for those who by their vows are called upon to share in the public prayer of the church. . . . But I have borne in mind the wants of that ever-increasing number of the laity who prefer to find their devotion in the church's prayers, where all is staid and sober and short, rather than in utterances of private individuals, which are often the reverse. In days gone by the Little Office in English was the favorite devotion of our Catholic forefathers. Happy for England when our prayers once more take such forms, and we build our spiritual life on the simple, direct spirit of Holy Mother Church instead of on those so-called devotions which the late saintly Cardinal Manning was wont to count as some of the greatest evils of the church to-day."

Every Catholic must join at least once a week in the highest of liturgical prayers—the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; and we know of no treatise in English which excels that in the first part of this volume, on the nature of liturgical prayer. We cannot describe its excellences here, but we can and do urge every Catholic to read and study it.

Added to it is a history of the formation and growth of

* *The Little Office of Our Lady.* A Treatise Theoretical, Practical, and Exegetical. By Ethelred L. Taunton, Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. New York: F. Pustet & Co.

the Little Office, and its development as we have it to-day. The Practical Part treats of the proper recitation of the office, of attention and distraction; the Exegetical Part contains a full and complete commentary on the psalms, hymns, responses of all the hours. A ceremonial and the latest decrees of the Sacred Congregation of Rites are added as an appendix.

The book is a veritable treasure of suggestive thought and practical advice, and abounds in scriptural wisdom. Priests will find it most useful for their personal improvement and in preaching the Divine Word. Religious should welcome its publication, and Sodalities bless the author for his exceptionally good and laborious work.

The volume is rather large, well printed, but not exceptionally well bound, and we cannot but wish that its cost was less, for at its present price it will remain unknown to the great majority of Catholics, except perhaps when it is occasionally borrowed from a library, and even that privilege gives but the time to read the book; whereas this volume was "not intended to be read through once, and then laid aside," but is a "hand-book for reading and studying, now one part and then another."

It would be well, at least, to reprint the first chapter of the first part, and that could be brought within the reach of all.

We wish that the present volume would go far and wide on its mission of instruction and consolation, and spread among the hearts of men a true and loving devotion to our Blessed Lady, the patroness of our land!

WHAT THE CHURCH TEACHES. By Father Drury. Father Drury is a veteran missionary to non-Catholics in the State of Kentucky, and out of his rich experience he gives us this little book.* Bishop Spalding in his introduction to it says: "We know of no other book in which the doctrines of the Catholic Church are so satisfactorily, and at the same time so briefly, set forth." It is a well-written manual of the faith of Catholics, inspired by the kindly spirit of one who has spent many years among inquirers after the religion of Christ. The book is not controversial, or rather is the best sort of controversy, an attractive exposition of the truth. No subject

* *What the Church Teaches.* An Answer to Earnest Inquirers. By Edwin Drury, Priest of the Diocese of Louisville. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers.

of vital interest is omitted, and, besides, the chief devotional practices of Catholics are clearly explained. We ask a wide circulation for it, trusting that this edition in paper covers will place it within the reach of pastors and missionaries.

THE MERCY MANUAL.

There has been some discussion as to which one exercises the most potent influence on the affairs of a people—the one who makes their laws or the one who writes their songs. Both these parties may be set aside, in our judgment, for the one who puts into the most attractive way the prayerful aspirations of a people. There is no higher duty than prayer, and if the sweetness and charm of a devout soul are exercised in the making of a good prayer book, the attractiveness of prayer is made all the more alluring. The pity about most prayer books is, that they are made amidst the vulgarities of the shop and not amidst the sanctities of the cloister, and their prayers savor of little unction. Mercedes, who is favorably known for her many devotional poems, has compiled a manual* of devotion for the Sisters of Mercy of the Pittsburg diocese, but it deserves a wider circulation. It is beautifully printed in the Convent printing shop, and it is most elegantly bound; but apart from the mechanical side, the compilation is done with exquisite taste. The prayers at a Communion Mass are full of unction. The wonderful "Jesus Psalter," which can now be found only in the old prayer books, is included in this manual, and next to the rubrical prayers of the church there is no prayer that breathes such a spirit of profound devotion. While this prayer book is admirably adapted to the devotional needs of the religious within the convent walls, it will serve as well the larger prayerful public in the world.

MYSTICAL THEOLOGY.
By Rev. A. Devine.

Like its companion volume on ascetical theology, this present work of Father Devine's on mystical theology† is solid, prodigiously solid. Immense citations from Benedict XIV., Scaramelli, St.

* *The Mercy Manual.* Containing the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary and for the Dead, and Prayers used daily by the Sisters of Mercy. Compiled by Mercedes from approved sources for the special use of the Sisters of Mercy of the Pittsburg Diocese. Beatty, Pa.: St. Xavier Convent Print.

† *A Manual of Mystical Theology.* By the Rev. Arthur Devine, C.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

John of the Cross, and many others display the author's extensive reading, and abundantly confirm the orthodoxy of his statements, and perhaps thereby compensate for the absence of all suggestion of imagination or literary finish. It is, after all, intended as a manual for study, and whosoever investigates matters of this nature wants secure doctrinal teaching and cares little, as a rule, for anything else. For one thing we give Father Devine our thanks. He has omitted certain demonological lore found in Schram and other mystical authors, which is a disgrace to Catholic spiritual literature. He has had the decency to exclude the moonshine about *dæmones succubi* and *dæmones incubi*, and has thus insured that pure-minded people can read his book without indignation. Notwithstanding this he treats fully of the more occult regions of his mystical province, and entertains us with devout speculations on divine locution, corporeal visions, imaginative visions, intellectual visions; on prophecy, revelations, and the gift of miracles. This part of the treatise will be highly interesting to many. The most out-of-the-way information is found there in abundance; for instance, that the angels know our inmost imagination, but cannot penetrate to the state of our consciences, or the secrets of our minds; that supernatural locutions are "always excited by God in the phantasy by the composition or combination of the species that make them perceptible," and that "Dom Maréchaux holds for certain that in case of any visible communication taking place by the special permission of God between the souls in Purgatory and the living, angels are always the intermediaries." More practically interesting is the quotation from Benedict XIV. declaring that many saints imagine, in all good faith, that God has revealed something to them which actually has no higher source than their own fancy; and the author's own opinion that a literal interpretation of the nine-Friday promise attributed to Margaret Mary Alacoque is contradictory to Catholic faith.

MORAL BRIEFS.
By Rev. J. Stapleton.

Father Stapleton's little volume* of moral essays embodies an excellent idea. We have hand-books of doctrinal explanation in great number, but very few good manuals of popular moral theology.

* *Moral Briefs.* By the Rev. John H. Stapleton. Hartford, Conn.: The Catholic Transcript Press.

Yet these latter are needed, there can be no doubt, and the author of these expositions, accordingly, has been wise and timely in seeking to supply the want. The book consists of short, clear chapters which cover the entire field of the Decalogue. The explanations are full enough to answer all ordinary purposes, and the language is so simple as to be readily comprehended by the untheological reader. We are sure that the work will have a wide sphere of usefulness.

We trust that we shall not be considered unduly critical if, in a spirit of kindliness, we indicate one or two features which we cannot approve. We regret that the author has sometimes permitted himself to drop into undignified English. A sentence like "A short time previous to his death, Ingersoll sprang one of his jokes on the gullible public," must make the judicious grieve. And is it true that: "Hell-roaring Jake, our countryman in the East, ordered all killed *under* ten?"

Father Stapleton in one chapter says that this is a Christian country; yet towards the close of the book he speaks of the United States as a "miscalled Christian country." We trust that his true sentiments are expressed in the former phrase. We are a Christian country; and in our judgment, there is in our republic as robust and generous a Christian public opinion as in any other nation in the world. Another thing that we deplore is the bitterness of tone in the chapters on Catholic schools. It will do no good to speak of Catholics who do not send their children to the parochial schools as "the Independent Order of Catholic Kranks." Neither is it exact or just to say that agnosticism and infidelity are the "product of the godless public school." Agnosticism and infidelity have a far wider and deeper origin; and such intemperate statements only weaken, and grievously weaken, the Catholic position on education. Moreover the theology underlying the duty of attending parochial schools is far from satisfactorily stated. Finally, in the chapter on "Occultism," this sentence occurs, which requires a good deal of explanation and modification before it is theologically correct: "He who subjects himself to such influence (as hypnotism) commits an immoral act by giving up his will, his free agency, into the hands of another. . . . This is an evil in itself." To every one acquainted with the theology of the subject, it is clear that to yield one's self to hypnotism is not *intrinsice malum*, and

for solid reasons is justifiable. Notwithstanding these criticisms we repeat our testimony to the generally useful and helpful character of this interesting book.

THE APOSTLES' CREED. By Dr. MacDonald.

The question, how, when, where, and from whom the Apostles' Creed originated, is one of the nicest problems in church history. It calls for rare critical insight, wide erudition, and dispassionate fairness. It is not a matter of dogma at all, and a Catholic may take any position in the dispute which seems to him best established. The weight of modern scholarship is decidedly against Apostolic authorship for this Creed. Caspari, Kattenbusch, McGiffert, Harnack, Zahn, and the Catholic Semeria, certainly one of the most learned scholars in the church to-day, all reject the traditional position. Dr. MacDonald * stands firm for the old idea, and maintains that the Twelve drew up the Creed before they dispersed to begin evangelizing the world. We welcome Dr. MacDonald's contribution to the discussion with some warmth. Not many books—alas! that it should be so—come to us from Catholic pens in the more learned departments of literature. In fact, there is something almost alarming in the abstention of English-speaking Catholics from the intellectual activities of our age. It is a sign full of menace. We trust that this present volume, which deals with a scholarly subject, will be followed by Catholic productions from many other pens which will deal with scholarly subjects too.

Dr. MacDonald has a good grasp upon Early Christian literature, and doubtless his book presents the traditional side of the controversy about as well as the nature of the case permits. The questions which naturally occur to a thinking man who would satisfy his mind that the Apostles wrote the Creed, are about these: 1. Why is there such a silence as to the Symbol in the earliest Christian writings,—in St. Justin, St. Ignatius, and the *Didachè*, for example? 2. Why does the Creed differ in form when we do find it in later authors? One would think that so momentous a thing as an Apostolic document, and a document moreover which summarized the faith

* *The Symbol of the Apostles.* By Alexander MacDonald, D.D. New York: Christian Press Association.

of Christ, would be sacrosanct as to its very words, and that it would be as sacrilegious to change its expressions as to corrupt the Scriptures themselves?

These questions, to our thinking, are answered by Dr. MacDonald altogether unsatisfactorily. He answers the first by saying that the Creed appears late in Christian literature—late, that is, supposing that it is Apostolic—because of the *Disciplina Arcani*, the Discipline of the Secret, as that early practice was called which forbade Christians to disclose their faith and worship to unbelievers. In fact, we may say that the whole value of Dr. MacDonald's book depends upon the establishment of his contention that the *Disciplina* was extremely prevalent and extremely rigid in the very earliest Christian Church, and that the Symbol came under the *Disciplina*. Now, to prove this supposed extent of the *Disciplina* is something which requires far more attention than Dr. MacDonald gives it. As scholarship grows in knowledge of early Christianity, it is less inclined to concede the wide field to the *Disciplina* which it formerly was presumed to have occupied. Mgr. Batiffol, rector of the Catholic University of Toulouse, in his recent essay on the subject is quite at one with this new position.

And certainly against such a *Disciplina* as Dr. MacDonald supposes, the difficulties from St. Justin are enormous. Why, if the Christian religion was so vigilantly guarded, does this great Father of the second century, in his first apology, disclose in the freest and fullest manner to a pagan public the sacredest secrets of his faith? And why does Origen declare that the teachings of Christianity are better known in the world than the doctrines of the philosophers? At least these are difficulties which impartial scholarship should have led our author to consider. We regret that he passes them over, for they threaten the very life of his thesis. The silence of Justin, Irenæus, and the *Didachè* remains as inexplicable and troublesome as before Dr. MacDonald wrote. He tries indeed to maintain that both Justin and Irenæus refer to the Creed, but we must respectfully declare that his citations are too vague and weak to support that assertion. Equally inconclusive are his references from Augustine, Peter Chrysologus, etc., to prove that the Symbol was included in the *Disciplina*.

In fact, his argument that the early silence as to the Creed

is due to a rigid and intentional secrecy is dangerously like a "boomerang," if we may use a word which Dr. MacDonald applies to an argument of his opponents. For the Creed does appear in Tertullian and Irenæus. Why did not the *Disciplina* keep their lips silent too? Dr. MacDonald's answer is as follows: Both Tertullian and Irenæus give a threefold form of the Creed; and they thus varied its language, our author says, in order to mislead the unbeliever, and thus practically main tain the *Disciplina*. We submit that this explanation, given with no word of proof, can be accepted by no critical mind, and does nothing to stay that deadly "boomerang" in its flight.

This touches upon the second question, viz.: Why should a Creed of Apostolic authorship vary? Dr. MacDonald by no means satisfies us on this point, as we just intimated. For the variation is not merely a matter of words, but of articles too; and everything about these variations points to diversity of usage and doctrinal preoccupations which are an almost insuperable obstacle to Apostolic origin.

In two minor matters we feel obliged to pass a word of criticism upon this book. The effort made by the author to base the *Disciplina* upon New Testament texts leads him into some very venturesome exegesis. To say that our Lord referred to a discipline of the secret when he spoke the parable of the woman who hid a little leaven in three measures of meal, is to go very far indeed in search of proofs. And finally we would respectfully suggest that Dr. MacDonald's language about modern historical scholars and scholarship would be improved by judicious blue-pencilling. To say of Harnack that he is unfitted to discuss this purely historical question because he lacks the gift of faith; that he "lacks the knowledge, or at any rate the realization, of the fact that the Symbol was not first given in writing"; that he "reminds one of the blind man in the Gospel"; and to exclaim: "But what does Harnack take Irenæus for? Does he take him for a fool?"—to say these things hardly measures up to the dignity required in an academic discussion.

We have certainly not wished to be severe in dealing with this book. We have simply set down what candor compels us to acknowledge as insufficiencies, so far as we can judge in the matter. But once more we give testimony to Dr. Mac-

Donald's scholarship, and vigorous intellectual activity. He has opened up a subject new to English Catholic literature, and has dealt with it creditably. He is aware that his thesis is one on which differences of view are inevitable, and he will consequently not take ill our animadversions upon his side of the controversy.

WAS ST. PETER MARRIED? By Rev. J. F. Sheahan.

A pamphlet dealing with the question whether the word "mother-in-law," as used in the Gospels in reference to St. Peter, really means mother-in-law, implying that the Apostle was actually married, or whether it may not indicate some other relationship, ought to be a dignified essay in Greek philology. There ought to be no pictures in such a book, no flippant phrases, no inelegant English. Yet here is a pamphlet* upon this linguistic problem which is strewn with illustrations so inconceivably ridiculous that we have not yet quite made up our mind whether the whole thing is not meant as a hoax. There is a picture of what looks like a *porte-cochère* which is inscribed "Peter's house"; a viking galley is designated "Peter's boat"; a sad-faced old lady, somewhat suggestive of Whistler's portrait of his mother, is marked "Peter's Penthera"; a sage-brush effect has under it the words "This is a plant"; and two cuts of children are interpreted to us as "Papa's boy" and "Papa's girl." This is an essay on the meaning of a Greek noun! Verily the curiosities of literature must make room for a distinguished accession to their fantastic company. The essay and picture-commentary itself ends thus: "It does not matter to us what her relationship was, and as God has not been pleased to gratify our curiosity, all that we can do in this world is to be patient, and wait until we meet Peter in the next world and ask him."

A DEFENCE OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By J. Fonssagrives.

M. J. Fonssagrives has given us a pamphlet† which is a summary of the dark events now befalling the church in France. It is an account written by an indignant Catholic of some of the sacrilegious disturbances caused by the execution of M. Combes' iniquitous law. For example, at Aubervilliers a Jesuit, Père Coubé, was

* *Was St. Peter Married?* By Rev. Joseph F. Sheahan. New York: Cathedral Library Association.

† *La Défense de la Liberté du Culte.* Par J. Fonssagrives. Paris: P. Téqui.

to preach. Hardly had he entered the pulpit when the commissary of police ordered him to stop. Others of the "Apaches," as this pamphlet styles the radical adherents of Combes, straightway set up a furious din, and some of them made threateningly for the brave and tranquil priest. Just in time to prevent personal violence and perhaps bloodshed, the *curé* besought P. Coubé to give up all hope of preaching to such a mob, and to leave in peace. This appeal was heeded, and amid hootings P. Coubé descended from the pulpit. A few other instances like this are narrated, and at the end is an account of a meeting of Catholic young men where vigorous and fearless speeches in behalf of the church's liberty were made by eminent citizens, M. François Coppée among the number. This is the one hopeful chapter in this melancholy compilation. There is courage among the Catholics of France, but it is confined, as it would appear, to a vastly outnumbered minority. There are gleams of approaching day, but it is still hideous night. The pamphlet is dedicated "*aux vaillants défenseurs de la liberté du culte, aux divers groupes de jeunes gens libéraux, royalistes et antisémites, à la jeunesse Catholique de Paris.*" We wonder if such language will hasten better days for Catholicity in republican France.

REUNION ESSAYS.
By Rev. W. R. Carson.

Father Carson is one of those converts from Anglicanism whose stories are recorded in *Roads to Rome*. The book * before us represents an attempt on his part to further the reconciliation of his former co-religionists with the church that now possesses his allegiance. In pursuit of this purpose he discusses in most sympathetic fashion certain points upon which souls progressing toward Catholicism are likely to strike and stick fast. In substance the ten essays are so many detailed presentations and defences of the following theses:

That though there have been many apparent transformations in Catholicity, none of them are really more than genuine developments.

That the dogma of Papal Infallibility, as defined by the Vatican Council, is most moderate and reasonable, and far removed from the exaggerations of certain Ultramontanes.

* *Reunion Essays.* With an Appendix on the non-Infallible Dogmatic Force of the Bull Apostolicæ Curæ of Pope Leo XIII. in Condemnation of the Holy Orders of the Church of England. By Rev. W. R. Carson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

That the social aspect of Confession, as expressed anciently in public confession, retains a place in the private tribunal to-day.

That when God spoke in Scripture, and again when he assumed a human form, and again as he dwells in the visible church, he did—and at present does—in some mysterious way adapt himself (by Kenosis) to the limited capacity and imperfect understanding of mankind.

That Catholics lend countenance to a grievous error when they seem to regard the Blessed Virgin as more capable of understanding or sympathizing with their needs than God the Creator, or God Incarnate.

That great weight must be laid upon the arguments (for Theism and Catholicism) drawn from the *moral* constitution, the natural postulates, and the needs of the human soul.

That Anglicans ought and are apt to regard the Invocation of Saints as a lawful and acceptable custom, when it is delivered from the fatal tendency (discoverable during the mediæval times and even in some parts of the church to-day) to place the Saints on a level with God as bestowers of temporal gifts and fountains of spiritual graces, to be invoked exclusively and absolutely.

That the Catholic theory of saint-worship (whatever individual abuses may occur in practice) never regards the saint as an object of reverence or love except as related to God.

This summary will show that, at least, Father Carson deals with living questions, and though a professional theologian would scarcely consider these essays as a theological work, they certainly do much to stimulate thought on some of the most important issues that engage the attention of the Christian world at present. The absence of an "imprimatur" for the book is due, presumably, either to the fact that much of its contents has already appeared in the *Weekly Register* and the *Ecclesiastical Review*, or else to some other unassigned cause.

The author is of a very independent type of mind—which is a good thing; and of an over-ready openness of speech—which is not altogether a good, though certainly it is a refreshing, thing. His book will make for progress, and this is enough to cover quite a multitude of sins. Yet we feel inclined to regret the absence of such a caution, discrimination, and tem-

perateness of view as would have disarmed criticism of its only dangerous weapon, *a good excuse*. "How differently Newman would have written some of these paragraphs!" is our thought as we read; and "If he had only been a little more guarded in expression and dispassionate in tone!" is the suggestion disturbing us as we realize that good modern ammunition and precious British lives are apt to be spent in vain if kopjes be stormed too recklessly.

In the essay on Development one fancies that a trace of Loisy's thinking shows through here and there; if so, he is the one unacknowledged source. The rest are in evidence—Newman, Ryder, Tyrrell, Semeria, Wilfrid Ward. May Father Carson fare no worse than the luckiest of them!

SICK-CALLS.
By Rev. A. M. Mulligan.

Here is a little book* which may serve priests as a companion to their Ritual. Father Mulligan's papers in the *Ecclesiastical Review* on the elements of medicine necessary for a priest on sick-calls have been noted everywhere, and were the cause of no little discussion. They are here gathered together, and, it must be confessed, they make a valuable volume. Of course, priests in the course of their ministry, and the veterans in the service, may resent Father Mulligan's information on diseases and symptoms, and cautions, and signs of death; but none the less, the great majority of priests, young and old, will recognize in these papers an extremely helpful and very handy pocket manual of practical medicine.

DEVOTIONAL WORKS.

Below† we name a number of volumes belonging to the Methuen Library of Devotion and published in this country by the Church Missions House. The books enumerated are too widely known to require any comment or

* *Sick-Calls; or, Chapters of Pastoral Medicine.* By the Rev. Alfred Manning Mulligan. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Christian Year.* By John Keble. Walter Lock, D.D., Warden of Keble College.—*Lyra Innocentium.* By John Keble. Walter Lock, D.D.—*The Temple.* By George Herbert. E. C. S. Gibson, D.D., Vicar of Leeds.—*A Book of Devotions.* J. W. Stanbridge, B.D.—*A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life.* By William Law. C. Bigg, D.D.—*A Guide to Eternity.* By Cardinal Bona. J. W. Stanbridge, B.D.—*The Inner Way.* Being Thirty-six Sermons for Festivals by John Tauler. A. W. Hutton, M.A.—*On the Love of God.* By St. Francis de Sales. W. J. Knox Little, M.A.—*The Song of Songs.* Being selections from St. Bernard. B. Blaxland, M.A. New York: Edwin S. Gorham.

recommendation; all that our readers will care to learn is the nature of the present editing and the publishing. Of both we can speak highly. The editors are men of learning and position; their duty has been performed with conscientious care; and the press-work suitably reinforces the scholarly labor spent on each volume. Including, as it does, masterpieces of devotional literature composed by Saints of the Catholic Church, together with spiritual treatises regarded as classical by Christians of other communions, the collection offers the reader a good opportunity to decide upon the breadth and fairness of the editors. We are glad to be able to say that the books which have come under our notice show a sincere and a successful effort to avoid offending or misleading any of the different classes of readers apt to turn to them for help. Unlike Miss Winkworth, Mr. Hutton judges it inadvisable to mutilate the text of Tauler in behalf of Protestant readers, and Canon Knox Little considers it better "to reproduce St. Francis' own thoughts as he gives them," rather than to tone down expressions or views that accord ill with "the colder and calmer habits of English Catholics." A comparison of Mr. Blaxland's selections from St. Bernard with the Eales text, from which they are reproduced, gives no indication that the principle governing his choice was anything else than his conception of the spiritual requirements of prospective readers. And in general we may say that, as the announcement declares, the editors both in prefaces and in notes set down "nothing distasteful to any reader," although they do adopt "a definite church stand-point."

With regard to the translation of St. Francis' "Treatise on the Love of God," due largely, it would seem, to Miss Ethel Little, we cannot avoid remarking that while following Dom Mackey's version with noticeable exactness, the new translators occasionally and, it seems rather unfortunately, depart from it. For instance—in a sentence otherwise literally reproduced—Dom Mackey's words stood "The soul sedulously deprives herself of all other pleasures that she may give herself more entirely to taking pleasure in God." A clumsy sentence, perhaps, but certainly no more so than the attempted improvement, "the soul carefully separates herself from all other pleasures that she may exercise herself more entirely to taking pleasure in God" (p. 147). So, in the sentence beginning line 13, page 159, the alterations seem again unfortunate, *e. g.*, the changing of "the

nightingale which," into "the nightingale who." Possibly such faults are due to hasty revision; that there was some such haste is clear from the note on page 52, where in animadverting on St. Francis' view of celibacy the editor spells "celebacy."

But these are small defects, and the series, as a whole, is a real boon. One wishes the paper a little heavier, perhaps, especially in the volumes of verse, and no doubt one might suggest other possible improvements, but when we reflect that these little editions are really both reliable and handsome, and that they cost only seventy-five cents in cloth, criticism is hushed, and we render to editor and publisher the thanks they deserve.

THIRD ORDER MANUAL.

The Third Order of St. Dominic,* which Father Faber of the Oratory so aptly called "the order of multitudinous childlike saints," is divided into three great branches. First, those living in convents, and known as Conventual Tertiaries; second, those who belong to congregations, and meet at stated times, and these are known as Chapter Tertiaries; and third, those who privately observe the rule, and these are called Private Tertiaries. It is for this third class of the Tertiaries of St. Dominic that this manual is compiled. Fully twenty years ago the Very Rev. Charles H. McKenna, O.P., prepared a Guide for the Dominican Tertiaries. It was very full and complete, but was addressed more especially to the Chapter Tertiaries. Hence this new manual was prepared to meet the wants of many thousands of good souls living in the world, and who have not the advantage of near and intimate association with the greater branches of the Order. We have no doubt that this volume will be of great assistance to the many who have religious aspirations, who hold in their heart most sincere longings for a life of perfection, and yet in manifold ways are not able to withdraw from the busy cares of this world. It is for such souls that St. Dominic founded the Third Order; and it is for the best use of their privileges and the wisest use of their Rule that this volume has been prepared. It is substantially bound and well printed, and is in all respects well adapted for the profitable use of the Private Tertiary of St. Dominic.

**The Dominican Tertiaries' Manual.* Compiled by Rev. Raymond J. Voltz, O.P. Somerset, O.: Office of the Rosary Magazine.

IDEALS IN PRACTICE.
By Countess Zamoyska.

The author of this work,* a Polish countess, devoted the best portion of her life to the work of upbuilding a system of practical training of Polish girls which would meet the actual demands of life. At Zakopane her school, accommodating 130 girls, gives post-graduate courses in household management. The volume before us is written by one, therefore, who has had wide experience in the practical application of theories to life. The work is divided into three parts, preceded by a preface by Miss Mallock, and an introduction on Work in General. Manual, mental, and spiritual work are then discussed in a way that is rarely excelled in good judgment and directness. While there is much sentiment throughout, the common sense, devotion, practical reflections that abound, show us that the author has the rare gift of reducing ideals to practice without losing the sense of the ideal in so doing. The training of young girls for life is still an unsolved problem. The establishing of a standard of values for them which will enable them to place religion, theatre, learning, novels, cooking, and candy in their proper relations, is a work of supreme importance. We must admit that, however good our systems and schools are, the actual solution of the problem is yet to come. The volume before us is intended to do something toward this end. The chapter on manual work seems at times to descend to the commonplace; as, for instance, when the ordering, repairing, and cleaning of kitchen utensils is discussed. Yet when one recalls the great number of young women who have not yet had a first lesson in these things, the bravery and practical sense of the author in not being afraid to discuss the commonplace becomes at once apparent. In view of the practical character of the little work, one may feel disappointed in not finding in it more about how to do, and less about what to do.

The work was written for Polish conditions; it appeals to those who know them. But one may say in honesty that the volume is marked by rare common sense, a deep Catholic spirit, and genuine love of the interests of the young. If read with sympathy and reflection, it can be of great use to the young and to those who teach them.

**Ideals in Practice.* By Countess Zamoyska. Translated from the French by Lady Domville. New York: Benziger Brothers.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY. By Rev. A. Castelein.

To readers familiar with philosophical literature not much need be said of a volume of ethics* which bears upon its title-page the name of Father Castelein. This present work of his practised pen merits more than ordinary interest. It is concerned not only with the fundamental principles of moral science, but very extensively with many social questions of grave and pressing import. Socialism is given a large share of attention; as are the questions of just salary, of capital and labor, of war and arbitration, of church and state, all which Father Castelein treats in the light of traditional scholasticism, but with a broad-minded appreciation of modern times and present needs. For those who do not care for the full discussions comprised in the *editio major* of this work, there is an abridgment which contains the substance of the author's thought and erudition.

GENERAL GORDON'S REMINISCENCES.

General Gordon's *Reminiscences of the Civil War*† is the most interesting and thoroughly readable account of our great war that has appeared. Of course, as the title indicates, it does not pretend to be a complete history of the conflict, and is chiefly concerned with the battles in which the author himself took part. But he was in the war from Bull Run to Appomattox, and fought with General Lee's army on almost all its well-known fields. Fredericksburg is, we may say, the only one he missed; and he would have been in this, too, had he not been laid up by a wound received at Antietam.

But the book is specially interesting, not only because it comes from an eye-witness but because he has so eminently the gift of describing what he has seen. This is notably true of his description of military movements. Most, indeed almost all soldiers, seem to fail most grievously in this matter. The non-professional reader is usually lost hopelessly in a maze of technical terms, and of complicated statements, utterly unintelligible without a map, and almost so even with one. But from General Gordon's account one gathers all that is needed as to

* *Institutiones Philosophiæ Moralis et Socialis Quas in Collegio Maximo Lavaniensi Societatis Jesu.* Tradebat A. Castelein, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Reminiscences of the Civil War.* By General J. B. Gordon, of the Confederate Army. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the strategy of a campaign, and really understands very clearly the tactics of a battle. Most people have very little idea of what is meant by "flanking"; but one who does not realize its significance after his account of the Wilderness or Cedar Creek must certainly be dull enough. His own brilliant idea in the first of these seems to entitle him to a very high place among tacticians.

But the peculiar charm of the book is not merely in this. It is even more in his admirable style, his perfect use of language in every way, his fund of anecdote and vein of the choicest American humor. And perhaps even more than all this, in his thoroughly courteous and chivalrous appreciation of the bravery and skill of the enemy, his hearty recognition of merit wherever it is to be found; and this without the slightest trace of self-assumption or boasting One can see the perfect gentleman in every page of his writing. He is always considerate of the feelings of others, and want of this consideration, discourtesy in short, is the one thing which excites his indignation.

He attributes the failure of operations on both sides largely to delay at critical moments, not making immediate use of opportunities, unwillingness to take chances. Some instances of this in the war are quite familiar to all, but he points it out in other cases where it is not so well known; and he proves his points very well. Specially, he makes it quite plain that if Early, at Cedar Creek, had not thought he had glory enough for one day, Sheridan would have found it impossible to rally his army when he arrived on the field after his famous ride.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

The fifth of the new volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* * opens with an interesting and suggestive essay by Benjamin Kidd, the author of *Principles of Western Civilization*, on the Application of the Doctrine of Evolution to Sociological Theory and Progress. The author dates a new and revolutionary impulse in every field of human thought from the acceptance of the doctrine of evolution. This theory of evolution is gradually

* *Encyclopædia Britannica.* New Volumes, constituting, with the Volumes of the Ninth Edition, the Tenth Edition of that Work. Vol. vi., forming vol. xxx. of the complete Work. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Co.

becoming more comprehensive, he writes, and demands necessarily a widening of the social conception. The law of progress in life cannot be stated simply in terms of utility and present environment. A higher controlling principle must be sought, and thus the theory of evolution involves a conception of development as applied to man's fundamental convictions in religion.

The volume includes histories, political and literary, brought fully up to date, of Greece, the Hawaiian Islands, Holland, India, Italy, Hungary, and Japan. All these are written by representative men, and the last two are of particular interest at the present time.

The article by the Rev. J. H. Bernard, of Trinity College, clearly shows what little love or care some writers have for the truth, or else what a distorted vision they labor under when they do search for it. This author makes the Church of Ireland, by which he understands the Protestant Church, one with the ancient Catholic Church. The account is so grotesquely untrue that one may afford to treat it humorously. This Protestant Church, which termed the Mass a sacrilege, and branded priestly orders as unchristian, has now "the episcopal succession unbroken, and the continuity of the Church of Ireland with the ancient Celtic Church is a historical fact." And the proof? Why, says the writer, "this Church of Ireland is in possession of many ancient buildings, such as the cathedrals of Armagh and Dublin." When Henry VIII. possessed the monasteries by the title of robbery he must have been, at this rate, a true religious.

Nevertheless, with becoming fairness, this writer grants "that the Reformation movement was hindered in Ireland by natural prejudice, and never succeeded in gaining the allegiance of the Irish people as a whole." "National prejudice" and "as a whole" are phrases that do more credit to the author's cleverness than to his candor.

The article on the Gospels is quite sufficiently iconoclastic to please the most extreme. A. C. Swinburne contributes a learned estimate of Victor Hugo, but it is excessive in its repeated superlatives.

The late John Fiske writes the article on General Grant, in which he states that there is no doubt of the superiority (over Grant) of the Confederate General (Lee). Ex-Secretary of State John W Foster writes of President Harrison; John T. Morse,

of O. W. Holmes; General Joseph Wheeler, of the Confederate General J. E. Johnston, and President Eliot of Harvard, of Asa Gray.

So it will be seen that the volume contains a number of noted American contributors.

The Century in its November issue published a noteworthy article on "The Present Epidemic of Crime," by Dr. James M. Buckley. The author discusses some of the causes of this epidemic, and the paper is of interest just now because of the discussion on religious education. The same number contains a sonnet by Prof. Maurice Francis Egan worthy of special mention. *The Century* announces for 1904 a series of papers by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell on the "Youth of Washington," told in the form of an autobiography. It will be a unique method of writing, and ought at least to be entertaining.

A. C. McClurg and Company, of Chicago, announce the publication of an exact reprint of the second issue (1698) of Father Louis Hennepin's "A New Discovery."

The editing, with introduction, notes, and analytical index, is done by the noted scholar, Reuben Gold Thwaites, who achieved wide-spread fame through his work on the "Jesuit Relations."

The edition of Father Hennepin's work includes two volumes, with fac-similes of original title-pages, maps, and other illustrations. THE CATHOLIC WORLD will take pleasure in giving later a more extended notice of this important work.

John Lane, of New York, has just published a most artistic edition of Henry Harland's *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.* We have praised the merits of this novel more than once before, and we take this opportunity to publish our praise again. Literary critics of unquestionable judgment agree that the novel is almost perfect in its artistic workmanship.

The present edition is bound in decorated cover; printed on particularly heavy paper, and abundantly illustrated by G. C. Wilmshurst. The book will make a most welcome Christmas gift.

Library Table.

The Month (Nov.): Rev. Sydney F. Smith writes on "The Religious Side of Mr. Gladstone's Life." The writer sketches the character of that distinguished statesman—in the words of Lord Salisbury, "a great example of a great religious man"—reviewing briefly his religious career, his deep and active interest in religious questions, especially the part played by him in the great Oxford Movement, and finally his attitude, far from friendly, towards the Catholic Church, and those who as a result of that movement abandoned Anglicanism to enter its fold.——An article entitled "A great Social Work" gives an account of an important Catholic social movement in Belgium—its origin, purpose, methods, and general results. The movement, which consists in an organized system of retreats for workingmen in the large cities, is interesting as a practical if partial solution of a grave social and religious problem, that of reaching the laboring masses in our large cities and factory towns, who, cut off from ordinary religious influences, are fast drifting into irreligion and unbelief.——"Merrie England," by M. F. Quinlan, contains a graphic picture of modern London, with its striking extremes of wealth, elegance, and luxury on the one hand, poverty, squalor, hunger, and crime on the other—"the richest, poorest, and wickedest city in the world."

The Tablet (10 Oct.): Contains the Latin text and a verbatim translation of the first Encyclical of Pope Pius X.——An interesting series of articles on "The Popes and English Kings," being a collection of congratulatory letters of English Kings to the Roman Pontiffs, begins in this number.——The Roman Correspondent gives a description of one of the Holy Father's Sunday afternoon sermons to the Roman populace. He also records a rumor current in Rome that the Pope intends to visit different parts of Italy from time to time, though the Correspondent says this is probably more of a wish than an intention on the Holy Father's part.

(17 Oct.): A correspondent gives an account of the yearly meeting of the Church Congress, a gathering of English Protestants, which he describes as "dismal."——Father Madan contributes another article on the difficulties of some of the passages in the Acts of the Apostles, under the title "The 'Greeks' at Antioch."——The Roman Correspondent, writing of the approaching consistory, characterizes as a fable the report current in Rome that three American cardinals are to be created.

(24 Oct.): Dom Anselm Burge, O.S.B., gives an appreciation of "The Apostles," the new oratorio by Dr. Elgar, recently performed at the Birmingham Musical Festival, and favorably compared with "The Dream of Gerontius."——The Roman Correspondent records the consternation in Italian political quarters occasioned by the indefinite postponement of the Tsar's visit.

(31 Oct.): A leader on "The Position of the Catholic Schools" shows this subject to be a matter of lively interest in England as well as in this country.——In an article on "The Communes of Belgium" is shown the value of the communal elections held lately in Belgium, which resulted favorably to Catholics.——In a very interesting installment of the "Congratulatory Letters of English Kings to Popes," containing the letters of King Edward III., the writer, Mgr. Moyes, D.D., explains how it was that foreign cardinals obtained English benefices. Cardinals were intruded into English benefices not by the high-handed policy of the popes, but because the English Church took this way of paying for a permanent Roman embassy which looked after English interests at Rome.——The question of the Catholic attitude towards the "Temporal Power" receives considerable attention from various correspondents.

The Church Quarterly Review (Oct.): Contains an interesting article on "The Golden Legend," enumerating an abundance of the naïve fictions that have rendered that manual of hagiography so unique, so famous, and so illustrative of the simplicity of the mediæval imagination.——A very sympathetic article on Joan of Arc, lauding her genuine sanctity, and apparently expressing as devout a desire as any Catholic might, that the pro-

cess of her beatification may be successfully concluded. ——The elaborate and scholarly dissertation on the History of the Holy Eucharist continues.

Annales de philosophie Chrétienne (Nov.): P. Denis corrects the errors of M. Janssens, who in the *Revue Néo-Scolastique* attacked M. Brunetière as the representative of a bad philosophy, and the associate of men like Blondel, Martin, Denis, and Laberthonnière.——The reviewer of a third, enlarged edition of Houtin's *L'Apostolicité des Églises de France* says that the hour is at hand when all books devoted to a demonstration of the apostolic origin of certain churches in France (their claims were attacked by M. Houtin) will be the most authentic monuments of the most infantile credulity. A correspondent objects to the criticisms passed on the "sacristymen" and "the passive virtues," and says: "I admire the *naïveté* of your correspondent who invites us to go out of the ark. The signs of the times rather suggest that we had better take refuge in it."——A reviewer of the four books just published by M. Loisy contents himself with this statement: "The awful lesson in criticism addressed to the Cardinal of Autun, as well as the deadly comparison between the pages of episcopal prose at the end of M. Loisy's book, and the answer of the illustrious exegete,—these will prevent, or at least delay, new polemics and manifestoes."

Le Correspondant (10 Oct.): M. Étienne Lamy, in "La Politique du Dernier Conclave," throws light on the true cause of Austria's opposition to the election of Cardinal Rampolla to the Papacy. Cardinal Rampolla, though not elected, is said to possess the virtues and qualities which are desirable in the head of the church.—— "L'Attaque du Pôle Sud," by M. de l'Apparent, is a lively description of the preparations for the scientific expedition destined to carry on geographical research in this still unknown quarter of the globe.——"L'Idéal Américain" confides to us M. Bernard Lacombe's private opinions of President Roosevelt's administration; of his desire to better the condition of the people and to advance the American nation along moral rather than industrial lines; and of his conviction that a standing

army is a necessity if we mean to ward off the dangers which might threaten America.——"Deux Representants du Dix-huitième Siècle," by Lanzac de Laborie, is a critical analysis of recent publications regarding President Hénault and the Duc de Liancourt.

Démocratie Chrétienne (Oct.): Francis Trevelyan, in an essay on decentralization, gives a good exposition of the political system of France. He calls attention to the large number of unnecessary officials in the national employ, and to the enormous amount of money that the French people are paying for their government. Decentralization, he maintains, would be a remedy for these evils, for it would lessen the number of officials, lower the annual budget, and allow the people to enjoy many liberties which they now possess only in name.——A. Maselet, refuting Auguste Comte's Humanitarianism, holds that answers to Comte which rest on definitions of the church are of little or no value, since Positivists do not recognize the decisions of the Catholic Church, and those who acknowledge the church have no need of a refutation of Comte.

Revue de Lille (Sept.): Dr. Lemiere has gathered useful and interesting information on the problem of old age. Among other things, he notes an advance in the average term of human life of forty years over twenty-nine during the nineteenth century. In the remainder of the series the author intends to discuss the result of the scientific attempts to rid the world of the unwelcome spectre.

Études (5 Oct.): What French Protestantism has to gain or lose by the abolition of the Concordat is discussed by P. Dudon.——P. de Joannis gives a brief but concise outline of the theory of *ions*, the tendency of which is, in his opinion, to revolutionize completely our ideas of matter and its activities.——There is an interesting analysis of Taine's political and social ideas by P. Rouse. (Oct. 20): The inscription on the monument erected in memory of the Irish Brigade by Mr. Frank Sullivan, in the cemetery of Fontenoy, is found fault with by P. Butin, who reviews, at considerable length, the details of the battle of Fontenoy, with a view to showing that the Irish, while they behaved very creditably, were by no

means the preponderant factor in the victory.——P. Tampé shows the far-reaching effects of religious instruction upon character in the preparatory and the higher schools. The contradiction existing between the conduct of the French Free Masons and their professions of truthfulness and sincerity is strikingly brought out by P. Abt.

(5 Nov.): M. l'Abbé Loisy's remarkable book *L'Évangile et l'Église*, together with the sequel which he has just published, *Autour d'un petit Livre*, is severely criticised by P. Prat. He condemns, without qualification, the attitude, the spirit, the method, and especially the conclusions of M. Loisy, who, he says, has been perniciously influenced by Kant, Harnack, and Sabatier to adopt a method of exegesis which logically leads to "une sorte de nihilisme théologique et de subjectivisme absolu qui, poussé a ses consequences logiques, ne laisserait subsister ni l'Église, ni Jésus-Christ, ni la révélation, ni la certitude, ni même un Dieu personnel."——P. Tampé's study of religious influences in education is continued. The part played by Clement VIII. in the affairs of the Genevese, in the years 1598–1603, is defended by P. de Becdelièvre.——P. Chérot continues the controversy on the battle of Sedan.

La Quinzaine (16 Oct.): M. Salmon maintains the thesis that the attempt of positivism to furnish a basis of morality has failed, and the introduction of its tenets into education has been injurious to the morality of the nation. There is a fine study of St. Augustine, from the literary and psychological stand-point, by M. Georges Dumesnil. ——The biographical account of Madame de Miramion and her active charity is continued.

(1 Nov.): On the occasion of the tenth anniversary of this review's appearance the distinguished editor, M. Fonsegrive, in a prefatory address to his readers, after frankly acknowledging the present deplorable conditions of the religious struggle in France, dwells upon some unsatisfactory features of past Catholic policy, and suggests a modification of methods in order to combat the present crisis.——M. E. Vercesi believes that though Pius X. is pre-eminently *un Pape pieux*, in contradistinc-

tion to *un Pape politique*, he will continue to follow the main lines of his predecessor's pontificate.——M. Meunier treats of Genoa, in his study of cemeteries as reflecting the moral condition of the Italians.

Revue Générale (Oct.): The first place is given to an article by Ch. Woeste, in which the writer presents some phases of the anti-Catholic movements of history. His thesis is that hatred for the Catholic Church, wherever found, whether in the Arians of the fourth century, or in the advisers of Henry VIII. of England, or in the French government of to day, has a common source, and that source is in the contest of evil against good, of error against truth. He shows that, while the church has always been experiencing those trials which Christ foretold, she has ever had divine assistance, and there is no reason to doubt that she will survive the difficulties of the present hour, in accordance with the promise of her Founder.——A paper on Assyriology by A. J. Delattre, S.J., one of the most interesting in this number, contains a general history of the science, together with a discussion of the more important points in its development.——Alex. Braun writes on the fiftieth general congress of German Catholics, and after describing the present condition of the great German societies, such as the Volksverein, relates many facts of interest in regard to the two former leaders of the Catholic movement, Windthorst and Von Ketteler.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (Oct.): M. Lecointe concludes his account of the Antarctic expedition sent out by the Royal Belgian Geographical Society. Accompanying the report are the names of the explorers and the maps made by them of the regions which they traversed.——In an article entitled "Individuality in the Organic Kingdom" the writer undertakes to show the consistency of biological facts with Christian philosophy.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 Oct.): Père At, continuing his series of articles entitled "Droit Canon Gallican," in which he treats the organization of the French clergy from both a political and an ecclesiastical point of view, gives an account of the remonstrances of the clergy of France against the political evils of that country during the

sixteenth and the seventeenth century. He cites in particular the protests of many prominent prelates against the abuses of the Edict of Nantes, and states as his opinion that the many congratulations sent to Louis XIV., and the general rejoicing of the people on the revocation of the edict, prove that the mass of the nation heartily approved of the measure.

Revue du Monde Invisible (Oct.): An article on the Sermon on the Mount is written to show that although Christ pronounced the word *blessed* eight times, there are in reality only seven beatitudes.——The questions and answers of a long interview with Dr. Martin concerning some of the great historical characters of France is reported by F. Moenecelay.——A paper entitled Demonism is devoted to a consideration of the credulity with which some renowned ancient philosophers, generals, and historians regarded the supposed supernatural power of the pagan deities; and gives the testimony of these men to the so-called prodigies of the Greek and Roman gods, such as the speeches made to the adoring multitudes by Apollo and the Goddess of Fortune at Rome. The writer calls attention to the way in which the Gentiles are reproached with idolatry by the Apostles and early Christian Fathers, and the protests of the pagans against being charged with paying worship to lifeless statues and evil spirits.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Oct.): Father Pfütf begins in this issue an account of the Conversion of Christian Brentano, which he bases on information drawn from manuscripts as yet unpublished. After a brief mention of the several members of the Brentano family who have figured prominently in politics, science, and literature, the writer sketches the character and early religious career of Christian, who he believes enjoyed far greater intellectual endowments than any of his famous relatives. The greater part of the article is given to an account of Dr. Ringseis' intimate friendship with the great convert and the part which he played in leading the latter away from his atheistic philosophy and unbelief to the Catholic Church.——Father Wasmann devotes several pages to a critical examination of the theory of evolu-

tion as applied to the question of man's origin. He calls attention to some of the grave mistakes made by many over-ardent supporters of the evolution hypothesis, the chief of which are: 1. The tacit assumption that the question of man's origin is to be settled by the zoölogists alone; and 2. The assumption that the descent of man from the brute is actually proven by zoölogy.—— "As men," writes Father Melscher, "we live a rational life; as Christians we lead a supernatural life; but who leads a perfect life?" This question he answers by considering, first, what constitutes "Christian Perfection," and, secondly, what is meant by the "State of Perfection."——Father Beissel concludes his series on Westphalian art in the thirteenth century.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Oct.): G. Morando, writing on Pope Leo XIII., contrasts the rigor exhibited in the case of Rosmini with the lenient treatment of Loisy.

(1 Nov.): X. gives an interesting description of the history of Catholic Scripture study during the reign of Leo XIII., showing the various steps in the great change of views, and declaring that the initiative given by the late Pontiff to historical studies will find complete recognition only when that method is extended to the study of the Bible.

Civiltà Cattolica (Oct.): In view of the difficulties raised by modern investigators, and the liberal concessions made by certain Catholic scholars as to the authorship of the Fourth Gospel, the writer reproduces the traditional proofs of the Johannine authorship, and declares that this thesis is of irrefragable historical certainty.

Comment on Current Topics.

The Work of the Catholic University.

The hopefulness that was expressed when the new Rector assumed the reins of office last spring is attaining some measure of realization in the spirit of earnest work, as well as of concord, that pervades the staff of professors.

One cannot pass through the University halls without being impressed with the fact that this choice centre of intellectual culture and religious devotion is sure to secure the best results, under the wise direction of the present Rector and his staff of able assistants. The internal growth is assured, but what is useful besides the internal growth is the demonstration by the faculty that the University has a practical bearing on the religious life of present-day Catholics. The average Catholic is apt to look on the University with the present investment of $2,000,000 as something of a luxury, especially in view of the fact that struggling primary schools are barely able to cope with the difficulties that beset them, to say nothing of the care of the dependents and defectives with which every diocese is burdened. If any one so judges, it is because he does not see the practical side of the University work. To spill the ointment on the head of the Saviour was a waste in the eyes of one of the Apostles, but it was a manifestation of the spirit of love, devotion, and penance destined to awaken a similar spirit in the hearts of many millions in the religious history of the world.

But apart from this view there is a very pronounced utilitarian side to the University. It can reach out into the practical religious lives of the Catholic people. It can and it will bring itself more in touch with the throbbing humanity that is outside its gates. One sign of an existing desire to do this is the practical way in which the Sociological faculty is taking hold of the exhibit of Catholic Social work at the St. Louis Fair.

The Catholic Church is doing better social work than any other organization in the country, but Catholics do not realize it and the philistines do not know of it. To place an exhibit of this work under the eyes of the vast throngs that will visit the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition is a very evident demonstration of practical usefulness. Again, on the intellectual side,

some evidences of the practical usefulness may be found in the character of the work that will be done by the gentlemen who have recently been appointed to the chairs of Moral Theology, Archæology, and Church History. These gentlemen, Drs. Melody, Hassett, and Healy, received their training and development under the Catholic University system and are some of the ablest sons of Alma Mater.

Then again word has come that Dr. Shahan's work on *The Beginnings of Christianity*, Dr. Grannan's articles on Scripture, and Dr. Aiken's treatise on Buddhism, are being translated into French, indicating that the European intellectual world is watching with interest the work that is being done on this side of the water. Still another sign of the purpose of the present Rector to bring the University into closer relations with the Catholic body is the desire expressed by him to have a great gathering of the Knights of Columbus present on the occasion of the presentation of the $50,000 that has been gathered to establish the Chair of Secular History.

No man can go to Washington and see that wonderful grouping of buildings without being a better Catholic and having a profounder belief in the glorious future there is before the church in this country.

Catholic Educational Conference.

The meeting of the representatives of Catholic colleges and parish schools held lately in Philadelphia ought to be productive of much good. The main purpose of the conference was to promote unification in educational work both among the colleges themselves and between the colleges and the parish schools.

Many representative Catholic educators were present. The executive committee was instructed to confer with the school conference on the matter of unification, and St. Louis was chosen for the meeting-place of the conference next year. This was a particularly happy choice in view of the Catholic Sociological Exhibit which is to be held at the St. Louis Fair.

At the school conference it was resolved that the conference, now representing twenty-five dioceses, should endeavor to extend its field to every diocese; that careful study be made of the best means for the complete organization of the parish schools; that all teachers should secure certificates from diocesan boards of normal or regent examinations.

The Episcopal Conference and the Catholic Church

There are some who believe in the "Branch Theory" with regard to the Episcopal Church and the Catholic; who still claim the former is not Protestant but Catholic; speak of corporate reunion as if it were a proximate probability; and, with zeal that is certainly ardent if not wise, sound these arguments far and wide. These have prided themselves, time and again, that they were fast bringing their church as a whole to their way of thinking.

A Pan-American Conference of Episcopal Bishops was held but lately in Washington. It included the representative bishops of that church. Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, addressed it on the attitude of the Episcopal Church toward Protestant communions. He maintained that the Episcopal Church was founded on the Protestant principle, as he termed it, that the "corporate life of Christianity grows out of and depends on the life and experience of the individual Christian." "I do not believe," he continues, "that America is in any danger of lapsing into Romanism. . . . When it comes to *religion* (italics are the Bishop's), this country, I believe, is unceasingly non-Roman." The remainder of Bishop Gailor's speech is devoted to seeking means whereby the Episcopal Church may be brought into closer union with other bodies and they with it, but separated from the Roman Catholic Church; for "Catholicity does not mean Romanism, and this Episcopal Church is not the church of the middle ages, nor the Church of England, but an American Church."

The Bishop of Porto Rico re-echoed most heartily these sentiments of his reverend brother in the episcopate, and went further into detail, and lamented that "our peerless liturgy should ever in any way suggest the materialistic theory of the sacrifice of the Mass"; denied the Immaculate Conception and condemned celibacy and fasting.

After the discussion resolutions were adopted by the conference—that is, by sixty bishops of the Episcopal Church—and among the resolutions was one which ordered that this subject of union be presented for consideration to the Protestant communions, "with the view to arriving at intercommunion and possibly union of them and us."

We suppose that we may take the utterances of this representative conference as official, and that members of the

Episcopal communion, particularly because of their very name, should take them in the same light.

The proceedings of the Episcopal Pan-American Conference are an emphatic rejection of any "continuity" or "branch" or "corporate reunion" theory.

France and Religion.

It is growing more distinctly apparent every day that the religious warfare in France is being waged not simply against a particular phase of the life of the church—the religious orders—but against religion itself.

The enormous cost of supplanting religious by secular education may be protested against by the thrifty peasantry and bourgeoisie when they realize what it means to their own pockets, and may cause a decided public outcry against the government's course; but we do not believe it will have any noteworthy effect on contemplated legislation.

That the warfare against religion will continue to be waged with increased bitterness we have no doubt. The article in our present issue shows clearly the endeavors and aims of the anti-clericals; many of the French papers abound with passages that unequivocally declare battle against all religious belief, re-echo with the deepest blasphemy, and lead the reader's imagination back to the times that preceded the great Revolution.

But perhaps the most noteworthy proof that the persecutors strive to root out all religion is in a late speech of M. Constant Dulau, deputy for Saint-Sever, who was entrusted by the Combes ministry to draw up the report of the appropriations to be given during the coming year to the support of the church, according to the terms of the Concordat.

M. Dulau, on the occasion of offering this report, defended the Concordat, and showed that they who were against its continuance were endeavoring simply to root out of France all and every religion.

The Concordat, he argued, is one with religion among the French people. Religion is, in truth, the basis of morality and conscience, and the blow that would kill religion would recoil upon the Republic itself. The feeling of the great majority of the French people, he maintained, is with the secular clergy at least, and "the mere shadow of persecution

of the seculars would immediately range the people on the side of the persecuted." Again, if civil societies were formed for the continuation of religion, they would be so many bodies, independent by law yet inimical and dangerous to the government.

M. Dulau has evidently read history with some insight, and possesses the faculty of projecting quite accurately into the future his power of vision. His speech is a remarkable one. Its arguments are the arguments of a politician; nevertheless they are deep, worthy, and unanswerable.

Of his own self this deputy would scarce have ventured to deliver such a pronouncement. Undoubtedly he did so under the encouragement, if not the orders, of M. Combes, which would prove that the present ministry thinks it has gone far enough and is determined to go no further. But the present ministry has had its majority through the Socialists, and Socialists will drive it to more extreme measures in this religious war, or else cause it to resign.

The Belgian Elections.

The October elections throughout Belgium passed off with but little of the disorder and rioting which some had feared would be extensive. The elections resulted in a decided victory for the Catholics over their Liberal and Socialistic adversaries. The Christian Democrats, known as false brethren among the Catholic population, received but small support.

The importance of these elections for Belgium will be recognized when one considers that over half the members of every communal council throughout the country were subject to re-election.

In the matter of civil administration Belgium is divided into 2,610 communes, all of them self-governing. The most important and powerful personages in the practical affairs of the commune—the education of children, public improvements; in fact, every matter of municipal concern—are the Burgomaster and his councilmen. Every commune has the right to decide what kind of a school it will have—secular or religious—and whatever it chooses, that school is subsidized by the state. So the maintenance of Catholic education for the young depends almost entirely on the character of the members of the communal council.

The Liberals, backed by the Free Masons, made every effort to gain a majority in those councils wherein Catholics had a majority. They failed signally. Reports tell us that though the Catholics lost ground in a few places, they held every council in which they already had a majority, and in many places made considerable gains. The Catholic press is well satisfied with the result. The Flemish peasants, as of old, were most faithful to their Catholic traditions.

The result of the elections cannot but produce good effects for religion throughout Belgium.

Episcopalians and Divorce.

The immorality and the extent of the divorce evil continue to arouse at least some portions of the non-Catholic body. At the All-American Conference of Episcopalian Bishops, held in Washington during the week of October 18–24, Bishop Doane came forward as the leader in the conference to amend the present canon of the Episcopal Church, which now recognizes divorce on statutory grounds. Bishop Doane wished the conference to forbid divorce altogether and any remarriage of the divorced persons, whether innocent or guilty. He spoke of the alarming increase of divorces among members of his own communion, and declared that under the present law sin was committed for the very purpose of securing a separation and gaining the privilege of remarrying. It was reported that the majority of the bishops of the conference were of Bishop Doane's opinion, and a resolution was proposed which would put themselves on record to that effect. But it met with a strong opposition, led by Bishops Potter and Mackey-Smith, and the matter was allowed to go over to the House of Bishops at the General Convention in Boston next year.

In the discussion Bishop Doane maintained that during the first three hundred years of Christian history divorce was unknown, and Bishop Sweatman, of Montreal, stated that the Episcopal Church of Canada never permitted remarriage after divorce. We welcome these evidences of a better understanding of the moral teaching of Christ, and it will be seen that the only solution of the difficulty offered is the life-long doctrine of the Catholic Church.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

THE Most Rev. Dr. Healy, Archbishop of Tuam, presided at the recent Catholic Truth Conference in Dublin. The address of most general interest was that delivered by the Very Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., of Doneraile, author of *My New Curate*, *Luke Delmege*, etc.

Father Sheehan took for his theme, Limitations and Possibilities of Catholic Literature, by emphasizing the mutual antipathy that exists between Catholicity and the modern world, so strong that it is almost impossible for either the church or the world to understand each other. And then he put the pertinent question: Are Catholics doing all they can to make their position intelligible and their happiness communicable to outsiders? The special circumstances of Catholics in Ireland make such intellectual action on their part the more urgent. Material works, and even organizations of the strictly religious sort, abound on all sides and show every indication of vitality; nor in these departments need we fear comparison with any of the churches. But we have not yet fully recognized the vast importance of literature as a means of conveying Catholic truth to the world. We have been hoarding up our treasures without a desire of sharing them. The Lord said: Go forth and teach! We are content to say, Come and learn! But, the learned lecturer proceeded to state, he was far from wishing to incriminate the whole Catholic community in a wholesale charge of indolence and culpable negligence. On the contrary, he would take the opportunity of congratulating the society, under whose auspices he was addressing his audience, both on the noble work done by the committee and officials of the society, and also on their great and unprecedented success. Moreover, it was worth while to point out certain limitations and restraints with which those writers are hampered whose duty it is to defend God's truth, as compared with those who can appeal to two great elements of popularity—passion and untruths! These restrictions are at once our apology and our pride—they do not only embarrass, but they also shield, the Catholic writer.

Father Sheehan has no toleration for those who cry out: We want a Burns! We want a Tolstoi or an Ibsen! Even as poets, he would not compare for a moment Robert Burns with our own Moore and Mangan; and no man or maid need blush for the melodies of the former, whilst Mangan was so scrupulously pure that he made the greatest sacrifice a poet can make by watering down in his translations the rather burning words of German or Irish poets. No! the cry of every Catholic heart must ever be: Perish art and science and literature rather than issue one word that could originate an unholy thought, or bring to the cheek of the innocent an unholy flame! But this is a drawback, a limitation within which we are strictly bound, whilst the world wantons with vice and secures popularity.

Hence a Catholic philosopher, sitting at his desk, has to draw his lines with the utmost circumspection; a Catholic historian has to find the truth amidst factious misrepresentations; a Catholic poet must guard himself

against too daring flights of imagination; and a Catholic mystic must be ever fearful lest he should touch those bounds beyond which it is at least temerarious to pass. Is all this regrettable? Certainly not! It is quite right and proper. The church is not sent to teach art, or history, or poetry. It is sent to teach and safeguard truth. It is the vicarious representative of Him who said, You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free; who departed from earth to send in His place the Spirit of Truth, who would teach all truth, and abide with His Church for ever.

We never hear of Catholic Science Societies. But we do hear of Catholic Truth Societies, as if the very name Catholic were inseparably associated with truth. Having developed this part of his theme and illustrated it by historical instances, sacred and profane, the lecturer proceeded to ask whether within the limitations indicated there is a field for Catholic literature. Has it any possibilities? And he answered, Yes, and a wide field, and many and varied possibilities! Dealing first with the presentment of Catholic philosophy in a literary form (and emphasizing in this connection the importance of style, if philosophy is ever to pass the threshold of the class-room), he proceeded to touch on the Drama, the Novel, and, above all, the field of Biography. This is, he maintained, a vast, untilled field, with vast possibilities. We know little of our greatest men, and we want to know all about them. When you come to that time of life when you grow tired of fiction you naturally turn to fact. And the facts which have the greatest attraction for you are the facts in the lives of your fellow-men.

It has been said that there is an interesting picture to be made out of every human life, the lowest as well as the highest. We all like dearly to see the inside of the mansion where dwells the human soul. The same instinct that drives people to an auction drives them to a biography. It may not be a lofty instinct; but just now we are considering how to capture human nature; and human nature wants to pry into every secret recess of character and mind. But just here comes in the supplementary question. Granted all these possibilities, good writers, wholesome reading, poetry, fiction, philosophy, biography, what about the possibility of finding a Catholic reading public? Must we fall back on the ancient platitude, that supply will create demand; or may we rather hope that in an universal intellectual awakening Ireland shall not be backward, but in her eagerness for light, more light, create the light-bringers, the literary workers of this generation? There could be no doubt of the fact that the spirit of intellectualism was abroad, and there was hardly any more cheering sign for the future of Ireland. There is but one remedy for all the evils we have to combat, and that is the enlightenment of the people and the creation of a certain independence or individualism by which each soul shall walk its own way, undeterred by the fickle and foolish opinions of men. The most interesting and stimulating paper was very fittingly concluded by a question as to the choice of a literary career, which was answered most characteristically, "You cannot suppress the Divine oracle. Go forward and utter what is in you."

* * *

A Russian writer, M. Novicoff, has recently published a book which has given great satisfaction in France. He calls his volume *The Expansion*

of French Nationality. In it he shows that the French people, their trade, their influence, language, and literature are thriving more than ever in spite of what has been said to the contrary. The Muscovite author does not enter far on political ground, but it is manifest that he does not believe in the permanency of the Combes cabinet, which has tried to destroy the French nation and to put France on the road to become, as somebody said, "a little Denmark of a place," and without any importance. M. Novicoff points out that England, Germany, and the United States are suffering as much from decline in the birth-rate as France, but that France has the power above all others of attracting to her and of assimilating people from other countries, who in time become more French than the French themselves. He also says that Canada, Tunis, Algeria, and, in time, Morocco, will keep up French influence and provide inhabitants for France in the days to come. M. Novicoff has likewise a good deal to say in favor of the superiority of French intellect, and he believes that the clear, flowing and graceful French language will hold its own over all the others, as it has been doing for centuries.

* * *

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THE UNCONVERTED WORLD.

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

DIFFER as we may in our estimates of the Catholic Church, one and all must agree that the work she calls her own, the task she claims to have been set her by Christ, is still unaccomplished; twenty centuries have been lived through, and as yet mankind has not been brought together into the one fold under the one shepherd. Nor can a condition so puzzling to the Catholic be explained by alleging that outside the pale are to be found only such as sin against the light. Scholar and saint alike affirm that many a man dies as he has lived, honest but unbelieving. Indeed, there are daily instances of persons above the average in intelligence and beyond reproach in morals who remain utterly unmoved by able presentations of Catholic doctrine; and we, who behold the church's appeal falling thus ineffectual, are unable to attach blame either to those who listen or to those who preach.

In the minds of some observers this fact begets a serious difficulty. They feel driven to choose between the alternatives of a very ugly dilemma. To them the church's failure to win over all honest souls seems to imply either that Catholicism holds no sufficient credentials of its divine origin, or else that man has been left by God without the practical ability of arriving at religious truth. In either event conscience grows uneasy at the suggestion that God's doing is inconsistent with his planning—since one may not take refuge in the principle of indifferentism and suppose that souls outside the church are

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equally well provided with all the spiritual helps which God permits Catholics to enjoy.

For more than one reason this difficulty deserves attention. First, although dim and unreal to many a Catholic, it becomes to others a source of acute annoyance, wearing the look of a mere gratuitous trial of faith and calling for the surrender of that most sustaining of all religious beliefs, the conviction that to them who love God all things work together for good. Again, not a few outside the fold would find progress far easier, perhaps, if the painful burden of this new doubt could be lifted from backs already too heavily laden.

True, the puzzle cannot be completely disentangled; for its deeper roots run back into that ultimate mystery, the problem of evil; and, as we shall never know exactly why a race incapable of sin could not have brought glory to God, equally as well as, say rather far more economically, than, the actual creation, so neither shall we ever discover the true reason why God's Kingdom, the church, is not co-extensive with his Kingdom, the world. Yet, although convinced beforehand that we shall have to leave our riddle half unsolved, we may look to wrest from the study of it at least something to make the situation less uncomfortable.

Seeking for the motives which may prompt an honest mind to hold out against the church's claims, we find that most of the really redoubtable objections can be reduced to one or other variation of the charge: "The Catholic Church is not as holy as the Church of God should be." This plea, it is clear, assumes the existence of some lofty standard of moral excellence, to which the Church of God must conform; and the assumption is indisputably sound, since the dictate of a necessary instinct calls for recognition by a sort of divine right. With unerring confidence men declare that any such institution as the Catholic Church professes to be, should stand forth the noblest object in creation, a being holy with the holiness of God, an organism endowed with the characteristics proper to the mystical body of Christ, a bride without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. When these demands are made concrete, we find they amount to this: that men expect a divinely framed society to be far more heaven-like in appearance than critical inquirers or sensitive believers will assert the Catholic Church to be, here and now in the world of reality.

In asserting that Catholicism, if of God, should in certain respects be other than it is, men are right. So it should. As divine, it should elect for itself vessels of irreproachable holiness; its pontiffs should be an uninterrupted line of saints, its bishops models of perfection, its priesthood spotless; the Catholic laity should be burnished mirrors of God's sanctity; recrimination, self-seeking, division should be unknown; never should a sacrament or a devotion be aught else than the clasping of God by a human soul; simony, sacrilege, nepotism, canonical trial should be terms uncoined. Since in the Creator's mind the church must possess the characteristics enumerated, and since that very idea itself begets the obligation of conformity to it, any departure from this ideal in actual history implies the existence of that which should not be, of that which by its very presence justifies the charge that something is wrong and some one at fault.

The human mind, then, rightly postulates an obligation that the church be more like the realization of an idea of God, and more convincingly divine than Catholicism is. About the validity of such an assumption we make no question. The staunchest apologist must concede a difference between the ideal and the actual, a deficiency in what is, as compared with what ought to be. The one point for discussion is this: does the existing discrepancy imply an essential, and therefore irreconcilable, difference between historical Catholicism and the divine ideal as made known through the God-given instincts of the soul?

In the light of pure *a priori* speculation, we might perhaps be tempted to answer in the affirmative. But after carefully analyzing the instincts involved and recalling how frequently and how significantly other anticipations have been corrected by experience, we shall be more likely to conclude that the historical shortcomings of Catholicism, so far from being inconsistent with a claim to divine origin, present an exact analogy to conditions generally prevalent in the world. Everywhere we find reality marred in the making; everywhere creatures fall short of their innate possibilities; everywhere the absence of such symmetry and integrity as must necessarily have been included in a divine plan seems to belie the heavenly parentage of things. Wherever God's design has been entrusted to man for fulfilment, wherever human co-operation has been required as an element in the establishment of harmony, there is per-

fection wanting. Surely all this is a disappointment to heaven-born anticipation, quite as truly as the discovery that the church appears to live a human rather than a divine life. Deep instincts have bidden us presume that every being which issues from the bosom of God will be sublimely good and beautiful and true. In the inanimate creation, as in the living, and again in the spiritual order, we look for this,—our expectancy resting upon a principle axiomatic in theistic philosophy. Yet what is more painfully evident than that the universe is not all good, not all beautiful, not all orderly? And from this what other inference can be drawn than that the visible world, though absolutely dependent on God, has been interfered with and partly spoiled by the action of wills not controlled by the divine will; that it has been defaced by creatures endowed with the amazing prerogative of opposing and, to some extent, balking the divine intention and foiling the divine plan.

We find God-given potencies checked and stunted, and the currents of life turned into channels of destruction and death. For order we see substituted a chaotic flux of things out of which, in the progress of history, harmony must be again evolved tediously and laboriously, if at all; and it may be, imperfectly, even at the last. The most childlike trust in the excellence of ill's final goal cannot blind us to this. Is there any lack of evidence to prove an evil influence at work in the world? Can this universe be identically what God planned it, the exact realization of a perfect ideal? Are divine wisdom and goodness adequately manifested by the correspondence obtaining between what does and what should exist? The thought is inconceivable. Who can accept it as part of the creative purpose that the instincts of the human heart should beget such sins as are written all over the pages of history? Who can believe that God's will is responsible for the horrors which leave their awful record in city slum and Turk-ravaged village, in the torture-room, the leper-island, and the Oriental harem? As surely as the Almighty Being who rules creation is wise and good, so surely does the world about us fail to reproduce his archetypal ideas, to fulfil his will.

> "I found Him in the shining of the stars,
> I marked Him in the flowering of His fields;
> But in His ways with men I find Him not."

Since this is obvious and easy of belief when secular affairs are in question, it prepares us for a similar experience when attention is turned to the religious condition of mankind. We shall be in nowise astonished, then, if we find that the Church of God has suffered from the action of the imperfect mind and the fickle will of man; that the human element in Catholicism is not so convincingly of God as a divine thing must ever be; that the mystical body of Christ shines less brightly when material vestments have wrapped it round. In other words, we are ready to view, with more or less equanimity, the spectacle of a church divinely founded, and yet somewhat obscured in those prerogatives which normally accompany and witness to institutions that are of God.

As originating with the All-Wise and All-Holy, the church must possess a beauty and goodness altogether transcending human powers of comprehension. The representative and delegate of the Deity, the Bride of the Lamb, the Mystical Body of Christ, she springs into being, pure of blemish or defect, radiant with beauty, holy with an evident holiness that bespeaks divinity. Within her she possesses the capacity of a growth that will be merely the progressive unfolding of limitless loveliness and sanctity. No attribute and no circumstance attending her advent can impress the mind as inconsistent with divinity. Every sound intelligence that grasps her native characteristics must perceive that these evidence a divine source of the life within her.

Thus it was—because, supposing the church divine, thus it must have been—at the beginning. But then commenced her human history; and for nineteen centuries now, she has been submitting to such torment and humiliation as demon-like men have chosen to inflict upon her—even as her Founder had previously laid himself at the mercy of Roman and of Jew. Needless to say, during certain epochs in this history, faith itself has been staggered at the extent and depth and persistence of unholiness in the body of the church; at the venality, the cruelty, the filthiness, and the hypocrisy of those who, if Catholicism was divine, were holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven as dispensers of God's graces to the souls of men.

This infidelity on the part of the human element has profoundly affected the self-evidence of the church's claims. Her growth has been very different from an uninterrupted advance

along lines of providential designing. She too has had her Betrayal and her Passion; and the outcome of her agony, like that of her Master's, includes an external defilement and disfigurement such as keen-eyed faith alone can disregard. And as for the powers that rule the world, they have welcomed her much as they welcomed her Master. Her face was set against them, and to bring her low they did their worst. She has been in the thick of a lasting and almost hopeless struggle with the mightiest forces in the kingdom of evil, with the lust of the flesh and the craze of power and the accursed greed of gold.

Little wonder that her look is altered when foes have been so stubborn, when children have so often fallen away. Little wonder that as she emerges into view from out the shadows of the ages, nothing is plainer on her brow than the marks of conflict, nothing more evident than that no church could come from the hand of God in such a guise. She is stained with the blood treason has spilled, and around her, cloud-like, is the smoke of battle—a battle that should never have been, a battle provoked by man's evil will, a battle waged with relentless hatred and no little power. And so we find the truth of Catholicism now obscured, the loveliness of Catholicism defaced, the holiness of Catholicism soiled by the doings of vicious enemies and unworthy children.

As truly as her Lord, has she shed her very life-blood for men; as truly as He, has she been humiliated and left at times without beauty or comeliness. The splendid evidence of heavenly birth which might so easily have been detected as she stepped across the threshold of history, now at the end of twenty centuries of struggle is replaced by a dimmer testimony, intelligible to none save the few who realize that to bear thus long the brunt of shock from world and flesh and devil, means to be strong with the strength of God; the few who understand that nothing merely human could have defied or escaped the forces arrayed against the church. But to these penetrating minds the analogy of history suggests the probability of just such a condition as that which troubles and disturbs the confidence of those less wise—the condition, namely, of a church facing a world which, with great show of logical right, demands that further credentials be forthcoming ere allegiance be rendered. In a word, the inconsistency between what God's

Church should be and what the Catholic Church is, ceases to appear like a new or surprising problem, and becomes to the careful student merely another aspect of the ancient riddle that has baffled men since first they began to think:

> "Ah, me! for why is all around us here
> As if some lesser god had made the world,
> But had not force to shape it as he would?"

The answer—if answer there be at all—declares that in truth "a lesser god" has by sin and selfishness tried to remake the world, and now is startled at the ruin he has wrought,—almost convinced, let us hope, that Nature is greater than man, and that man had best give up the attempt to create a new heaven and a new earth.

Supposing now, that, as declared above, the church's testimony to her own claim has lost some of its cogency in consequence of her members having failed in duty, is there not something to be adduced also with regard to the weakened capacity of minds which examine that testimony? Undoubtedly! The human element in the church—fallible, passible, changeable as it is—must, indeed, bear the responsibility of having obscured the evidences of Catholicism; yet the blame is shared by others too. We may recall that objects grow dim not only when twilight comes, but also whenever one's visual faculty is impaired. Similarly a failure to recognize the church's claims may be traceable to some sort of astigmatism as well as to the existence of ecclesiastical imperfections.

Long ago the principle was established that isolated reasoning leads no man to the truths necessary for the wise conduct of life; or rather, that it is altogether impossible for a human being to employ isolated reasoning and to proceed by strictly logical processes in the formation of opinions. To the construction of a man's philosophy—and no man lacks one—his whole nature contributes. Inherited tendencies, acquired habits, instinct and emotions, whether developed or repressed, each in its measure takes part, as the will also does, in the laborious search for knowledge. Noble and upright conduct ranks among the chiefest elements of success in such a quest; and the man of symmetrical character, pure affections, and lofty purpose is far better adapted than a reasoning machine would be to attain to

notions fairly representative of objective realities. The most hopeless and helpless of all errors is that which proposes to reject whatever transcends the containing capacity of a demonstrative syllogism. This holds as true in religion as in other fields. *Qui facit veritatem venit ad lucem*—which is as if to say: "Men's chances of properly estimating the claims of God's revelation will be in some sort proportioned to their virtue."

What, then, shall be expected of a race which, though originally sound, has culpably lost its integrity? Ought we to wonder if in the pursuit of truth it is halting and unsuccessful,—more unsuccessful than one cares to suppose God could have designed it to be? By no means. That sin is possible at all may be mysterious enough to engage minds in an eternity of speculation; but that men who have violated natural law are mentally in a wretched plight, that sinners stumble and err in doctrine, this will scarcely present a new difficulty. It would reflect no discredit on an inventor, and cause no astonishment, if his delicate machine proved to be unworkable when choked with sand or rusted. No more is God's wisdom questionable because, ever since sin undertook the ruling of the universe, discord has disputed the sovereignty of order and law.

For sin introduced a foreign element bound to disturb equilibrium. The constitution of things was shattered, the perfect balance lost, and the human soul henceforward corresponded to objective realities in a less adequate way than that which of necessity had obtained so long as man was the unspoiled creature of God. The sad mistake which rendered the spirit unholy, left it blinded as well; and both these injuries, by an inevitable fatality, spread infinitely far, to lay hold of every being related to the primal transgressors and involved in the original curse. As sin had tainted humanity at its very source, its infection extended to each new member of the race; it injected poison into blood and brain and nerve; it distorted the emotional nature; it unhinged the will; it dulled perception and deadened conscience; and in each of these ways it struck hard at man's power to estimate the value of evidence and to attain to truth.

Moreover, in virtue of the solidarity which makes it impossible that a man should live—or die—unto himself alone, our search for truth is affected not only by the original race-

sin inherited by us, but also by individual sins of ancestors, of neighbors, and of the vast millions under whose influence, at whatever distance of time or space, each one of us must fall. Again, our native ability is further lessened by our own past personal sins, little and great, and by the resultant weakness they have superadded to infirmities of inheritance or contagion. Indubitably true, all this, if the Catholic faith be true. Why the human will is free, and why all men are sprung of a single stock and born blood kindred, are matters not to be speculated upon now. What laws avail for the communion of goods and how God interferes in behalf of a creature inextricably tangled in the meshes of wickedness, are questions which lie apart from our present subject. The point here dwelt upon is this: that if men are less capable, than seems proper, of perceiving truth, such a state of things is on the whole not inconsistent with the teachings of Catholic faith, and cannot be said to imply an unjust equipment of man by God. By some stern necessity, virtue renders the soul more capable of arriving at truth, and contrariwise makes it incapable. Small reason for amazement, then, that a race and a generation as sinful as—with all its virtues—our own is seen to be, should stray and stumble in its progress; small wonder if many a one born with a right to freedom and truth dies a bondsman of error.

The preceding considerations seem to possess a value over and above their possible efficacy in relieving the pain of an awakened doubt. They tend, namely, to throw us back on the world of action for a means of lessening the difficulty still further. What has been said reminds us most emphatically that in determining the practical success or failure of a religious propaganda, conduct acquires an importance far greater than the mere logic of the situation demands. In the measure that observers are known to be affected by the moral bearing of an apostle, in that same measure must behavior rise in significance as a test of the apostolic vocation. If conduct weighs heavier than eloquence or learning in the unbelievers' balance then nobility of life rather than precision of speech is the greater qualification of the propagandist.

The moral worth of Catholicism, its power to better lives, the embodiment of sublime ideals in the persons of its representatives,—these are the facts that will preach best to the

unconverted world, and they are facts, too, over which we can best exercise control. Nothing is more absolutely within our own power of determination than our goodness or badness of life, and it behooves us to realize that this same goodness tells terribly with the critical minds outside the church. Each of us, willingly or unwillingly, is always gathering or scattering, standing with Christ or against him, a missionary of the gospel or a promoter of the kingdom of evil. The less sin thrives among us and the rarer selfishness appears, the farther and the more triumphantly will fare the banner of our faith. Hence, in a very potent way, the missionary vocation of the laity can realize itself, not alone by explaining doctrine, distributing literature, encouraging attendance at service, and incessantly praying for conversions; but with equal truth, by resisting temptation, by striving for holiness, by spurning the solicitations of evil. Each earnest effort to progress spiritually, is less like a blow struck in private quarrel, than like an impulse which ripples out in ever-widening circles, to spread knowledge and love of God as far as the very boundaries of human kind.

This is true of the mass and outline of our conduct; it is true of the fine shadings, too. Not merely the observance of the graver precepts, but also the cultivation of sublime ideals and the wide-spread ambition of heroic virtue, enter as integral elements into the constitution of the Christian character. As Catholics we are of necessity missionaries, and as missionaries we are bound to aspire to moral nobleness, just as our leaders in turn are bound and irrevocably consecrated to the pursuit of perfection by the acceptance of a vocation which implies that holy longings have wrapped them round as with a sacred flame from heaven. What further condemnation is needed of that degenerate philosophy which, under cover of the *laborare est orare* axiom, would make the priesthood's one concern to be ceaseless activity?—as if external labors alone could suffice for the culture of the spirit, and as if men would not surely regard as spurious a religious system whose advocates lack the halo ever crowning true messengers of God.

Therefore, such as have been personally ordained to preach Catholic truth must take careful account of the instincts which prejudice men in favor of teachings that are lived as well as preached. Illogically perhaps, but at any rate efficaciously,

holiness of life attracts the earnest seekers after sound doctrine. Conduct rather than rhetoric, then, will be examined at the final court of inquiry; and only on condition that one has edified even those who knew him best, can he be rewarded as a faithful apostle. So a priest's trust has never been adequately discharged while any possible measure of perfection remains unattempted.

And, as with the priest, so with the people—in whom Catholic doctrine must always glow with its proper accompaniments of beauty and holiness. What more reasonable? Surely the man or the society favored with a divine revelation should be proportionately superior to others less favored. In honesty, frankness, prudence, bravery, independence, industry, tenderness, generosity, breadth, tolerance, refinement, learning—in these and in all other good qualities, the children of the faith, compared with others, may fairly enough be required to prove themselves more perfect, to seem better images of that type upon which the Creator modelled man, like which he intended and commanded, and has helped him to be.

Finally, another inference! It would seem evident from what has been said that the work of converting souls must include the attempt to exert over them other influences besides those which tend to draw directly toward the church.

The unbelieving have not only to be introduced to Catholic doctrine; they must be given new power to see it. Since virtuous living is a condition of keen vision, the apostle must devote no little attention to the moral improvement of those outside the fold. It well becomes a missionary, therefore, to diffuse among the people at large those spiritual agencies which the church has used so successfully in the perfecting of her own children ever since her work began. Catholic asceticism includes more than one principle which may very properly and very effectively be recommended to men for whom as yet there is shining no brighter light than the ethical ideal, or for whom as yet Catholicism is simply one of many legitimate forms of Christianity. Those great means of spiritual development which have been sanctioned by the church's authority and immortalized in the practice of her saints, will prove, many of them, to be far from repugnant and anything but useless in the educating of souls without the law. Meditation and mortification are instances in point.

Be it noted at the same time that whatever is good in the native tendencies and whatever is elevating in the religious practices of non-Catholics, these too may help immensely in the work of preparing minds for the truths of faith. Nor are forces of even the merely human sort beneath the notice of the missionary, whose broad and tolerant sympathy rests upon the principle that men cannot truly rise at all without rising nearer God. It is in this sense a really apostolic work to teach the multitudes high ideals of citizenship, to advocate on its own merits deep reverence for law and public trust, to inculcate sentiments of decency, humanity, temperance, justice—in a word, to assist the unconverted world to rise higher in its own order and by its own way. Not alone in the interests of a prospective proselyte, but for the uplifting of the whole unlovely and unregenerate mass we have to strive. To the profligate and the wanton and the tramp we are, indeed, debtors; and, if only to render these less brutal and more human, the lives of our bravest and fairest should be offered up unflinchingly.

Timid Christians may quail as the magnitude of this mission looms up, and they are asked to believe that on no easier conditions can the apostolic vocation be fully realized. Yet hope will hardly abandon such as have pondered the end and purpose of it all. These can conceive of no task too big to be attempted. "To be attempted," we say; because "to be accomplished" is of secondary moment. Not to accomplish, but to strive and to persevere in striving, are we sent into the world; on no soul can be laid a heavier burden. Issues and outcomes are in the hands of God, to be determined by other influences besides those which we control; but as for the labor, that is our contribution—wholly ours—to give or to withhold, as we choose. Once we understand what God wants, those of us who are truly his own will go heartily to our work, however hopeless of accomplishment it seem. When at last the day is done—let it have been apparently well-spent or wasted—then we shall see with a clearness unattainable in the stress of toiling, that God's dearest wish was one with our highest happiness, and that somehow neither could have been realized in any other circumstances than those which it was our blessed privilege to accept and utilize.

"THE VESSEL OF ELECTION."

BY M. S. PINE.

MY soul's Election! choose Thou me as when,
Upon the fair Damascus way,
Thy lightning call
Fell on the ear of Saul,
And prostrate in the lush spring grass he lay,—
The persecutor dead, never again
To rise
Till blinded eyes
And stricken heart and cleansèd lip
Found voice in "Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"
A new heart, tongue of fire, and unscaled view
Pass all to Thy celestial ownership,
Never again
To fail Thee, heart or lip or brain,
Thro' stripes and prisons, flame or sea's dark deep,
Thro' hell's unnumbered, envy-poisoned darts:
That prince of noble hearts
Couched on Thine own in many a raptured sleep,
And crucified unto the world with Thee,
The leaping sword shall free
By Roman gates, but, O impassioned lover!
His pen shall bear Thy name the wide world over.

A USEFUL REMINDER FROM THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION.

THE following extract taken verbatim from the Report of the Philippine Commission to the President (vol. iv. page 109) we consider to be still of such timely importance and interest as to merit republication.

The excerpt deals with a problem of unusual importance in the government of any people—a problem which has aroused not a little religious bitterness and which is yet unsolved.

The words and the opinions of the Commission here expressed may lead some to change their adverse judgments both on certain past events and on present claims of the Catholic body; and perhaps throw considerable light on the policy which, as a nation, we ought to pursue towards the Filipinos if we would do them justice.

The letter of transmittal is dated January 31, 1900, and sets forth that the commission was appointed in January, 1899. The letter contains the following passage: "One of the chief sources, however, for the formation of the commission's opinion has been the daily, personal intercourse freely and constantly had with the people of the islands."

The letter is signed: Jacob Gould Schurman, George Dewey, Charles Denby, Dean C. Worcester, John R. MacArthur, *Secretary*.—THE EDITOR.

RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF THE COUNTRY.

After this superficial account of religious statistics, we cannot resist the desire to set forth, although very briefly, what is at present and in reality the character or qualities of the religious spirit reigning in this country, which owes all that it is, aside from purely natural elements, to the Catholic civilization of Spain. Moreover, the point is very pertinent to the subject.

It is indisputable from the very beginning that the native masses who have received the direct influence of the Spanish civilization are wholly Catholic. The infidel natives are still barbarous or semi-barbarous; and the Moros, besides lacking the civilization of the Christian Indians, only retain of merely external Mohammedanism their innate pride and treachery, and a few formalities known and practised by a very small number of their race. Those in the Philippines who profess, or are

said to profess, any other positive religion, and especially Christian distinct from Catholic, are not found except among the foreign element. Therefore, Catholicism is the religion, not only of the majority but of all the civilized Filipinos.

It is also certain that the Filipinos are sincere Catholics. Their religion suits them and is agreeable to them; they practise it voluntarily; they profess it without objection, openly and publicly. The most remote suspicion that Catholicism is not the true religion, and the only one capable of insuring temporal and eternal felicity, is far from their minds. All these Indians are in themselves docile to the teachings and admonitions of their parish priests and spiritual fathers; many good people readily and frequently partake of the holy sacraments, and that many others do not come, or do not come so frequently, must be attributed to neglect, to carelessness, or to real impediments; but never to aversion. The ceremonies and the solemnity of the worship attract them extraordinarily, as do also the popular Catholic exhibitions of great feasts and processions. They show, without any objection, but rather with much pleasure, the pious objects and insignia of any pious devotion or association to which they belong, and in many places the women use the scapular or the rosary around their necks as a part or complement of their costume. It may be said that there is not a house or family, no matter how poor, which does not have an altar or domestic oratory. Among the Filipino people there may be careless, vicious Christians, and those scandalous for their bad habits, and even those ignorant of the essentials of their religion; but there are no unbelievers or impious ones, unless there are some, in number relatively insignificant, who have gone to foreign countries and become vicious, and have afterwards returned to the country; and even these have taken good care not to show it until now, because of a certain remnant of shame, unless among irreligious or sectarian companions. Finally, the three orders, confraternities, pious associations, and old and new devotions, have always had in the Philippines a great number of inscribed, and even faithful and fervent, affiliated members.

The Catholic religion, always holy and sanctifying, works in its subjects who embrace it according to the natural or acquired disposition of the same. So that the defects of

character of the Indians, although they are frequently lessened, thanks to the religion which they profess, hardly disappear wholly, and even influence the private life and religious character of the natives. Therefore, because they are more superficial and more impressed with novelties than other races, they perhaps might be less constant in their Catholic practices, sentiments, and convictions, and they would more readily than others feel the evil influences of false doctrines and worships if they should experience them. They are prone to superstition, on account of ancient bad habits, on account of the proximity and intercourse with those still infidels, and on account of their puerile imagination and their natural love of externals.

This we understand to be, in broad lines, the religious character of the Indians of the Philippines.

Now read what has been said recently on this same subject by another eye-witness, with whom we agree most entirely.

Mr. Peyton, Protestant bishop, in a meeting of Protestant bishops of the Episcopal Church, held in St. Louis last October, said, speaking of Catholicism in the Philippines:

"I found in all the towns a magnificent church. I attended Mass several times, and the churches were always full of natives, even under unfavorable circumstances, on account of the military occupation. There are almost no seats in these churches, the services lasting from an hour to an hour and a half. Never in my life have I observed more evident signs of deep devotion than those I witnessed there—the men kneeling or prostrated before the altar, and the women on their knees or seated on the floor. Nobody left the church during the services, nor spoke to any one. There is no sectarian spirit there. All have been instructed in the creed, in prayer, in the ten commandments, and in the catechism. All have been baptized in infancy. I do not know that there exists in the world a people as pure, as moral, and as devout as the Filipino people."

THIS GRANTED, WOULD FREEDOM OF RELIGIONS BE ADVISABLE IN THE PHILIPPINES?

Therefore religion—and, consequently, morality—being so universal in the Philippines, would it be advisable to introduce liberty of religious worship in this country? If by freedom of

religion is understood religious tolerance in fact, by virtue of which no one can be compelled to profess Catholicism, or be persecuted for not being a Catholic, but each individual may privately profess the religion that suits him best, then this liberty has always existed in the Philippines; and no Filipino or foreigner has ever been forced to embrace the Catholic religion. But if by liberty of religions is understood the granting to all religions—for example, the worship of Confucius or Mohammed—and to all the Protestant sects equal rights to open schools, erect churches, create parishes, have processions and public ceremonies, with the Catholic Church, we believe that it would not only not be advisable, but it would be a lamentable measure for any government which may rule the destinies of the Filipinos. In fact, if this government should concede this liberty of religions, it will make itself hateful to 6,500,000 of Filipino Catholics; because, although said government may not profess any religion, the Filipino people would hold it responsible for all the consequences of this measure, and so it could not be regarded favorably by these 6,500,000 Catholics. They are fully convinced that their religion is the only true one, the only one by which man can be saved; and if any government should try to deprive them of this religion, which is their most precious jewel and the richest inheritance that they have received from their superiors, although it may not be more than permitting Protestant or heterodox propagandism publicly and boldly, then they could not help complaining, and disturbance of public order might even result from it, with all the fury and all the disasters which, as is well known, this kind of war usually entails.

Two serious difficulties may oppose the rights of Catholicism in the Philippines. The first is the Americans who are governing here, and the second is the Filipinos themselves. The Americans enjoy in America the most complete religious liberty. Why, then, should they not enjoy the same liberty on moving to the Philippines? We answer that each citizen should conform to the laws of the country where he lives. The Chinese enjoyed the most complete liberty to erect temples to Buddha or to Confucius; but for three centuries they have not had such liberty in Manila. On the other hand, no Chinese has been obliged to become a Catholic; and we may say more, no

Chinese has needed to make a show of his religion in order to trade, become rich, and return to die in China. The same may be said of Englishmen and Americans. If, in the Philippines, for the good order and government of 6,500,000 Catholics, besides which there are only 1,500,000 inhabitants, idolaters and Mohammedans, who are still to be civilized, it is necessary not to permit nor to encourage liberty of religions, the government which rules the destinies of these islands should legislate in this direction, for the laws should be adapted to the necessities of the majority of the citizens. And Americans themselves who make their residence here should accommodate themselves to this law, without any temporal or spiritual injury resulting to them from it; because, privately, they could profess the religion which their conscience dictates to them to be the true one. The English in Malta do this, where the Catholic religion flourishes; and, although the island is very small, there are more than 2,000 Italian Catholic priests there, better satisfied and content to live under the English government than under the Italian government.

The other difficulty against the Catholicism of the Filipinos arises from the Filipino rebels themselves, who in their congress at Malolos proclaimed liberty of religions and separation of church and state. Why, then, should not this religious liberty be granted to the Filipinos if they themselves demand it? We answer that they also ask for independence. Will the Americans, therefore, give it to them? The majority of the Philippine insurgents were addicted to Masonry. They had agreed a long time ago to work for the expulsion of the friars and, drunken with the wine of liberty, they asked for all liberties, including religious freedom. These revolutionists, who have abjured Catholicism, how many are they? They do not exceed two dozen. For them the law of religious liberty is unnecessary, because they do not profess any. The Filipino people—that is to say, the 6,500,000 Catholics inscribed in the parochial registers—these do not ask for nor want religious liberty, nor the separation of the church and state; these are content with their Catholicism, and they do not desire anything more, nor would they suffer their government to overthrow the Catholic unity.

This we have heard from qualified and accredited defenders

of Philippine independence, who even deny that the Malolos platform was the true expression of the will of that congress; that, on the contrary, it was far from being the total and proper representation of the Filipino people. This people have a horror of heresies and of all religious disturbances. Whoever should introduce them would commit an offence. Therefore it is demonstrated that religious liberty in the Philippines is not only not advisable but adverse to the public peace.

In conclusion, if it be said that as regards the state of religion in the Philippines there are points of public interest which demand some reform, we shall not deny it; but the church has the desire and the means to remedy these supposed or recognized evils. If by chance she does not remedy them because she is ignorant of them, then any one interested may make them known, and the government of the country sooner than anybody else. On the other hand, this subject has nothing to do with religious liberty.

THE LATE REVEREND ALFRED YOUNG, C.S.P., ORGANIZER OF ST. PAUL'S CHORUS.

CHURCH MUSIC: ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND ITS PROSPECTS.

BY WILLIAM JOSEPH FINN.

IS the legitimate place of music in the services of the Catholic Church understood and appreciated nowadays?

The accession to the chair of Peter of a Pontiff who, if report speak truly, will lend his influence to the growing movement for the revival of true ecclesiastical music, makes the question apropos at the present time. Since the election of Pius X. we have heard much of his significant patronage of Don Perosi, the head and front of

the new agitation for better church music. The encouragement given to the gifted maestro of the papal choir has generally been considered auspicious by those who are ardently longing for the radical change which seems necessary.

And we, here in America, cannot remain indifferent to the new prospect. We have long been complaining that our church music is in a condition little short of the deplorable. Whatever may be the cause of the evil, whether it be an initial misconception or a long-standing forgetfulness of the mind of the church, the fact is only too patent that nowadays little or no attention is paid to the original spirit or the one essential purpose of church music.

The purpose of sacred music ought to be evident from the very name, and as a matter of historical fact, the precise and proper relations of music and liturgy were well understood centuries ago. Its object was considered to be two-fold: first, to stimulate, and secondly, to express devotion. It was to be an integral, if not an essential part of the service.

It was the realization of the marvellous power of the chant that urged St. Ambrose and St. Gregory, thirteen hundred years ago or more, to such patient efforts in introducing it into the church; Ambrose teaching hymns and canticles of praise to the faithful of Milan, and Gregory, even as pope, himself instructing the youth of Rome to chant the divine offices to the sublime melodies which have come down to our own day associated with his name. For many centuries the use of the august chant was universal; it grew and waxed strong. But in our days we have with consummate fatuity thrown away the treasure that might have been ours. We have made ourselves strangers not only to the chant, but even to the ideal of which it was so eloquent an expression. We have forgotten the essential and fundamental purpose of ecclesiastical music, so far that it is the rare exception to hear in our churches any piece that is a genuine aid to devotion. Frequently, or rather, ordinarily—it is scarcely an exaggeration to say it—the music of our churches savors more of the concert-hall than the house of God, and suggests rather the stage than the sanctuary. The sacred liturgy is not uncommonly disgraced—in as far as it can be—by a forced association with florid and meretricious musical compositions.

Circumstances made it necessary to grant a concession to

modern music; but with characteristic assurance, the evil that was tolerated has come to consider itself the only good, and we find ourselves in the anomalous position of being obliged to plead and apologize for the restoration of what never should have been set aside. The music of the church has been unjustly outlawed—nothing less—and in spite of the generous efforts of its advocates, it finds an extreme difficulty in returning to its own. And the difficulty is in this: that our people and some of our priests have become so accustomed to the intrusion of the stranger, that they are no longer able to recognize the child of the house.

And yet it is a mere truism to say, that if we are to have music in our churches at all, it should serve the end for which it was introduced, namely, to stimulate and to sustain devotion. What means could be more impossible to that end than either the hodge-podge of meaningless stuff that is sung by the ordinary amateur choir, or the elegant but totally inappropriate compositions that are elaborated, presumably for our edification, by trained professionals? It makes little difference whether we have Thomas Jones' Mass in X or Haydn's, No. 2, in C,—they are both equally out of place; the usual effect is the same—the annihilation of all religious sentiment.

If church music is to make any pretence at serving its legitimate purpose, it must be distinctive and distinctively rendered: *distinctive;* that is, having a tone and style of its own incapable of being counterfeited by secular music of any description. We must be able to know a hymn from a ballad, and a Mass from an opera: *distinctively rendered;* that is, it must be sung by a surpliced choir in the sanctuary.

What we look for and demand is serious, fervent, expressive music; what we get are quasi-operatic selections, and displays of vocal pyrotechnics. From our hearts we can sympathize with the sentiment of a recent writer in the London *Tablet*, who indignantly demands to know why "if they (the people in the choir gallery) won't help me, they cannot let me alone?" Better to have no music than music that prevents devotion.

The enthusiasts for figured music will declare that the majority of people enjoy and profit by the music they get. But let the enthusiast mix with the crowd, and hear the remarks,—"What an interminable *Credo* that was! They must have sung *Amen* at least twenty times! And did you see how

long they kept the celebrant waiting at the offertory?" etc., etc. We have heard them universally and persistently. And the contagion of discontent, if one has but eyes to see it, is spreading. The same writer in the London *Tablet*, quoted above, declares that in his annoyance and indignation against frivolous church music he "meets with never-failing sympathy from a multitude of equally impatient fellow-sufferers."

CHORUS OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE.

The consequence is that people avoid High Mass and Vespers. It would surprise some pastors to know that in many cases their earnest efforts to get a large part of the congregation to High Mass are frustrated by the music, which may possibly appeal to the musical critic, but can only be a source of great distraction to the ordinary worshipper.

But why argue it out? The necessity of distinctive music will not be called into question by any one who has given thought to the subject. It is evident that if the divine service is to be an organic whole, liturgy, ritual, sermon, music ought to be of a piece. The music should be regulated by special, pertinent, and consistent rules of composition, and be judged by one simple criterion: that of harmony with or dissonance from the spirit of worship.

Now, the church has her own proper music which she officially recommends, and to which she points as the true, the ideal ecclesiastical music; and that is the Gregorian Chant. This chant has been professedly chosen because it combines all the peculiar properties which make music worthy to be associated with the celebration of the divine mysteries. It is solemn and grave, in keeping with the dignity of its office:

full of marvellous and majestic beauty; sorrowful, plaintive, joyful, exultant, triumphant; it runs the whole gamut of the religious emotions: sorrow, joy, contrition; it pleads for mercy; it sobs with sorrow; it rejoices with joy; it rises to ecstasy; never light or frivolous, never gaudy or extravagant, but always serving its sacred purpose, to edify and excite piety in the worshippers.

Based on the musical system of the ancient Greeks, it was composed, as tradition has it, by St. Gregory the Great, for use in the church exclusively, and therefore it is unsuitable for anything else. Music halls do not ring with its strains; this chant is never heard in places of amusement; for it is essentially and thoroughly ecclesiastical, and ecclesiastical alone.

However, we cannot claim with the extreme purist that all music not Gregorian should be excluded from our services. It is not necessary to be more Catholic than the Catholic Church, and the church has not said, "Exclude everything not bearing the stamp of Gregorian"; she rather lays down certain canons, so to speak, for the correct use of modern music.

The mind of the church was well expressed in a letter of the Congregation of Rites to the Italian bishops in 1884:

"Figured vocal music which is allowed by the church is that only whose grave and pious strains are suited to the house of the Lord, to the divine praises, and which, by following the meaning of the sacred words, helps to excite the people to devotion." Thus it is obvious that we are not obliged to exclude *all* modern music from use at our services. None the less, it cannot be doubted that the attitude of the church towards modern music is one of toleration, while her generous and unhesitating approbation is reserved for what she considers properly her own—the Gregorian Chant. Judging from the conditions that confront us, especially in our own country, one might well suppose that the facts were reversed; that the church had given her official recommendation to modern music for the churches, and had relegated the Gregorian Chant to monasteries and seminaries.

It is pleasant, however, to be able to say, that in other lands conditions are giving some promise of righting themselves. In 1868 the eminent Dr. Witt formed the society of the *Cæcilien-Verein*, to clear the church of what he called "unholy, and, for the most part, blasphemous music," and the efforts of this Bavarian priest, as representing a protest against

the prevailing condition of church music, were blessed by Pius IX. The Rev. Father Haberl, the noted choir-master of Ratisbon, has labored consistently and zealously for a wider diffusion of the true ideals of ecclesiastical music. In France, the Benedictines of Solesmes, who have, indeed, never in their long career compromised with the genius of ungodly music, have for some years past been especially occupied with a thorough historical and scientific study of the chant, with the view of making its restoration possible.

In the British Isles, too, the place of the chant is becoming more appreciated. I have already referred to the London *Tablet* as a prominent organ of the new agitation. Almost weekly it contains forceful articles on the subject, indicating that the importance of good church music is felt throughout the kingdom. At Westminster Cathedral one may hear, on any Sunday, the beautiful strains of the Solesmes Chant sung by a well-trained choir of boys and men. Across the Channel, in Dublin at the pro-cathedral, a chancel choir has been organized, which renders the liturgical music with great effect.

With such achievements—or at least beginnings—before our eyes, why may we not be encouraged to undertake similar works in this country?

Clearly, it cannot be urged in opposition to the longed-for revival, that plain chant is a thing of the past, for as long as the Mass retains the liturgical construction it has had from venerable antiquity, so long the chant, which was created and perfected for no other purpose than to fit the liturgy, must remain the peculiar and the most worthy companion of the noble religious service of the church.

But, to come to a further consideration, ecclesiastical music demands an ecclesiastical choir. Beyond the demand for a strictly ecclesiastical music, there is a necessity for an appropriate and unique rendering of the chant; a necessity based upon the philosophical fact of the power of association. An opera, dragged from the stage, chopped into pieces, and sung in concert form, without setting or special costuming, loses much of its force. *A pari* then, the ecclesiastical chant can have its full effect only if it be rendered in special, appropriate surroundings; and its only true setting, its native place, is the sanctuary.

It would seem that there can scarcely be two opinions on this matter. Granted the necessity of a distinctively ecclesiasti-

cal music, the necessary complement is a distinctively ecclesiastical rendition, and such a rendition, of course, means a boy-choir placed in the sanctuary.

But here is the *crux* of the situation. Here begins the flood of objections, here enters the element of prejudice, here are exposed the not unnatural pride and pique and selfishness that militate so strongly against any radical change in the existing scheme. One cannot advocate a sanctuary boy-choir without arguing for the abolition of the mixed choir, and it would be no enviable distinction to be the prominent object of the attack of all the individuals whose glory and pride and profits are involved in the permanence of the existing condition. And yet we cannot dissemble; we will not minimize the consequences of an advocacy of a general adoption of boy-choirs. It means, to say it plainly, the abolition of at least the "better-half," so to speak, of the mixed choirs. Compromise we can see none. Apart from the impossibility of inviting women into the sanctuary, we are forced to maintain that the feminine voice, even at its glorious best, lacks just the essential timbre that is demanded in true church music. It is an undeniable fact that the boy's voice contains this element and is immeasurably better adapted for the singing of sacred music. This is the frank statement of our idea on the subject, and having discharged our shot, we are glad to retire, for a moment, under cover of the defence of an undoubtedly eminent authority —no less a musician than Madame Melba. She had just sung at the Solemn Mass in a certain church, and the clergy were, naturally enough, spicing the expression of their gratitude with compliments and with wishes that such a glorious voice as hers might contribute oftener to the dignity and grandeur of the divine service. Imagine their surprise and chagrin when the prima donna gently rebuked them, convicting them of lack of taste in permitting any female voice to be heard during the sacred solemnity of the Mass! She said that the boy's voice was much purer and sweeter, and altogether more suited for religious services; that the surpliced choir was more in keeping with the sacred character of the ceremonies, and that a woman's voice, trained to perfection though it be, must of necessity remain to the end unfitted for the peculiar function of interpreting the spirit of strictly sacred music.

The point is undeniably well taken; the timbre of the voices of a mixed choir does not differ from that of the voices

CHORUS OF THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

which we are accustomed to hear at secular amusements, while, on the other hand, in the tones of a trained boy-choir we have something distinct; something which we begin to associate, not from habit alone but from instinct, with the sanctuary and its music. A mixed choir is bound to lead our thoughts to the organ-loft, while a chancel choir, by its location, its appeal to the eye, its tone quality, by its *tout ensemble*, holds our attention to the progress of the sacred ritual. Instead of defying the philosophical principle of the association of ideas, we ought to cherish it, use it, summon it to serve the lofty purpose of raising the mind even to the contemplation of the things of God.

But now we are come into contact with the eternal and inevitable objections. "Well enough," says the sceptic, "to talk about the ideal possibilities of the boy's voice, but the plain, hard fact is that the chest voice of the ordinary boy can never be so modified and refined as to become fit for public singing." Now we dare maintain that, in spite of long-standing suspicions to the contrary, boys, and ordinary boys, can be trained to sing with superb flexibility and sweetness. And again, we are glad to take refuge behind the authority of

a few great names—Barnby, Stainer, Curwen, Whitney, Roney —who have devoted the energy and attention of years to this branch of their profession, and declare it to be their experience that it is possible to train any healthy, every-day boy to sing in the proper register. The almost universal use of the chancel choir in the Anglican Church is in itself a great proof of the possibilities of the boy's voice. Boys can develop voices full of such sweetness as can be found nowhere else—this is a fact not generally known among our people; preconceived notions are against it, and, consequently, many are sceptical and slow to receive it.

A prominent organist of one of our large cities once said to the writer that it was impossible to bring a boy's voice above F on the fifth line. If this were true, the most ordinary music would extend beyond the boys' range, and the question of their employment in the church would be closed. But it is not true; had that same gentleman gone the next Sunday to a certain church not far distant from his own, he would have heard the soprano boys soar to a high A with the utmost ease and perfect grace. While, when necessity demands, many boys can take B flat with facility; indeed, the writer has heard a choir, at rehearsal, sing a high C sharp without apparent difficulty. It has been well said by a recognized authority, that "there is no top to a boy's voice." No; the possibility of training boys to sing acceptably and with effect presents no difficulty.

"But did you ever hear a boy-choir flat?" asks our sceptical friend. Yes; but a skilful choir-master can so train the boys that they will never fall from the given key; while—with regard to the women—the writer has a very vivid recollection of the futile efforts of a great Catholic musician of this country to soften the piercing tone-quality of his sopranos. And not once or twice, but as often as occasion brought him to a certain cathedral church, he has heard a Catholic sanctuary choir sing unaccompanied long psalms, offertories, processional anthems, etc., without departing at all from the original pitch. Another—a non-Catholic choir with which he is familiar—sings every Wednesday evening in Lent a long litany in procession, without the organ, always maintaining throughout the given pitch. To say that a boy-choir can sing Bach's music without flatting, is to allege a strong argument in

favor of the boys; and yet this is no extraordinary feat for many an Anglican choir. And we ought not to be ashamed to take courage from what is done outside. But why defend something which is in no need of defence? It is a fact that boys have been and are daily being trained to sing difficult music with facility and grace. This is enough.

Sometimes pastors urge the difficulty of forming such choirs as a sufficient reason for not making an attempt. This difficulty, in the majority of cases, is purely imaginary, for the average city church has a Sunday-school and some sodality for the men. Here are the means both to organize the choir and to keep it replenished with fresh voices; the Sunday-school will furnish the boys, and the sodality the men. Pastors make a mistake in thinking large choirs necessary. There are but few churches in America where a choir of thirty boys and fifteen men would not be ample. In the great Anglican Cathedral of St. Paul, in London, the choir numbers only fifty four voices—thirty-six boys and eighteen men; and yet the seating capacity is more than six thousand!

But a more serious question is that of the choir-master. "Where shall we get," the pastors ask, "an instructor who has the necessary qualifications?" This is a matter which lies almost entirely in the hands of those in authority. When pastors insist on having the strict ecclesiastical music sung by chancel choirs, then musicians will have to qualify themselves. It is true that at present there are not many organists who are familiar with the chant, but the demand will create the supply. If Catholic musicians realized that their success and livelihood depended upon a thorough knowledge of the chant and the principles of chancel-choir training, they would not delay long considering the matter. Let our priests once take a firm stand in favor of the Gregorian, and there will be no dearth of competent organists and choir-masters.

Clearly, the objections which are urged against the chancel choir are not of a serious character. Prejudice in favor of the existing scheme naturally blinds many to the advantages of a choir the introduction of which into our churches means such a complete change. But that the chancel choir is the ideal vehicle of ecclesiastical music there can be no doubt. And it is not an air-drawn ideal; it has been practically tested even in our own country.

Since 1871 there has been a *distinctive choir* singing *dis-*

tinctive music at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. For thirty-two years this choir has sung with undisputed success the Gregorian Chant, both for the Proper and Ordinary of the Mass. It was organized by Rev. Alfred Young, C.S.P., with the official approbation of Archbishop McCloskey. At present the choir consists of fifty-one boys and twenty-seven men, who are trained to sing the entire Gregorian service of every Sunday and holyday.

At the Church of the Assumption, Morristown, N. J., there is a very good sanctuary choir. It was formed in 1892 by the Very Rev. Dean Flynn, and sings the chant very acceptably. The Proper of the Mass is sung in chant, and the common is selected from the works of such eminent ecclesiastical composers as Gounod, Silas, etc.

The archdiocese of Boston possesses some very promising boy-choirs. The choir at the Cathedral, under the direction of Mlle. de la Motte, has achieved many musical triumphs. The scope of its work is rather limited, however, for it sings only the Proper of the Mass and the Responses. The choir is best known, perhaps, for its magnificent rendering of the sublime offices of Holy Week.

The St. James' chancel choir was organized about fourteen years ago by Rev. William P. McQuaid, with Miss Mary Roche as instructress; it is made up usually of twenty-four boys and eighteen men. It is an auxiliary choir, and sings only the Proper of the Mass and the Antiphons and alternate verses of the Psalms at Vespers.

St. Vincent's Church, South Boston, boasts of an excellent choir. Unlike the choirs of the Cathedral and St. James' Church, this chorus of boys and men sings to the accompaniment of the organ. It was organized by Father O'Donnell, in 1880, and its success is due in great measure to his untiring zeal. The choir numbers seventy-five voices, and under the direction of the pastor, Rev. George Patterson, and the prefect of music, Rev. John H. Lyons, it has made remarkable progress.

A large choir of boys and men was organized at the Mission Church, Roxbury, last fall. The choir-master, Mr. Francis O'Brien, formerly of the Gesu, Philadelphia, holds daily rehearsals, and the choir is fast becoming a model. The purity of tone of the soprano boys is quite remarkable. The choir can sing the entire service either in Gregorian or in modern music.

CHORUS OF THE ALBANY CATHEDRAL.

Under the auspices of the well-known rector of the church, Rev. John Frawley, C.SS.R., its success is assured.

For many years there has been a chancel choir at the Cathedral in Albany, N. Y. It was founded in 1853 by Father Wadhams, afterwards Bishop of Ogdensburg. The choristers together with the altar boys form one society, known as the Cathedral Sanctuary Society. The choir was heard at its best, perhaps, at the consecration of the cathedral last fall.

At St. Patrick's Church, Albany, there is also a promising choir. Mr. Maher, the organist and director, has been very successful with his boys and men. As at the cathedral, the chancel choir sings only a part of the service. It is a pity that the scope of the work of such choirs is not wider.

In almost every diocese there are some boy-choirs, which sing parts of the services. In addition to those already mentioned we might add the choirs of the Buffalo, Rochester, and the New York Cathedrals. At Trinity Church, Georgetown, D. C., a boy-choir has been recently organized, which is to render the entire service. This choir is trained by Mr. George H. Wells, who is a great enthusiast for the restoration of the chant.

In drawing this article to a close, the writer wishes to call the attention of the reader once more to the *spiritual* end which church music should achieve, and to point out again that in order to reach the standard set by the church we must have *distinctive music* sung by distinctive choirs. There has been some enthusiasm for reform shown, but it is insignificant when compared with the almost universally prevailing indifference.

A word to those who are working for the amelioration of conditions in this country: let your watchword be "vigor." Enthusiasm in a right cause is bound to effect some good, and energy expended in endeavoring to restore to the church of the twentieth century the sublime melodies of the church of the middle ages, will be energy spent in a work most acceptable to God and sure to merit his blessing. With the young maestro of the papal choir, let us rejoice that "the cause of sacred music possesses such an enthusiastic patron as His Holiness." The Abbé Perosi declares that next year "a far-reaching movement for the study and execution of plain chant will be inaugurated under the auspices of Pius X." Truly a happy preparation for the centenary of Gregory the Great, which is to be celebrated in 1904!

FRA GIOVANNI'S STORY.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

YOU like the portrait, signore? The face *is* good to look upon; there are few such in these modern gray days. The artist? One of your countrymen. You smile, but it is true. Six feet of splendid American manhood; a heart—*così*—a poet, a dreamer. a lover of honor. It is the blessed truth. See! here is the name—*che! you* know him; you know Hawkins! Pardon such feeling, your excellency. He spoke of me; he remembered Giovanni; now, may Our Lady save him! It seems years ago since he left us. He married, of course? No! *È perchè?* Ah, she broke her promise; too bad, too bad! But he still paints a picture or two? In business! making money! *il cielo!* And this is the end of his dreams, of his art? Ah! I see, he would not remember. *Chi sa;* perhaps it is best so.

You are a wonderful people, signore; too practical? Even so. I have often said to myself, they will tire of it all; some day they will sit in the shade for rest, and Beauty, touching them with her wing, shall stir in their hearts another truth. And they will become a nation of artists. I sometimes laugh at my thought, your excellency; but *I* expect to see the day. Your own countryman, was he not one who, earlier than the rest, found need of something beyond the stress of trade and the excitement of profit? We see you more clearly abroad than you see yourselves at home. Gold *is not* all, your excellency. You must seek something that touches the heart more nearly. No, no, money is not bad; it is a power for good. Has it not brought you to these shores; opened the treasures of ages, and your tired eyes! You have looked on Beauty. You will not be quiet till you have tried your own hand. And you will touch great heights. Is not this picture proof of it? Was not its maker of your own soil!

Ebbene, we were close friends in those years. One day Hawkins would paint a Madonna—*capisci?* A Madonna!—the height and depth of every feeling. I smiled. What could he

bring to such a work? What did such a subject mean to him? I could see only failure. Ah! your excellency has browsed in the field? Then you know why I smiled. Art is not builded on such narrow wants. I reasoned with him. He persisted. Was it not to be a masterpiece? It was not for me to discourage him; no—*davvero.* So I played upon his soul with all the subtleness I could use, trying to flood it with feelings and convictions worthy such a subject. He was impatient. He would begin the task at once; but the model—was there a face, in all Rome, equal to the inspiration? And I remembered a quiet home near the Piazza Navona: a fragrant garden; a cortile where pigeons floated downward at the call of a voice, and where wonderful eyes looked over a fountain's rim, nor saw the marvellous beauty of a face among the waters. And I said to myself, Here is something worthy his brush. And it was so.

For many days I sat in the shadow of the north wall watching the canvas grow into a thing of living beauty. Now and then we would call a truce to labor. Yes; *we.* Why not? for my heart was in every stroke, in every light and shadow. In such pause we would listen, not to the drowsy waters but to a living voice—her voice, your excellency—that sometimes creeps upon me in the black night. In those moments, *our* friend would sit with closed eyes. It was—how is it said?—*si, si,* a spell. And when the song was ended, and bubbling laughter burst from her lips, he seemed to wake from a dream. I know the reason now. He would shake his head—so—and begin to work with a sort of madness. It seemed to free some pain clutching at his heart.

The last sitting had come. That day he lingered till the dusk was upon the roofs, and the great stars hung white above the walls. We were finishing our luncheon, when a voice—her voice—rose full of ancient sweetness on the quiet air. She was at a window above us. When the last note had run to starlight and silence, we stood and called a *bravo.* A rain of laughter spilled about us, and a rose sped downward at our friend's feet, and she was gone. He stooped for the flower, paused a moment—then giving it to me, said, "*Eccola!* you will best wear it!" And so we passed into the street. On the piazza I said: "You are satisfied?" "Yes, and no."

"Was not her beauty sufficient?"

"Yes, yes," he said quickly; "such beauty will wear for ever; goodness is behind, within, and around it. Once I did not think so. It is one of those truths that come home late to the heart; and the return is sometimes bitter."

We walked on in silence. *Si, si*, your excellency, it was a trick of memory; it hung about him—this sadness—till he sailed for home. He went suddenly, with scarce a word of parting; and without his "masterpiece." *That* was his gift to Maria. From her it passed into the possession of the good fathers of the chapel. He has made it full of life, eh? Look at it from this angle—so—see how the spirit comes and goes. Too sorrowful! Eh, but the eyes, your excellency, the depth! the light!

Should have a story! your excellency. It has. Maria slipped into womanhood; how or when, who shall say? She woke one dawn, and it was shining upon her like a holy presence. And just as suddenly, from a whole citiful, two men became her suitors—each in his own way; Carlo and Giuseppe.

The woman? You shall hear. Once she said to me: "You like Carlo, *non e vero?*" And, laughing, I replied: "I have made him my friend; is not that enough?" "But," she persisted, "is not Giuseppe, also, your friend?" "He has chosen me as such," I answered. She turned away in silence. It looked very clear, did it not, your excellency? She would have me cast the balance. But I held my peace. You have known such natures, signore; and what tortures indecision lays upon them. I pitied her; and then my tongue said sharp things for the sake of her peace; told her to send one or the other upon his way; to be just to herself and them. *Ma che!* it was always a sigh, and then another sigh. Is the heart so very easy to read, your excellency?

A lottery, you say; I would not call it that. Marriage with us is a holy state. God's finger is upon the tie, and His word upon the troth. In it lie peace, affection, trust . . . not always? *Chi sa;* there may come moments when . . . ah! pardon me, *amicone*, I did not mean to stir such waters. You would live it down? That is most difficult, till you pass the frontiers of human agency. You have come to my country for rest, for forgetfulness; take my word, leave your sor-

rows under His will this night; you will find them blooms of beauty in the dawn.

Bè, this is our city house. Your excellency will come within to sit awhile in the cool twilight to hear the story? *Bene.* There is none here except Papino.

Giuseppe pleaded on his knees like a child; but the woman would not listen. That was a sour drink, was it not, your excellency, for one proud as fire. I often met him after that, beyond the gates, brooding his way in silence. No, no, I think it was Carlo tortured him most. Carlo was making a splendid name for himself on the Corso. Rumor had it that Maria favored his suit. I knew better. She had already refused him, as she had Giuseppe. It seemed a very weak decision, your excellency, did it not? Behold the result. One day the two rejected suitors met in the shadows. The feeling of months rushed from Giuseppe's lips in the single word "*Traditore!*" There was a quick descending flash through the dusk—a groan—hurried footfalls. In a moment a red pool gathered and spread beneath Carlo's shoulder. Die? Oh! no; but his arm was never of much use thereafter. Now, said I, now the woman may choose in peace. But she sighed on hearing the tale, and was silent. Strange, was it not?

"Giovanni," said the mother to me one day,—"Giovanni *mio*, what has come upon her? I have risen before the stars were pale, and seen her in tears at the feet of Our Lady's statue. And she would give me no word but this: 'You would not understand, *madre mia;* some day it shall all come clear; but I am happy—oh! yes, very happy.' Tell me, Giovanni, is it her soul!" And I, your excellency, placing a hand over my heart, said: "It is all here, little mother, all here!" She looked at me—so—with fear in her eyes. Then, coming closer, whispered: "God forbid that, my son; there is no death so bitter!" And she left me, saying again and again, "*Il cuore; il cuore.*" She, too, your excellency, has had a romance in her youth, and one tragic hour in her life.

Ebbene! time slipped by. Giuseppe's flight had passed from common talk. Carlo was still in the city. Summer was with us. You know where the church of San Lorenzo stands, and the holy field beside it where the dead lie mute in their deep content? No strife nor bitterness there, your excellency; nothing but the great stillness of everlasting peace. The feast of

All Souls was nearing its end. Here and there, on the houses of the dead, thin lights twinkled above the sleepers' hearts. Sitting alone in the shadow, your excellency, I was thinking of the countless throngs that had passed through the last great Pain; and how none had ever turned backward with a hint of what lay beyond. Are they so happy there, or is it a penalty on us without the gates? Just then I saw a human form creeping among the graves. At each new mound he paused long enough to read the inscription. Finally he dropped on his knees before a heap of earth, and his hands sunk in the fresh clay. I stepped from the shadows. At sight of me, he shrieked and grovelled in the dust at my feet. *Chi!* Giuseppe; *è vero.* And Death looked out of his eyes. He crouched for a moment, and scanned me—so—with superstitious fear. Then he rose and said: "*È voi,* Giovanni, Padre Giovanni!" He shook like a vine in the wind. I touched him on the arm and said: "Giuseppe! what brings you here?" "Tell me," he cried, "where is it; where lies Carlo? I have seen him in my dreams; and the blood was a veil on his face. Tell me; quick, that I may sign myself with the earth that hides him. You will not! even you—Giovanni—O *Dio!* . . . ." He fell in a faint at my feet. Do with him? *Misericordia!* they brought him to the public hospital, where death and human skill disputed the wreckage of his body. But his soul, ah! we saved that, your excellency. It was Maria's work. She softened his heart at the end. He died repentant, the crucifix on his lips, Carlo and the woman in tears beside him. She was never the same after that, your excellency. Death sometimes stirs strange things in the heart. Loved him too late? *Aspetta,* you have not heard the end.

On the feast of Little Christmas, a great day with us, your excellency, I was coming from the mountains. It was evening when I reached home. The streets were filled with people. The sound of their merrymaking followed me into my room. I was thinking: suppose this joy were suddenly changed to grief, how many of those singing under my windows would carry a light heart to the end? It is a great task so to bear life that you spill none of its bitterness. An hour later I was out in the night going toward the Piazza Navona. They were waiting me with candles. And as I went up the stairs a woman's voice called softly: "*È voi,* padre?" And I answered:

"Yes, it is I." "*Pian, piano,*" said the voice. And I went softly into the room where the woman lay fluttering on the borderland of death. *Si,* Maria. The marsh fever was in her blood. She did not know us till dawn had whitened the fountain's rim. She looked me full in the eyes a moment. Her voice startled me with its strength, when she said: "Padre *mio,* it is almost ended, *non è vero?*" And she smiled; smiled, your excellency, in the shadow of death. "It is true," said I, "and you are reconciled." "*Si, si*—so long that time has seemed eternity. You will pray for my soul. I am near to peace, *è vero.* I am ready for the journey? Good! Listen; should he come again, you will tell him that I watch above the white stars on his coming. He never looked over the rim of my thoughts, never caught sight of blooms that opened like secret prayers. If my spirit-hands sought his; if I sent my soul in long flights after his, was I wrong? Who can hush back the echoes of a song, the music of a thought that is song within song? When he was gone to that far land, I called a last *addio,* and my heart was closed for ever. Shall I be forgiven, think you? Giuseppe! see the picture . . . the Madonna . . . Carlo; blood on his sleeve; . . . there, the rose is at his feet . . . will he know . . . will he . . . ."

She rose on her knees, your excellency, like a flame in the gloom, and we heard her death-call rise clear against the day-break—"*Pace, pace, pace!*"

And Hawkins; you say he never married. I sometimes think he should have made his home among us. Well, we are none of us *great* artists with life; some color or line shall be missed; the quality never as we desire. *Si,* forbearance, your excellency; and after that—charity. You are going? This way, *amicone.* I will go with you to the gate. See! this is our fountain. *Eccola!* a million mirrored stars are drifting from rim to rim, each in its punctual line. Can you fathom *His* ways? *Ebbene,* you are more resigned. Good! Be careful of the steps—so. The night *is* beautiful. *A rivedèrci; addio!*

THE NECESSITY OF MYSTERY IN REVEALED RELIGION.

BY REV. GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

MANY people find great difficulty in accepting the dogmas of religion, because some of these dogmas are mysterious or incomprehensible. This difficulty, evidently, is found conspicuously in the teaching of the Church with regard to the Holy Trinity and the Real Presence of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. These doctrines may seem either to contain something contradictory or impossible, or to be a mere meaningless form of words. Unitarians claim that the first of them is a statement of a mathematical absurdity, namely, that the numbers three and one are identical; that if it does not mean this, it means nothing at all. And with regard to the second, it certainly seems to them and to many others that the presence of the same substance in even two places at the same time is simply impossible.

But our rationalist objectors go further than this. They cannot or will not accept anything which seems contrary to their ideas of wisdom, justice, or goodness. The dogma of eternal punishment, of everlasting suffering as a consequence of unrepented sin, or as a retribution for it, is a common instance. They say that Almighty God must act on the same principles that a good or wise man would act on; for really God does not seem to them to differ much from a good or wise man except in the ability to attend to more things at the same time. Now, no good man, no philanthropist, would let any one suffer for ever, if he could help it; therefore, of course, it is quite impossible, according to them, that God can allow such a thing. Here then, and in other matters also, the objection is not that the dogma taught by the church is absolutely incomprehensible, but that it does not agree with our notions of what is right. If we say that hell exists, the statement is as comprehensible to the intellect as the same statement as to Asia or Africa; the difficulty simply is that they think it ought not to exist, if God is good.

There seems, then, to be a difference between these difficulties, though both come from a failure to conform the intellect to the dogma. In the cases of the Holy Trinity and the Real Presence the trouble seems to be in the proposition itself, which strikes us as being paradoxical or incomprehensible; as having, indeed, no intelligible meaning. In the others, like that just treated of, we understand the proposition well enough, but it appears to be inconsistent, not with itself, but with others which are taken for granted as true. It is taken for granted that it would be better that the wicked should be annihilated than that they should suffer eternally; better still that God should deprive them of free will and by his omnipotence force them to repentance and amendment. Or it seems plain that eternal suffering is an unjust penalty for acts which are finite, as far as the agent is concerned.

But the difference between the difficulties is seeming rather than real. For if we seriously endeavor to understand the matter rightly in the two great dogmas first mentioned, or in others which may appear to present the same difficulty, we shall find that there is nothing in them self-contradictory, or impossible, or unmeaning. If indeed the church taught, in the matter of the Trinity, that three and one were identical, the proposition would be senseless, being contrary to the plain definition of the terms; but she does not so teach.

The actual dogma is that there are three Persons, with an absolute unity of nature. The difficulty with the objector is, that he forms an idea of the terms "person" and "nature" which really confounds the two. His ideas of these matters are not clear. If you tell him that space exists in three dimensions, length, breadth, and thickness, he has no difficulty; for his ideas on these subjects are, or at any rate seem to him, clear.

The difficulty as to the Real Presence arises from a similar cause. The objector takes for granted that the presence of a physical substance anywhere is entirely a matter of geometry. He regards it as necessarily extended, and having a definite shape. He may perhaps never have thought of the presence of the soul in the body, which his own consciousness must make at any rate extremely probable to him. The same consciousness tells him that his soul is individual or indivisible, and yet that it exists in every part of his body. If he does

think of these things, he may, in order to keep up the conviction that he knows all about these matters, maintain that there the difference between spiritual and material substance makes bilocation possible for one but impossible for the other; or he may simply deny the existence of spiritual substance. But the real fact is that he does not understand the meaning of the term "substance." In speaking of material substances, he confounds the attribute or "accident" of extension and shape with the substance itself.

The difficulty, then, with these matters, is after all the same as that found in that of eternal retribution and others of a similar kind. It is true that in some cases the best understanding we can have of the terms of the dogma is not so clear as it is in others; but the real trouble in all cases is that we think that we ought to understand the whole subject clearly, and do not realize that the apparent contradiction or impossibility comes from our imperfect understanding of what is contained, either in the dogma itself or in other matters connected with it.

Yes, this is the trouble; our minds are not content with obscurity, but insist on understanding all about every subject presented to them, or at any rate that no subject shall present insuperable difficulties. Individually, we may acknowledge that some matters are beyond our own understanding, as no doubt is the case for most people with regard to the higher mathematics; but we feel sure that some minds understand them clearly, and that perhaps we ourselves could, if we would be willing to go through the necessary study.

And yet even here, if we would make that study, we would find that there are limits which it would appear that no human mind will ever pass in this world. We see, for instance, that space of more than three dimensions is what may be called an algebraical possibility; we can deduce formulas and conclusions with regard to it very similar to those which we obtain with regard to the space with which we are familiar. But when we try to realize what it would be like, to imagine it, we fail entirely. We see then that the apparent completeness of our notion of actual space is a matter of experience; that it comes from our physical senses, and that if we had been absolutely deprived from the beginning of every one of those senses, or even of those of sight and touch, our notion of three-dimensional space would probably be no better than that of the four-

dimensional. We cannot be sure that the latter is an actual impossibility; but it certainly seems that if we lived in it we should have to get by experience entirely new sensations to obtain a knowledge of it like that which we have of the space with which we are familiar, and that at present such a knowledge is hopeless.

Even in matters of pure intellect, we become conscious of limitations which seem insuperable. To take again an example from mathematics, this time from what is quite ordinary, we feel convinced that a minus quantity is in itself an impossibility; and yet we are working all the time with such quantities, and obtaining perfectly intelligible and absolutely true results. We even deal with so-called quantities which multiplied by themselves will produce a minus quantity, which is still more unintelligible; and the results are equally satisfactory. We are able, it is true, in this case, to represent both these kinds of quantities geometrically; but how can we be sure that there is not some other way to represent them, of which we have no idea, and no probability of one?

It seems, then, nothing but common sense and ordinary prudence for us to suspect, to say the least, that there are regions of thought from which in our present state, at any rate, we are utterly excluded. But even if we are unwilling to admit this in the sense which has been explained, we must certainly recognize that there are others in which the reasoning becomes too complicated for the human mind to follow. To take the case, simple compared with many which might be supposed, of three equal bodies governed in their movements by their mutual gravitation; no mathematician will pretend that a thorough discussion of this case is practicable for us; but no one would deny that some intellect might be profound enough for it. And every one who believes in God would be sure that for him it would be a trifle.

For one, then, who believes in God, it would seem very probable that in the matter of a revelation from him to us, truths would be communicated which it would be impossible for us to fully understand. Truths, that is, belonging to the regions of thought from which we are now absolutely barred. It is indeed perfectly evident that there must be such truths in the storehouse of his knowledge; and reasons for his action equally beyond our reach. The only question would be, why

he should puzzle us by informing us in any way about these things. To take again an instance from the science already several times referred to, grown people do not puzzle children with mathematical formulas; if they themselves are fond of them, they wait till the children are old enough for their comprehension.

Well, it is quite true that we do not do just this thing, for there would be no conceivable reason for it. But there are many things, which children do not understand, but wish to; which we understand, but cannot explain to them. They are continually asking "Why?" and "How?" and we can give no explanation that they would understand. Fortunately they do not press their questions, but pass to something else. But however much they might insist, or however little we could explain, we should still have to instruct them in what they ought to know.

Is it not, then, equally probable, to say the least, that God should instruct us, his children, in some matters unintelligible to us? For it is important that we should know them. For instance, how important it is to know that our Lord is really present, not only in his Divinity but in his humanity, on every one of our altars! The knowledge of this implies something incomprehensible; that is, that he should be at the same time present in this way on all the altars of the world. Or again: how necessary it is for us to know that we can save our souls if we will; and our will is free; and yet, from the very nature of God we see that he must know whether we shall actually save them or not. The two together are incomprehensible to us. The simple, easily understood doctrine, would be that God predetermines the salvation or damnation of each one of us, without regard to our own actions, and that we have no chance to work out our own salvation. But if we really believed this, we would not try to save our souls, or to practise virtue. Here, therefore, an incomprehensible mystery must be revealed to us, and we must believe it, or fall into despair or indifference.

It is then necessary that there should be mysteries in religion. Some things we must know in order to save our souls and attain the destiny for which God has made us, which seem to our limited reason incomprehensible, or inconsistent with other things which we do know. And there are many things

which, though not absolutely necessary, it helps us to know, without understanding them.

The amount of the matter, then, would naturally be, and actually is, that God reveals to us what in his infinite wisdom he knows will be profitable for our salvation. It is, of course, probable that in some matters he may also intend simply to give us the merit of faith, which is the ground of all supernatural virtue, and most pleasing to him. But still we may say that this cannot be the whole reason for his mysteries; that one great reason for his not explaining himself is that he cannot completely do so. He would say to us: "My dear children, I would gladly let you understand me, my thoughts, and my actions, if I could; but no matter how clearly I might explain, you would not understand; it would be incomparably easier for a baby to understand a full-grown man. You cannot understand why I permit sin when I could prevent it; that is one matter which you are perpetually wearying and worrying your poor brains about. You can think out some kind of a reason, but it does not satisfy you. I know, of course, the full reason; but it would not seem to you a reason, no matter how fully I might tell it to you. It would only add still more mystery. My ways are not as your ways, nor my thoughts as your thoughts. Your language cannot express my ideas; your minds cannot fathom them. I could, of course, increase your intelligence, so that you would understand these things better. Some day, if you remain faithful, I shall, in the light of heaven. Why I do not now, is again another mystery, for which I have my reasons, which you could not understand, even should I give them to you. And even in heaven you will not know these things as perfectly as I do."

But why is this? Would it not be well for us to have at some time this knowledge in perfection; and if so, why should not God give it to us? Simply again because he cannot. This may sound like a denial of his omnipotence, but it is not, in any proper sense. The difference between the Creator and the creature is not temporary, but eternal; not accidental, but essential. In other words, God cannot do what is contrary to his own essence and his own perfection. To make us understand as he does would be to make us equal to himself. But this cannot be; God is one, there can be no other. God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is from eternity;

uncreated, and impossible to be created. The Creator cannot make a creature who can know him as he knows himself.

Faith in the incomprehensible is, then, in a general way, an eternal necessity for us. The finite creature must always have something beyond its reach; something for which even the light it can receive from God will not be sufficient. But that will not be a cause for discontent; for in that light it will recognize most clearly its own necessary limits. The cause of our discontent here, in this matter, is that we do not so clearly recognize them. It is very important that we should.

Also it seems quite plain that the existence of the mysterious or incomprehensible in what claims to be a revelation, instead of being an argument against it, should be one in its favor. If there were nothing in it hard to be understood, it would seem to come from a source no higher than ourselves. We see this, and act on it, in matters between man and man. If we take up a simple text book on science, we say, "This is very clear, but the very fact that it is so, makes me think that its author was not so very much more learned than myself. If it were hard to understand, I should conclude that its author was much above me; that my difficulties were not felt by him. I should say, He is a genius; I have no head to follow his reasonings." And if this is the case for us in the mysteries of human wisdom, how much more should it be so in those of the wisdom of God!

THE PONT NEUF, WITH NOTRE DAME IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS EQUESTRIAN STATUE.

BY WILLIAM TWOMBLEY.

THE statue of Henri IV. on the Pont Neuf is one of the landmarks of Paris. Every stranger is taken to see it, as he is taken to see the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Tomb of Napoleon.

Its history, or rather their history—for the present statue replaces an earlier and more beautiful monument destroyed in the Revolution—is full of interest. To tell it in detail would exceed the limit of these pages, but a few general facts may be worthy of attention.

It is sufficient to recall that the prosperity which prevailed in France at the time we are dealing with, 1604, was due to Henri's firm government and sagacious measures. This prosperity, following on a period of more than forty years of internal struggle which, to quote the words of a historian of the time, "had reduced the people to such a condition that they no longer possessed anything but their tongues to complain with," had made Henri the most popular monarch that has ever ruled over France. Therefore, when a proposition was made

to honor the king with a bronze equestrian statue, it met with universal approbation. This idea was hailed with the greater enthusiasm, perhaps, because there was no bronze equestrian statue in France at that period, nor was there any worker in bronze capable of producing one.

Italy, however, was much more advanced in this art. Verocchio, at the time of his death, in 1488, had nearly completed the splendid Colleoni in Venice, and there was still living in Florence Giovanni di Bologna, who was undoubtedly the foremost sculptor in bronze of his day. A Fleming by birth, he had long been attached to the court at Florence, and the fame he had achieved by the production of his beautiful Fountain of Neptune at Bologna—whence he derived his name—was augmented by such works as the statue of Mercury, one of the glories of Florence, the bronze doors of the cathedral at Pisa, the Fountain of Venus at Petraja, and others too numerous to mention here.

Giovanni was terminating, at this time, an equestrian statue of Ferdinand I., Grand Duke of Tuscany, nephew to Henri's queen, Marie de' Medici; there was, therefore, every reason why he should be entrusted with the creation of the monument to Henri IV.

He devoted his attention to it at once; and with his favorite pupil, Pietro Tacca, worked on it till his death in 1608. Tacca then continued it alone; but having much to do for the Duke of Tuscany, he did not finish the horse until 1611, nor the complete monument till two years later.

Meanwhile, Henri had been assassinated in the streets of Paris, 1610, and the people were growing impatient to possess in Paris the statue of "Henri-le-Bon," as they loved to call him.

Marie de' Medici accordingly wrote to her cousin, Cosmo II., then ruler of Tuscany, urging him to use the greatest despatch in sending the statue to France, and recommending that the utmost care be take of it.

Cosmo placed it in charge of a Cavaliere Pescholini, and of a certain Antonio Guido, an engineer, and in April, 1613, they set sail with their precious burden from Leghorn, bound for Havre. When off the coast of Sardinia a great storm was encountered, the ship wrecked, and the statue lost overboard.

Great was the commotion when the news of the shipwreck

reached Paris; the people assembled at street corners, and talked about it as they would have talked about a crushing defeat. However, at the expense of great labor and time, the statue was disembowelled from the sands and raised to another vessel, on which it was finally brought in safety to Havre, more than a year after leaving Italy.

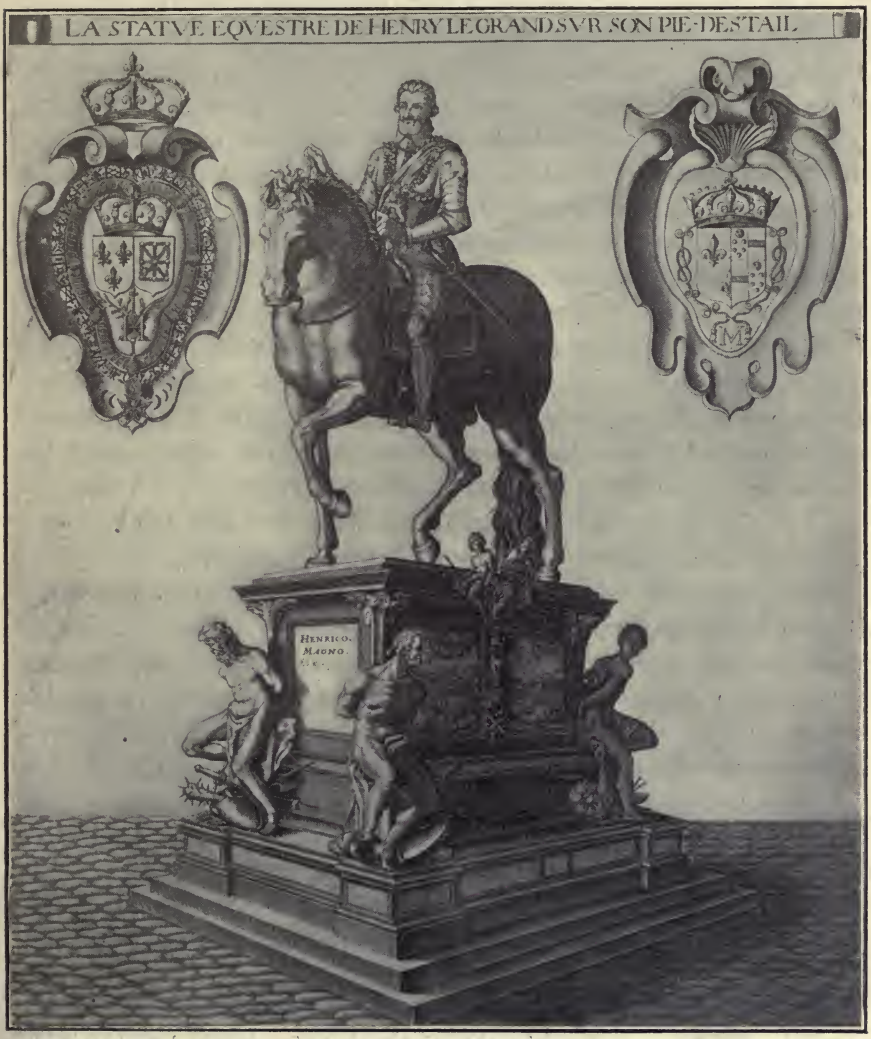
In August, 1614, amid great pomp and ceremony, Louis XIII. inaugurated the monument to his father, and a little later, in October of the same year, the queen regent addressed a letter to Pietro Tacca, in which she says: "I write to express to you the pleasure the king, my son, and I have had in contemplating the beautiful bronze statue you have sent us. It appears to us worthy of him it represents."

Criticism of the statue was, however, not wanting; some held that the pedestal was too small for the horse; others that the monument was badly turned, so that it could not be seen to advantage from the Place Dauphine. Sauval, in his *History of the Antiquities of Paris*, after describing the martial attitude of the king, the grace and vigor of the body, the majesty and sweetness of expression "which rendered the original so lovable," speaks of the horse in the following terms: "The horse is not so highly thought of as the figure; in truth, it is a very noble and well-conditioned Neapolitan courser; but perhaps had he possessed rather less flank, belly, and bulkiness, the legs of the king would not appear so short, and the animal would have been better proportioned to the size of the prince he carries."

Such, then, was the original statue. From 1614 to 1792 Henri-le-Grand, from the top of the pedestal on the Pont Neuf looked on at the consolidation of the kingdom under Louis XIII.; at the splendor of the reign of the Roi-Soleil; at the profligacy that characterized the times of Louis le Bien-Aimé; and at the annihilation of the monarchy under the weak and unfortunate Louis XVI.

Then came the Revolution. On August 14, 1792, the Assemblée Nationale issued a decree of which the following is an extract:

"The Assemblée Nationale, considering that the sacred principles of Liberty and Equality do not admit of leaving longer before the eyes of the French people monuments erected to pride, to prejudice, and to tyranny; considering that



ANCIENT STATUE OF HENRI IV., BY GIOVANNI DI BOLOGNA, FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING IN THE LOUVRE.

the bronze of these monuments, converted into cannon, will serve usefully for the defence of the country; decrees as follows: All statues, bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and other monuments in bronze, or in any other material, erected in public squares, churches, gardens, parks, and their dependencies, former palaces, not excepting those which were reserved for the use of the king, shall be removed at the convenience of the district representative, who is charged with their temporary care."

This decree is responsible for the destruction of a great number of splendid bronzes which had adorned Paris, Lyons, Dijon, Bordeaux, Beauvais, and other cities in France. In Paris alone three other equestrian statues of great artistic value were torn down and melted into cannon: that of Louis XIII. on the Place Royale, now called Place des Vosges; one of Louis XIV. in the Place Louis-le-Grand, where to-day the Colonne Vendome is; and another of Louis XV. which occupied the spot where the Obelisk de Luxor now is in the Place de la Concorde.

Hardly more than twenty years had elapsed since this decree was passed when, in April, 1814, the citizens of Paris issued a proclamation formally renouncing all allegiance to Napoleon, and expressed the ardent desire that the monarchy should be re-established in the person of Louis XVIII.

The first Restoration was a *fait accompli*, and the solemn entry of the king was fixed to take place on May 3.

An idea, which probably originated with Mgr. Beausset, Bishop of Alais, rapidly spread throughout all classes in Paris that nothing could please the king better than to find, on his return from exile, the statue of his great ancestor in its accustomed place. The execution of such a project, however, presented almost insurmountable difficulties. A bronze statue of this importance required years for its accomplishment, whereas only a few weeks remained before the king's arrival. A bronze statue was manifestly impossible; yet a statue of some kind there must be. To an architect named Bellanger is attributed the happy suggestion of making a provisional statue in plaster. His project was at once approved, and a sculptor named Roguier undertook to set up a plaster reproduction of Giovanni di Bologna's monument in the time that intervened before the king's entry.

To procure an engraving of it, and a good likeness of Henri IV., enabling him to begin work on the figure, was a matter of no difficulty; but to find a suitable horse to mould was a different affair. The famous four-horse chariot that now stands on the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin had been brought to Paris by Napoleon as a trophy of war. It was now lying, packed, in Paris, ready to be sent back to Berlin. Permission was obtained from the King of Prussia to unpack and mould one of the horses.

M. Roguier, assisted by Houdon, the great statuary of the period, worked day and night on his hardy plan to such good effect that on May 3 the scaffolding had been cleared away and the equestrian statue of Henri IV. reappeared, as if by enchantment, to the astonished eye of the passer by. It was so faithful a reproduction that many, who remembered the original, declared it was an illusion of the past.

The plaster statue was still standing on the Pont Neuf when Napoleon, escaped from Elba, was again at the gates of Paris, and Louis XVIII. was once more an exile. It had previously been Napoleon's intention to erect an obelisk in the place of the statue, and his minister, Carnot, now reminded him of this; but Napoleon was engrossed with matters of far more import, at this time, than statues and obelisks, and he wrote on the report "ajourner quant à present"; the plaster cast, therefore, was allowed to remain undisturbed.

After the battle of Waterloo Louis XVIII. returned to Paris; the Municipal Council had already decided, in 1814, to replace the plaster statue by one in bronze. A committee was appointed to take charge of the work, and its first duty was the selection of an artist who, by reason of his talent, would satisfy public interest.

Their choice fell on Lemot, well known for several monumental compositions, amongst which the chariot and figures of Victory on the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. The expenses were to be defrayed by a national subscription, and it is significant of the universal satisfaction felt at the return of the Bourbons that the subscriptions exceeded the most sanguine anticipations. Functionaries, judicial bodies, regiments, artistic and literary societies, private individuals in all ranks of life, contributed to it in such numbers that the newspapers were no longer able to publish the lists.

As the Revolution had pulled down the monuments of the Monarchy, so now in turn did the Restoration treat some of the heroes of the Empire. The question of the quantity and quality of the bronze necessary for the new statue was all important. After analyzing samples of various monuments erected under Napoleon, it was found that the statue of General Desaix—which had been set up in place of the equestrian statue of Louis XIV., in the Place des Victoires—gave the best results. Accordingly Desaix was melted down for Henri IV.'s benefit.

MODERN STATUE OF HENRI IV. NOW STANDING ON THE PONT NEUF, EXECUTED BY LEMOT.

In 1817 Lemot's monument was finished, and once more the grand Henri was contemplating his good town of Paris from his old position on the Pont Neuf. Louis XVIII. desired that the inauguration should be made with great ceremony, and the occasion be one of popular festivity and rejoicing.

The day fixed for unveiling the statue was August 25. The night of the 24th all the theatres of the capital were thrown open to the public. The city was brilliantly illuminated, dancing and music in the public gardens and squares went on till daylight.

The king, princes of the blood, high clergy, ministers, foreign ambassadors, deputies, law courts, state councillors, and an army of functionaries of all kinds, attended the formal inauguration, the next day, in great state. In the Champs Elysées and Place Dauphine substantial refreshments were served to the public; twelve fountains ran with wine; games and shows of every description were provided at various points, for the amusement of the multitude, and a public holiday was observed, as if a dauphin had been born.

To mark his satisfaction, the king had a medal struck, and sent one to each subscriber to the monument. The medal bore on one side the effigies in profile of Henry IV. and Louis XVIII.; on the reverse, the inscription:

"À nos fidèles sujets pour avoir spontanément et de leurs deniers, rétabli le monument de Notre Aïeul, Henri IV."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

MORLEY'S LIFE OF GLADSTONE.*

BY REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

"Be inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny."—*Gladstone.*

I.

THE above precept appropriately closes Mr. Morley's great biography of Gladstone. The three large volumes are in the main a sustained, convincing demonstration of how nobly the precept received concrete expression in the career of the greatest English statesman of the nineteenth and, perhaps, of any other century. Mr. Morley had a great theme and a

* *The Life of William Ewart Gladstone.* By John Morley. In three volumes. The Macmillan Company.

great opportunity. He has done justice to his subject and to himself. This biography, by the unanimous consent of critics, takes its place among the world's classics. A competent judge, from both the literary and the political stand-point, Sir Wemyss Reid, declares it to be the fullest, the most complete and most authoritative record of the Gladstonian era that ever has been given to us, or that ever will be given. The style is plain, vigorous, and direct, without picturesque embellishments or oratorical redundancy, but fragrant throughout with the aroma of letters. The selection, arrangement, and co-ordination of materials, the analyses of causes and consequences are carried out with a skill born of a long apprenticeship in historical composition and a practical statesman's knowledge of the public life in which he himself has been an actor.

Though among the staunchest of Mr. Gladstone's friends and followers, Mr. Morley, conscious that he was writing for all time, and from his calm, philosophic cast of mind, has kept his enthusiasm well in hand. The least friendly eye will fail to detect the slightest spirit of partisanship in the work. There is no acrimony displayed towards political opponents. Even when relating the great apostasy, he contents himself with an allusion to the son of Zeruiah (Sarua) who lifted his hand against his king. Considering how closely he was, in the later years, associated with Gladstone, and how conspicuously he was honored with Gladstone's confidence, his self-restraint in the matter of personal allusion is stoic. They would be severe judges, indeed, who would deny him the single foot-note, two lines in length, which is the only avoidable instance of this sort throughout the three volumes. It is said that the picture would have been more perfect if Mr. Morley had given us a good deal more of the private and intimate side of the life, more of the man as distinguished from the statesman, more of Gladstone as he appeared on what he himself called "the breezy common of humanity." There are few letters, except such as are connected with public affairs; not much record of the "slighter incidents, fugitive moods, and fleeting thoughts of life"; no anecdotes, none of the exchanges that pass across the walnuts and the wine. One delightful chapter of literary table-talk there is that eclipses anything in Boswell, but it only whets the appetite.

On the other hand, however, it can be urged that three

large volumes, in which there is not a superfluous page, is a very generous size for a biography; to have filled in details as suggested by the above criticism, would have swollen it to excess. Besides, from his early manhood Gladstone's life was passed almost entirely in the public eye. No man, Mr. Morley remarks, had fewer secrets. His leisure time, if we can correctly speak of leisure time in that life of restless activity, was generally employed in study and composition which found its way into print. He was always too busy and too seriously employed to have much time for social relaxation. The simplicity of his domestic life is not insufficiently portrayed. That an omission of public family morning prayers was an almost solitary occurrence in a period of over fifty years of incessant struggle and labor indicates that the domestic side of these ordered years may be tersely epitomized. Besides, the public aspect of that spacious career, sixty years long, through which ran the currents of almost every contemporary political, social, religious movement in England, as well as nearly every Continental crisis, was enough to fill Mr. Morley's large grasp and to occupy his industrious energy. Some inkling of what that industry has been may be gathered from his statement that, while he was preparing his work, between two and three hundred thousand written documents passed under his notice.

One ordinary difficulty of the biographers of statesmen, that of determining where the line is to be drawn between biography and history, Mr. Morley had to face only in an attenuated form. For it is an index of Gladstone's stature that a history of his life must be little less than a history of contemporaneous England. American readers will probably wish that the author had not more than once assumed a sufficient general acquaintance on the reader's part with the march of events in the intervals between Gladstone's successive ministries to follow the narrative.

In one important respect Mr. Morley has disappointed prophecy. It was expected by many that an agnostic could scarcely do justice to the intensity of Gladstone's religious nature and its all-pervasive presence in his works. There is, indeed, a total absence of dissertation on religious topics; and nobody will regret the omission. Nor is much space devoted to Gladstone's religious development. In this respect he was fully formed in early manhood. From the religious convic-

tions which he held on leaving Oxford he never swerved; though his sense of practical expediency and a wider outlook prompted him to modify in some cases his views of actual problems. The religious element in Gladstone's character is brought out in all its force. Every student of history and every lover of democracy will rejoice that the story of the great leader has been recorded in so worthy a manner. And most persons will find their sense of fitness satisfied by the dispensation which awarded the enduring honor of perpetuating that leader's memory, in a monument *ære perennius*, to the follower who in the crowning strife of that stormy course stood faithfully by his side when older friends deserted, and followers, as deeply pledged, betrayed.

II.

In 1832 Gladstone entered Parliament as a Tory. But his Toryism was rightly gauged by Cardinal Manning, who said it was merely a boyish and Etonian admiration of Canning and an intimacy with Lincoln and the like. He quitted Parliament in 1894. The intervening period had been years of great changes in England and in the whole world. In most of them the name of Gladstone is writ large. He was a member of eleven governments. He was four times prime minister. He was a colleague of seventy cabinet ministers; among the number, of Wellington and Peel, of Lyndhurst and Palmerston, of Granville, Bright and Selborne, of the present Duke of Devonshire, and, alas! of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. He argued the Irish question with O'Connell, and he buried Parnell. His total tenure of the first ministership was shorter than that of Walpole, and less brilliant in the glory of arms than that of either Pitt. But, unlike Walpole, he owed nothing to corruption and other base political arts. Neither the circumstances of his day nor his view of national welfare and honor called upon him to urge warlike patriotism to action. In contrast with his sometime rival Disraeli, who thought of politics as a contest for personal power, Gladstone coveted power only as a necessary instrument of beneficence. And the history of his use of the means is a story full of noble purpose and splendid achievement. The English masses, Ireland, Montenegro, peoples north of the Himalayas, are all his debtors for the amelioration of their condition. If his policy had been supported,

England would have been spared the disgraces of the Boer war. His ideal of national honor was a pre-eminence in the cause of progress. In the heat of strife his opponents often taunted him with a readiness to barter the country's honor for the interests of trade. But the prestige of England never stood higher, her condition was never more flourishing, than when he held the helm. To many minds, who find no satisfaction in the prospect, it looks as if the Gladstonian era shall prove to have been the *marche finale* of England's glory. But yesterday the word of England might have stood against the world. Now? Now, Mr. Chamberlain is hysterically warning her that her only avenue of escape from disaster imminent and irrevocable lies in her consenting to pay threepence-halfpenny for a threepenny loaf. Doubtless to reason that Gladstone's disappearance from the arena has contributed to the present state of affairs would be a fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc.* Nevertheless the truth remains that since his death England's prosperity and prestige have been on the wane.

The source of Gladstone's power lay chiefly in three things: his commanding intellect, fidelity to ethical ideals, and a profound religious faith which acted as the mainspring of his public no less than of his private conduct. To these assets might be added an extraordinary physical constitution, an eminently practical turn of mind, immense capacity for work, and all the qualifications of the orator, including a superb voice, courtly grace, and persuasive manner. Somebody characterized Gladstone's maiden speech as the commercial shrewdness of Lancashire with the culture of Oxford. To the "Lancashire temperament" was due the talent for dealing with fiscal and economic questions which first placed him in the foremost rank and won for him the reputation of being the ablest chancellor of the exchequer which England ever had. Notwithstanding his practical abilities, he was not of the calm, phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon type, but possessed the *perfervidum ingenium Scoti* —for he was of Scotch descent, and inherited from his mother a pure strain of Gaelic blood. He was impulsive and excitable; when he joined a movement, he threw himself into it with all his force, and inevitably became the leader. It was part of his simplicity that he was a poor judge of character—as he said, he never understood men, and least of all politicians. But if he did not understand the individual, he had an almost unerring

faculty of gauging the nation's mind, both in the country and in the House, so that he knew, as few of his predecessors or contemporaries knew, when to take occasion by the hand. Yet he was no demagogue, unless in the sense that Patrick Henry and Jefferson were demagogues. Nothing could be more inaccurate than Huxley's sneer, that he squandered the greatest intellect in Europe in following majorities and the crowd. He was always a leader, not a follower; in his cabinet he was the ruling spirit. He seized public opinion at the full to bear him with resistless force against some injustice that stood in the way of democracy.

The public opinion which bore him forward, he more than once created. If any one episode of his life registers the colossal stature of the man, with his hatred of injustice, his dauntless courage, his great mental and physical force, it would, perhaps, be his championship of the oppressed Christians of the Turkish empire in 1877. The Tory government of the day held strongly to the traditional anti-Russian policy. Disraeli, the prime minister, was cynically incredulous towards the reports of Turkish outrages. The country was indifferent. Gladstone was in retirement, felling trees at Hawarden. He was supposed to have given up public life. Then came the news of the appalling Bulgarian outrages, and Achilles again took up his armor. By a series of pamphlets he awakened and fanned into a fierce flame the sense of justice in the people, who gave vent to their indignation in great meetings throughout the land. Under very unfavorable circumstances, Gladstone brought forward in Parliament a resolution declaring that the Turk by his misgovernment had forfeited his claim to the insurgent provinces. He made a speech which is historic. An eye-witness, who is now prime minister, has given his impression of the scene: "There was one of those preliminary parliamentary debates—or series of debates, which preceded the main business of the evening. In this Mr. Gladstone had to speak, not once or twice but several times, and it was not until hour after hour had passed in this preliminary skirmish, in a House hostile, impatient, and utterly wearied, that he got up to present his case with the conviction that he was right, which was his great strength as a speaker in and out of the House. I shall never forget the impression that speech left on my mind. As a mere feat of physical endurance (it lasted two and a half

hours) it was almost unsurpassed; as a feat of parliamentary courage, parliamentary skill, parliamentary endurance, and parliamentary eloquence, I believe it will always be unequalled." The temptation to quote the noble peroration, in which Gladstone poured out his soul, is almost irresistible, but prudent apprehension of our editor's severity forbids. Two or three sentences must suffice: "Sir, there were other days when England was the hope of freedom. Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained, or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned—to this favorite, this darling home of so much privilege and so much happiness . . . . You talk to me of the established tradition and policy in regard to Turkey. I appeal to an established tradition, older, wider, nobler far—a tradition not which disregards British interests, but which teaches you to seek the promotion of these interests in obeying the dictates of honor and justice. . . . 5,000,000 of Bulgarians, cowed and beaten down to the ground, hardly venturing to look upwards even to their Father in heaven, have extended their hands to you; they have sent you their petition, they have prayed for your help and protection. . . . The removal of that load of woe and shame is a great and noble prize. It is a prize well worth competing for. It is not yet too late to try and win it." His diary for this day records that he had had in it about 100 meetings, 200 or 250 letters, besides work on a blue book; that he dined after his speech, which ended at 9:30 P.M., and that he was again in the House from 10:45 till 12:45. Yet this was not one of his busiest days. The strength of party was against him, and the resolution was defeated by a vote of 354 for ministers against 223 for Gladstone. But the end was not yet.

After a short interval Gladstone started on what became known as the Midlothian campaign. It was a political tour beginning in Liverpool, embracing some of the great Northern English towns and Edinburgh, with the adjoining districts. Everywhere the great leader met with enthusiastic popular receptions, such as O'Connell received in Ireland. Everywhere he spoke, sometimes four or five times in one day, to immense audiences. People trooped from the Western Hebrides to hear the man who combined the gifts of Ulysses and Demosthenes. In the Corn Exchange of Edinburgh, before the shrewd traders

of the city, he exposed the government finance. "For an hour and a half," writes Mr. Morley, "he held to the figures of surplus and deficit, of the yield of bushels to the acre, in good seasons and bad, of the burden per head of new financial systems and old, with the rigor of an expert accountant. He enveloped the whole with a playful irony, such as a good-humored master uses to the work of clumsy apprentices, but of the paraphernalia of rhetoric there was not a period, nor a sentence, nor a phrase." At other times this "orator of concrete detail, of inductive instances, of energetic and immediate object" touched with a master's hand the deeper chords of elemental feeling; "bearing his hearers along through charms of strenuous periods, calling up by the marvellous transformations of his mien a strange succession of images—as if he were now a keen hunter, now some eager bird of prey, now a charioteer of fiery steeds kept well in hand, and now and again the pity or dark wrath of a prophet, with the mighty rushing wind and the fire running along the ground." No wonder that, as his biographer says, when the climax of the Midlothian campaign came, the general election proved that Gladstone's tremendous projectiles had pounded the ministerial citadel to the ground, and that he had a nation at his back.

III.

The tap-root of Gladstone's character was his moral earnestness, which drew its vitality from his deep religious faith. His private life was a course of Christian duty, as God gave him to see it, beautifully done. Among the minor circumstances which contributed to make his life touch the imagination of the world, was the tender devotedness he showed to her of whom he said: "It would not be possible to unfold in words the gifts which the bounty of Providence has conferred upon me through her"; who watched so affectionately over him in his closing years, and who stood, "a solitary and pathetic figure," at the head of the grave, when amid the unanimous mourning of the three kingdoms, even of the world, the last great Englishman was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey. Unaffected simplicity, kindness, courtesy, loyalty to friends and colleagues, and all the minor charities rounded out and adorned the sterner virtues which formed the framework of his character. Sir William Harcourt, who could speak

with authority on the matter, said: "Of all the chiefs he was the least exacting, he was the most kind, the most tolerant, the most placable. How seldom in the House was the voice of personal anger heard from his lips!" In a letter to his wife we get a close view of his mind's perception and his heart's acceptance of the Christian solution of life's enigma. Citing from his favorite philosopher, Dante, the line

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace,"

he expounds the fundamental truth of Christian asceticism. After observing that these words, so few and simple, have such a majesty of truth about them that they seemed to be almost as if spoken by the very mouth of God, he declares that they should come to us not as an admonition from without, but as an instinct from within; and that the state which we are to aim at through mortification of desire, and training of will, is that in which our will shall be *one* (the italics are his) with the Will of God. There is no reason to believe that he swerved from his own maxim. He practised, in a high degree, the charity which thinketh no evil. When the *odium theologicum* of the Tractarian movement was at its highest point, though he was far from sharing Tractarian opinions, and had severely criticised William George Ward's book—*Ideal of a Christian Church*—he refused to join in the official censure passed upon it, because he held that the censure not merely condemned the opinions advocated in the book, but also attributed personal dishonesty to the author; and this, he said, "is a question not fit for adjudication by a human tribunal." The convictions expressed in the following passage, written when he was about thirty-three, animated his conduct to the end: "Nothing grows upon me so much with lengthening life as the sense of the difficulties, or rather the impossibilities, with which we are beset whenever we are tempted to take to ourselves the functions of the Eternal Judge (except in reference to ourselves, where judgment is committed to us), and to form any accurate idea of relative merit and demerit, good and evil in actions. The shades of the rainbow are not so nice, and the sands of the sea-shore are not such a multitude, as are all the subtle shifting, blending forms of thought and of circumstance that go to determine the character of us and of our acts. But there is One that seeth plainly and

judgeth righteously." When we are prompted to censure his crusade against what was called *Vaticanism*, and his patronage of the Italian revolution, it will do no harm to remember, that if the Divine promise holds good, he has established a claim to merciful judgment on the mistakes of his intellect. If his perspective confused Bourbon tyranny in Naples and the paternal government of the Papal States, it can be pleaded in extenuation that his regrettable activity in this cause sprang from the same source as the blessed zeal which overthrew Protestant ascendency in Ireland and struck the yoke of feudal thraldom from the necks of her Catholic peasantry.

He knew nothing of the convenient distinction between a man's private and his public moral standards. He carried his conscience into the statesman's cabinet, and discharged his public functions with the same scrupulous fidelity to it as characterized his private life. More than once he imperilled his future rather than sacrifice principle. And it is to the credit of those whom he wrought for that his career illustrates the lines:

> "Not once or twice in this rough island's story
> The path of duty was the path of glory."

His known devotion to high moral ideals and his spotless integrity, were for much in the creation of the universal respect he enjoyed even from his political opponents. It is true that he sometimes made sacrifices of interests that he was expected to protect, and that he shifted his position more than once on crucial issues. But Mr. Morley's account shows convincingly that these fluctuations were but the adaptation of unchanged principles to varying conditions; and his surrenders—as, for example, in the Oxford Test Act, and the Bradlaugh affair—were made because, to use his own words, a politician must sometimes give up things which otherwise will be wrenched from him. When fundamentals in morals or religion were in question he was fixed. One must remember his affectionate reverence for his *Alma Mater* to appreciate the stern resolve that spoke in his words regarding the proposal to modify the University tests so as to admit rationalists of the Colenso type: "I would rather see Oxford level with the ground than its religion regulated in the manner which would please Bishop Colenso." Consistency in principles, and the necessity of accepting com-

promises in the business of life, sometimes lead to positions which, if superficially viewed, seem irreconcilable. Gladstone was successively the hero and the aversion of nearly every denomination in the kingdom. At one time Mass on Catholic altars and prayers in Baptist meeting-houses were simultaneously offered up for him. Now he was denounced by Catholics as the implacable enemy of the church; again, he was called a papist, a Jesuit in disguise; and the present writer remembers when the Ulster Orangeman revised his shorter profession of faith so as to consign Gladstone, along with the Pope, to eternal perdition.

The advance of rationalism and agnosticism never touched his unalterable faith in the dogmatic bases of Christianity. "I am, as you know," he wrote to a friend, and he might have truly declared it till the day of his death, "one altogether attached to dogma, which I believe to be the skeleton that carries the flesh, the blood, the life, of the blessed thing we call the Christian religion." In his diary is found the entry: "It is very difficult to keep one's temper in dealing with M(atthew) Arnold when he touches on religious matters. His patronage of a Christianity fashioned by himself is to me more offensive and trying than rank unbelief." His contributions to the defence of the Bible and Christianity against Huxley and other champions of negation, had, perhaps, like his essays in classical philological criticism, no great intrinsic value. But it would be easy to underestimate the moral support given to the cause by the spectacle of the greatest man in English public life doing valiant battle for ancient truth. His broad and active sympathy with all men was no pale humanitarianism but the glowing warmth of Christian charity. "Remember," he said in one of his great speeches against the policy of warlike aggrandizement, "that the sanctity of life in the hill villages of Afghanistan, among the winter snows, is as inviolable in the eyes of Almighty God as can be your own. Remember that He who has united you as human beings in the same flesh and blood has bound you by the law of mutual love; that that mutual love is not limited by the shores of this island, is not limited by the boundaries of Christian civilization; that it passes over the whole surface of the earth, and embraces the meanest along with the greatest in its unmeasured scope."

IV.

The tone of the reviews of Mr. Morley's work which have appeared in the leading English Catholic organ shows that the old dislike of Gladstone dies hard. But English Toryism, of a certain concentrated type, detested Gladstone; and when the Tory happened to be a Catholic, he treated himself to the luxury of representing the foe of his political opinions as the foe of religion also. Much is made of the charge that Gladstone ceased cordial relations with his old friends Manning and Hope-Scott, as well as with Newman, after their conversion. How far this assertion is true the reader of this work and of Mr. Purcell's *Life of Manning* must judge for himself; he will observe, too, that the relations between the two cardinals themselves were, for a long period, the reverse of cordial. Whether in Gladstone's gradual estrangement from Manning there was any deliberation or not, certainly their paths seldom crossed for many years. During the controversy that arose out of the Vatican Council both Manning and Newman entered the lists against him; Manning wrote with that fierce indignation which did not always discriminate between persons and opinions. Newman, as usual, was calm, courteous, and conciliatory. His pamphlet came out just when Gladstone was retiring from the leadership of the Liberal party, and, it was then supposed, from public life.

Newman wrote to him, thanking him for a letter that was "forbearing and generous." Then he continues: "It has been a grief to me to write against one whose career I have followed from first to last with so much (I may say) loyal admiration. . . . What a fate it is that now, when so memorable a career has reached its formal termination, I should be the man, on the very day on which it closed, to present to you, amid the many expressions of public sympathy which it elicits, a controversial pamphlet as my offering." And he concludes: "I do not think I ever can be sorry for what I have done, but I never can cease to be sorry for the necessity of doing it." Gladstone's last recorded words concerning Newman are: "He was a wonderful man, a holy man, a very refined man, and (to me) a most kindly man." Their common devotion to Irish Home Rule brought Gladstone and Manning together in their closing years. "I forsook all things

for faith," wrote the cardinal;* "he has forsaken his whole political past for Ireland. He is as isolated now as I was then, and this makes me turn to him." Elsewhere he wrote:† "Fifty years of public service and unceasing labor for the country claim what he receives—a public recognition of great merit. His course has been to me intelligible from the first. His whole career has been for the people, ever widening out." These two old Oxford friends, like consort ships, after sailing forth together, had been widely separated on the high seas of life by contrary winds and opposing currents. But in mutual gladness they sighted each other again as the lights of home rose beckoning through the gloom.

Funereal panegyric, even from opponents, is notoriously subject to deduction:—

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum, mentemque mortalia tangunt";—

nevertheless the world felt that the late Lord Salisbury indulged in no rhetorical exaggeration when he said of Gladstone: "He will leave behind him, especially to those who have followed with deep interest the history of the later years —I might almost say the later months of his life,—he will leave behind the memory of a great Christian statesman. . . . He will be long remembered not so much for the causes in which he was engaged, but as a great example, to which history scarcely furnishes a parallel, of a great Christian man."

* Purcell's *Life of Manning*, vol. ii. p. 619. † *Ib.*, p. 676.

PROFESSOR HARNACK AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REVEREND FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

THREE years ago a sensation was caused in the Protestant world by the publication of Professor Harnack's lectures on the meaning of Christianity. Delivered *extempore* to a class of German students, the lectures were taken down by an enthusiastic disciple as they were spoken and afterwards corrected by the lecturer and given to the public. They were immediately translated into English; and both in Germany and England were eagerly read and discussed.

Whatever one may think of Professor Harnack's conclusions, the importance of these lectures in the theological world can hardly be exaggerated. They are the last word of Protestantism, formulated by one of the most learned and respected leaders of Protestant thought. Boldly and without any hesitation, and with a fervor of conviction which so often carries the day in religious polemics, the German professor throws down the gauge on behalf of Protestant Evangelicalism and challenges the right of Catholicism to be considered a genuine interpretation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In Catholicism, with its hierarchy, its sacraments, and its creeds, he sees but a secular perversion of the Christian message. Christianity, he tells us, is independent of all secular organization and dogmatic formula: it is nothing else than the direct communion of the individual soul with God.

We have said that these lectures are the last word of Protestantism. Yet to many Protestants they will come as a shock. For in the course of his statement, Professor Harnack arraigns official Protestantism more pitilessly than he does Catholicism. The Protestant Reformation, in his eyes, did but half accomplish the task of rescuing the pure word of the Gospel from the secular corruptions of the church. Even to-day, he says, the Protestant national churches are but "a sorry double of Catholicism."* In establishing "counter-

* *What is Christianity?* xvi. p. 294. Throughout these papers I quote from the English translation by T. B. Saunders.

churches" to oppose the Catholic Church, Protestantism was unfaithful to itself. After freeing the Word of God from the trammels of ecclesiasticism, it at once fettered the word in new trammels; and for these emasculated imitations of Catholicism the author hardly conceals his contempt.

These lectures, then, cannot have been pleasant reading for the Anglican, or the orthodox Lutheran, or for any Protestant who believes in any sort of hierarchical religion. Professor Harnack makes it evident that if any ecclesiastical form can justify itself by its consistency and achievements, it is Roman Catholicism; and that alone. That he rejects the claim of the Catholic Church, as being opposed to the genius of the Gospel, only suggests this question: Is there any logical middle course between Professor Harnack's conception of Christianity and Roman Catholicism?

Long ago Cardinal Newman had decided that there was not, and accordingly entered the church; for to him a church was implied in the Gospel. Others faced by the same dilemma have rejected the idea of a church altogether, because they could not accept Roman Catholicism. Many a non-Catholic, reading these lectures of the German theologian, will feel obliged to ask himself the same question; and doubtless, not a few will decide that there is no middle course; either they must become Protestants of the Harnackian type or Catholics. For them adherence to any of the established Protestant churches will be now impossible.

To Catholics, too, these lectures are of the utmost importance, since they crystallize sentiments and opinions which are widespread outside the church and in definite, set terms challenge Catholicism. The importance of these lectures is not that they set forth any new theory of Christianity. Professor Harnack does but give voice to the thoughts of a vast number of his fellow-Protestants. But he speaks with the authority of one who is an acknowledged leader in the Protestant theological world; and he has spoken, too, at a moment when people are anxious for a clear and definite programme of their religious beliefs. This it is which demands for these lectures the serious attention of the Catholic apologist. Scattered broadcast wherever there is a Protestant reading public, and eagerly assimilated, these lectures will undoubtedly be a powerful weapon either on the side of Catholicism or against. To many Catho-

lics the chief point in the lectures will be Professor Harnack's frequent misrepresentation of the Catholic position; others will see in them nothing but a rehash of familiar objections. But to one who looks beyond the mere letter, these lectures have a distinct importance of their own, inasmuch as they are a sort of programme issued at a psychological moment by a leading authority in the Protestant world, and embodying the thoughts and convictions of a large and earnest multitude of Protestants.

In this paper I propose only to consider Professor Harnack's general analysis of the Gospel, leaving aside for another occasion his lectures on Christology and the Church.

I.

Professor Harnack begins by saying that "it is solely in its historical sense" that he considers the question of the Gospel, and that he seeks to answer the question as to what Christianity is only by employing the methods of historical science, and "the experience of life gained by studying the actual course of history." He puts aside, he tells us, the view taken by the apologist and the religious philosopher; he speaks only in the name of critical historical science.

As a matter of fact, however, he goes beyond the purely critical method, and does actually enter into the field of the apologist on behalf of his own particular view of the Gospel. He starts from the beginning with a thesis and manipulates the Gospel to prove his thesis. Whatever in the Gospels may be taken to favor his assertions, he accepts as the genuine Gospel; whatever disproves his assertions, he regards as an element foreign to the Gospel.

Thus, he quotes as the genuine Gospel all such texts as declare the Fatherhood of God, Divine Providence, and the immense value of the human soul. But he ignores as spurious those parts of the Gospel which indicate Christ's intention of founding a visible kingdom or a church, or which show the Gospel to be otherwise than as Professor Harnack conceives it. Thus, in reference to our Lord's birth he says: "Our Evangelists, as we know, do not tell us anything about the history of Jesus' early development; they tell us only of his public activity. Two of the Gospels, it is true, contain an introduc-

tory history (the history of Jesus' birth); but we may disregard it; for even if it contained something more trustworthy than it does actually contain, it would be as good as useless for our purpose."* But a great deal of the evidence of the Gospel is similarly disregarded by Professor Harnack, when it does not suit his purpose.

Professor Harnack is not a Biblical specialist. Profoundly learned in the history of the church, he is not in any proper sense a Biblical scholar. But he has a theory about the Gospel, and it is this. Not all that Jesus Christ taught belongs to the message he was destined to bring to man. Living a man amongst men, he grew up in the traditions of his race, which he largely accepted and embodied into his teaching.

The true Gospel—"the Gospel in the Gospel"†—is that which Jesus Christ did not borrow from the Jewish people, but which is distinctive of himself. The historian, therefore, will accept as the true Gospel only what Jesus reveals from his own knowledge of God and the soul, but not the traditions he borrows from his contemporaries.

It will be well to keep this rule of Professor Harnack in mind. But here we would at once point out how he assumes as a first principle that the Gospel can include nothing that has already existed in Judaism; just as later on, in his lectures on the development of the church, he assumes that the church may not properly assimilate to the Christian life anything from Paganism. The Messianic doctrine in the Gospels is, therefore, treated as a mere accretion from Judaism, in no sense appertaining to the true Gospel. This, in fact, is said to be contained in these three ideas: the Fatherhood of God, Divine Providence, and the infinite value of the human soul.‡ Apart from these ideas, all else in the Gospels is pure Jewish tradition. Further, even in setting forth his own proper message, Jesus Christ often uses Jewish phraseology and gives a Jewish coloring to his teaching. Hence the historian "must not cleave to words, but find out what is essential."§ What Professor Harnack deems essential we know; but who, excepting his most unquestioning disciple, will say that he arrived at his conclusions by the mere historical method? and that his subjective prejudices have not oftentimes warped his critical judgment or supplied premises where historical criticism is

* Lecture II., p. 30. † Lect. I., p. 14. ‡ Lect. IV., p. 68. § Lect. I., p. 13.

wanting? In separating the kernel from the husk—a favorite phrase with the lecturer—he too often manifests the enthusiasm of the apostle rather than the cool temperament of the critic. And that perhaps is the secret of his influence.

Having set forth his general assumption that only what is distinctive in our Lord's teaching is the true Gospel, Professor Harnack goes on to analyze this distinctive teaching and to separate the kernel from the husk. The whole message of Jesus Christ, he says, may be grouped under three heads, each of which "is of such a nature as to contain the whole," so that we get the entire teaching of our Lord under three different aspects, according as the Gospel declares:

1. The Kingdom of God and its coming;
2. The Fatherhood of God and the infinite value of the human soul;
3. The higher righteousness and the commandment of love.

In each of these ideas the whole Gospel, he tells us, is set forth in a fashion easily grasped by all; and yet so rich is it in meaning as to be ever escaping our reach.

Here it is, however, that Professor Harnack begins to find himself in difficulties.

Taking the idea of the Kingdom of God and its coming, he finds in the Gospels two conceptions antagonistic to each other. On the one hand, it is undeniable that the Evangelists put into the mouth of Jesus Christ certain declarations regarding a future visible kingdom, an objective reality existing outside the soul of the individual. On the other hand, we find our Lord saying that the kingdom of God is within us. "His message," to quote Professor Harnack's own words, "embraces these two poles, with many stages between them that shade off one into another. At the one pole the coming of the kingdom seems to be a purely future event, and the kingdom itself to be the external rule of God; at the other, it appears as something inward, something which is already present and making its entrance at the moment." Which of these two conceptions is the true one?

Professor Harnack has no hesitation in saying that the latter conception only belongs to Jesus' message. The former, he "took from the traditions of his nation, where it already occupied a foremost place; he accepted various aspects of it

in which the conception was still a living force, and he added new ones. Eudemonistic expectations of a mundane and political character were all he discarded."* Therefore, since this conception of a visible kingdom of God, an objective future reality, is found in Jewish tradition, it is foreign to the true Gospel, according to Professor Harnack's rule. No; the kingdom of God is within you; that is the only view of the kingdom he will accept; that view alone, he holds, belongs properly to Jesus Christ. He feels, however, the difficulty which arises from the fact that Jesus could teach both these views of the kingdom and yet not see the contradiction. The fact that both these views are set forth in the Gospel does not lead him to seek an underlying unity of idea in which the apparent contradictions are found to express but different aspects of the same truth. He can see but two contradictory statements, one of which must be discarded if the other is accepted. "It is difficult," he says, "to reconcile, nay, it is scarcely possible to bridge over, such an opposition as is involved, on the one side, in a dramatic picture of God's kingdom existing in the future, and on the other, in the announcement that 'it is in the midst of you.'" But he finds comfort in the thought that centuries hence people will find contradictions in our thoughts and conceptions of things, of which we are not conscious today. Thus he would explain our Lord's apparent unconsciousness of the contradiction in his teaching.

It is in the parables that the professor finds a confirmation of his own view: "If any one wants to know what the kingdom of God and the coming of it meant in Jesus' message he must read and study his parables. He will then see what it is that is meant. The kingdom of God comes by coming to the individual, by entering into his soul and laying hold of it. True, the kingdom of God is the rule of God; but it is the rule of the holy God in the hearts of individuals; *it is God himself in his power.*

"From this point of view everything that is dramatic in the external and historical sense has vanished; and gone, too, are all the external hopes for the future. Take whatever parable you will, the parable of the sower, of the pearl of great price, of the treasure buried in the field—the word of God, God himself, is the kingdom. It is not a question of angels and

* Lect. III., p. 52.

devils, thrones and principalities, but of God and the soul, the soul and its God." *

But is it as Professor Harnack says? Let us look at the parables of the kingdom for ourselves and see how far his assertion is justified.

Now, the parables for the most part tell us nothing at all about the nature of the kingdom, but are chiefly concerned with setting forth the conditions upon which one may hope to attain to the kingdom. In the parable of the Ten Virgins we are taught the necessity of keeping one's lamp trimmed and of watching for the coming of the Bridegroom. Does that mean the coming of God to the individual soul or his coming as Ruler of the new world in the eschatological sense.

Evidently it might have either meaning, and we find both meanings accepted by the saints and doctors of the church. But the taking of the virgins in groups—there are *five* wise and *five* foolish—seems to point to some social event. They are in fact invited, not to individual communion with the Bridegroom, but to his marriage feast: they are guests invited to share in a common joy and partake of a family feast. This conclusion is confirmed by the parable of the Marriage Feast, where the kingdom is likened to a social gathering, where each individual, as an invited guest, has a part.

In the parable of the Wheat and the Cockle the kingdom is described as being here in this life only in the germ or the making. It tells us how good and bad grow up together for awhile until the harvest. Now, it is possible to give a merely subjective interpretation to this parable, and to describe the wheat and the cockle as the good and bad desires and acts which exist in the heart of man. Yet the interpretation of those who see here a picture of the church on earth, wherein the future objective kingdom of God is being accomplished, is at least as plausible, if not more so.

The one lesson of this parable, about which there can be no possible dispute, is that the kingdom—whether objective or subjective—is of gradual growth, and that man must be patient in face of the presence of evil amongst the good, and await the harvest-time for the right judgment of things.

In the parable of the Leaven we have set forth again the doctrine of the growth of the Kingdom, by the operation of the

* Lect. III., p. 56.

Divine Word. Whether it is the objective kingdom is not said, nor whether it is the subjective. All that we are given to understand is that the Word of God is a leaven, leavening the world; and, as we may conclude from the figure of the parable, transforming mankind gradually, but surely, after the fashion of the leaven.

Of the Hidden Treasure and the Pearl of Great Price, all we are told is that they are worth being bought even at the sacrifice of all else. Here the lesson is simply that the kingdom—whatever it is—is worth whatever sacrifice a man may be called upon to make for its possession.

The parable of the Mustard Seed, however, surely points to an objective kingdom, which from small beginnings, such as the sparse gathering of disciples in Galilee, will grow into a vast kingdom. This parable can hardly be interpreted in a merely subjective sense without forcing the figure. Yet even so, the point of the parable is again to enforce on the understanding of the disciples the fact of growth in the formation of the kingdom.

So far then the parables do not give, as Professor Harnack so strangely asserts, the doctrine of a subjective kingdom, of God's rule in the soul of the individual. What they do tell us is simply that the kingdom is of gradual growth, that it is worthy of all sacrifice for its attainment, or else they point out certain conditions necessary for its attainment.

There is one parable upon which, perhaps, some stress might be laid in support of Professor Harnack's thesis: the parable of the Sower. This parable describes how the Word of God comes to the hearts of men, and how in some it is fruitful and in others unfruitful. It is evidently upon this parable that Professor Harnack builds his theory that the kingdom is the Word of God in the soul of the individual. Yet the more evident interpretation is that the parable describes, not the kingdom itself but the preaching of the kingdom. The sower is the preacher, primarily Jesus Christ Himself, who scatters the seed; that is, who proclaims the coming of the kingdom and the conditions necessary for entering into it. That is the way the kingdom is to be promulgated. Some listen to the Word and accept it, and it takes root in their souls and transforms them into worthy children of the kingdom, making them worthy of the kingdom. Others, however, reject it; some at once and

without any pretence; others at first listening weakly, and finally withdrawing. Again we have but a description of the manner in which the kingdom is to be established, and a warning to those who hear the Word not to harden their hearts or to receive it carelessly.

This only may be gathered from the parables regarding the nature of the kingdom, that all may enter therein, whether they be rich or poor or maimed, so long as they have fulfilled the necessary moral conditions. The kingdom is open to all; it excludes none who have on the wedding garment. But to understand the doctrine of the kingdom we must go beyond the parables to the other discourses of our Lord.

Nobody reading the Sermon on the Mount can fail to be struck by the objective view of the kingdom therein set forth. The Sermon on the Mount looks forth upon a visible external world, where are gathered together the poor in spirit, the meek, the suffering, the clean of heart, the peace-makers, the merciful, and those who have suffered for justice' sake. They are gathered together as partakers of a common joy; they are verily the guests at the marriage feast. Here in this present time they will have to suffer, but their suffering will be hereafter rewarded with gladness, for they will inherit the kingdom.

In these discourses the world to come is regarded as the antithesis, yet the counterpart, of the present world. The disciples are bidden to look away from this world, with its trials and pains, and to look beyond to another world, where all will be joy. It seems almost impossible to read this summary of our Lord's ethical teaching, without being struck by its outlook upon the kingdom as something external to the individuals themselves who share in its blessings; as a visible society in which the ills of this life are rectified and the good obtain their reward.

We might indeed refer to other passages in the Gospels where this same objective view of the kingdom is even more explicitly set forth; as when our Lord promised the Apostles that they should be judges in the kingdom of His Father; or when he speaks of his second coming as Judge of the world; or when he tells the sons of Zebedee that it belongs to the Father to apportion the places of honor in the kingdom. In all such instances our Lord was either wilfully mystifying his disciples or He Himself regarded the kingdom as a

visible external society. And it is surely in the light of these utterances that the parables are to be interpreted.

As we have seen, Professor Harnack admits that our Lord did oftentimes speak of the kingdom as external and objective; but he regards this part of our Lord's teaching as simply a remnant of Jewish tradition, and not properly a part of the Gospel. For his own thesis Professor Harnack falls back upon the parables and the Sermon on the Mount; yet it is evident that neither the parables nor the Sermon on the Mount give any proof whatever that the kingdom of heaven is merely "God's rule within the individual soul"; rather do they bear witness to the fact that the kingdom is external, and its perfect fulfilment in the future. Certainly, taken in conjunction with the eschatological teaching in the Gospel, both the parables and the Sermon on the Mount, instead of being in contradiction, are truly in harmony; they set forth the ethical conditions upon which the individual is granted access to the kingdom. This and this only is the argument revealed in the parables and the Sermon on the Mount, by the critical historical method to which Professor Harnack appeals so confidently.

But perhaps the best reply to his interpretation of the Gospel is to put side by side with it the traditional Catholic interpretation; and then let the world judge which is the more reasonable, and in accord with the words of the Gospel. The kingdom of heaven, according to the Fathers of the church, has a very wide but definite significance. It refers to man's life on this earth and to his life beyond in eternity; it refers to the spark of eternal life which is in every good man even on this earth, and to the fuller life where man is conjoined with man in heavenly society; it refers again to the budding society of the children of God here below, as well as to the eternal consummation above.

Properly speaking, the kingdom of heaven in the Gospel refers to that perfect society wherein God is absolute Lord, surrounded by his faithful creatures. In this society the individual finds his perfection and his absolute joy. Herein there can be no wickedness; justice and charity are its law. Such was the kingdom Jesus Christ came to proclaim and to establish—a perfect human society with God as its Lord.

In this society human nature was not to be suppressed but

exalted; not destroyed but perfected. Here human relationships were to be endurable because purified, and human development would reach its highest pitch. Such was the dream of the Prophets of the Old Law, expressed in their own allegorical fashion; such, too, was the idea of Jesus Christ. We find the reflection of it constantly in his teaching. He does not descry human relationships. At Cana he blesses by his presence the marriage-tie; in the parental relationship he finds the nearest analogy to the relationship properly existing between God and man; the ordering of human society, even in its present imperfect state, suggests to him analogies for the kingdom of heaven. In every natural development of human nature he sees a prefigurement of the future.

Our Lord, then, evidently regarded the kingdom of heaven as a human society, pervaded and governed by the presence of God; in which man, *both individually and socially*, would find his highest development and happiness. And it was to be an organic society, with Himself as sovereign Lord. Evidently that was the impression he gave his disciples, else they would not have asked to be accorded places of honor at his right hand and his left. To be saved, then, was to be made a member of this purified and perfected human family or society. The individual was not to be exalted and crowned in isolated glory. Blessedness comes from union with God and the company of the Blessed.

That our Lord in speaking of the kingdom often adopted the figurative language of the Prophets is explained by the fact that he was speaking immediately to the Jews, and necessarily spoke in language which would best convey to them the notion of a kingdom.

But whilst he took the fashion of speech of the Prophets, he nevertheless directed the minds of his hearers to a more spiritual conception of the kingdom than that they already accepted. His kingdom was not to be of this world; yet it was to be a veritable organic kingdom. And this puzzled the disciples, who were unable as yet to conceive of a purely spiritual yet objective kingdom. And they seem to have been puzzled, too—much as Professor Harnack is puzzled to-day—by the fact that our Lord spoke of His kingdom as in the future, whilst yet he spoke of it as present in their midst. Afterwards they came to understand, and they bear witness to

their understanding in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles. The kingdom is in the future, and yet in the present. It is the goal towards which humanity, under the direction of Jesus Christ, is ever tending. It belongs not to this earth but to eternity. Only when man has passed beyond the limitations of this present life will he enter into the possession of the kingdom and into a full participation in the life of beatified humanity.

As such, then, the kingdom is for us a grand hope—the goal of humanity. Nevertheless it may be said to be truly present, even now among us. For though it is consummated in eternity, it has its foundations here in time. Man, in so far as he becomes filled with the spirit of God, already enters into the kingdom, yet only in an imperfect sense, since no man on earth is so free from the limitations and imperfections of earthly existence as to be able to enjoy a complete or continuous participation in the eternal. Moreover, until man is finally perfected in the conditions necessary for entering into the kingdom, until he is utterly transformed, there is always the possibility of his falling away. In this present life a man may be said at the best to stand at the gate of eternity, with occasional glimpses into the land beyond. Only when he has passed into the land beyond can he be said to have properly gained the kingdom; here he can have but an imperfect foretaste.

Life on earth, therefore, is essentially a preparation for the kingdom to come; yet not merely a preparation, but also the beginning of the fulfilment. And in this fact, that it is also the beginning of the fulfilment of the promised kingdom, Christianity differs from the Jewish Law, which was merely of the nature of a preparation, and nothing more. In Christianity man obtains a certain perception and realization of the life of the children of God, which, imperfect though it must be because of our earthly conditions, is nevertheless a real participation in the life to come. The Christian who is truly such is raised in some measure beyond the merely earthly life by which he is surrounded; he sees things in a certain spiritual perspective; he understands somewhat the eternal things to which the merely earthly man is blind, and he is conscious to some extent of his own eternal destiny. Thus he already stands within the portals of the kingdom. Or, to use another manner

of speech, the kingdom of God is already among them; nevertheless, only in an imperfect fashion. The full reality is accomplished in the future and in eternity.

It begins, however, in time. And how is this beginning brought about? Is it brought about simply by the conversion of the individual, and by the individual's personal communion with God? No; for if so, both the preparation for the kingdom and the participation in its life already accorded us, will be of a character contrary to that of the kingdom itself. As the life of the kingdom is social as well as individual, so must be the preparation for it, whereby man is fitted to enter into it, and so too will be the participation in the life of the kingdom given us even now.

The Gospel is addressed not merely to the individual but to humanity; and it works upon the individual not merely from within, but also from without. It ever regards man as a member of society; and whilst placing the highest value upon man's individuality—a fact unhappily lost sight of by not a few Christian apologists and devotional writers, especially during the last few centuries—yet nevertheless never loses sight of his organic dependence upon the society to which he belongs. If he sins, his sin is an offence not only against God but against the church; if he prays, his prayer has a special value when he speaks in union with his fellow-disciples. The kingdom is in truth planted in the heart of the individual; yet it embraces all individuals; and it embraces them all not in their character of mere individual units, but in all their relationships with each other.

There is indeed a sense in which the individual stands alone with God, and in which "*God and the soul, the soul and God*" is a right religious formula. None know that better than the mystics of the Catholic Church. Each individual soul stands in a particular and special relationship with God, shared with no other individual. That truth is but the logical deduction from the fact of individuality.

But it is also true that no individual can reach God except in conjunction with all the children of God; and this truth is but a logical deduction from the fact that no individual is so absolutely isolated from his fellows as not to share with them the common life which makes all creation one. The perfection of the individual lies in the equation of these two truths.

In practice the equation is not always easy to determine, and is possible only to the "meek and humble of heart." Yet in so far as one approaches to it, he attains to a perfectly *human* life. No man, therefore, can rightly talk of himself and God as though the outside world does not in any sense enter in; no man can truly say that he exists alone with God, as though there were also not a necessary approach to God through his creatures.

To sum up the Gospel as Professor Harnack sums it up is, then, a denial of the very nature of man as a social being. A man is properly himself only when he recognizes his kinship with his fellow-men. The Gospel would not be as wide as human nature, nor take in the whole man, did it regard the individual merely as an individual, and not also as a unit in the social body.

But if it regards man in his social quality and as a social being, and if it is to give man a share in eternal life even here on earth, we must expect to find even here on earth an organic society in which this side of man's life will find its satisfaction; and which will be, so to speak, the kingdom in germ. This society is the church on earth. In the church we see the kingdom in a state of formation, inasmuch as men are being formed into citizens worthy of the eternal kingdom. In this process of formation we find both the scope and the limitation of the church on earth, and the explanation of much that offends the eye of those who seek in the church the consummated kingdom, wherein all is perfect as Christ is perfect. The church on earth is necessarily a commingling of the eternal and the temporal, of the heavenly and the earthly. Therein one must expect to find the evil-minded, the hypocrite, and the worlding, hustling against the clean of heart, the poor in spirit and the meek. So it must be until the harvest, when the wheat shall be separated from the tares. Meanwhile the good are being gathered together and formed into heavenly citizens; they are being educated in the virtues—social as well as personal—which belong to the heavenly society, and are brought into proper relationships with their fellow-men and with God.

Here, however, we must remark how the church—and the Gospel in the church—acts upon the world. Properly, the church acts upon society through the individual, since the appeal of the church for the sanction of her laws and precepts

is not to force but to conscience, and conscience is the most individual thing on earth; the last expression of human individualism. For in conscience the general and abstract principles of right become one's personal possession. A mode of action may be good in itself, yet will it have no strictly moral mandate till I recognize that it is good *for me*, and that in not receiving it I fail in goodness. Then only does the general principle become a personal rule of conduct, determining my morality or immorality.

To observe a rule of conduct merely because some external force compels me, is not to be moral. Morality demands the assent of the mind to rule or principle as to the law of righteousness which properly forms my own life. I may indeed give my assent either upon my own immediate knowledge of the necessary relationship between an ethical truth and my own spiritual life—and this, of course, is *in itself* the better way. Or I may give my assent upon the authority of one whose knowledge of the law and of myself I can reasonably trust; and this is the way men of necessity largely depend upon in building up their moral lives. In both cases the assent is a true human assent. The church, then, has so to manifest the principles of the Christian life that men may see in them the truth and law of their own lives, or she must win their allegiance to her own guidance in such way as to make their acceptance of the truth a moral and spiritual act; in other words, she must act on the individual conscience, in order to build up the Divine society of the eternal kingdom. In this sense is the Gospel a message to the individual soul; acting on the world at large through the conscience of the individual; and in this sense it is true to say that Christianity is the consecration of individualism in religion. Only the individualism thus consecrated is the individualism proper to human nature—the individualism of the free citizen, not the individualism of the anarchist. For that is what Professor Harnack's individualism comes to; it is sheer anarchism in religion, with no test of morality save one's own conscience, and no test of faith save one's own interpretation. But what if a man has an erroneous conscience, or if his interpretation be false? Professor Harnack feels the force of the objection, and replies that the Gospel is so simple that no man can misunderstand it, if left entirely free.* But he himself

* Lect. XIV., p. 275.

arrives at the simplicity of the Gospel only by eliminating all that the Christian world has found difficult and mysterious once it began to meditate upon the Gospel.

So much, then, for the assertion that the Gospel is merely a message to the individual soul, and that the Kingdom of God is merely God's rule in the soul of each man. As we have seen, the kingdom means God's rule in the soul of the individual indeed; but in the souls of all individuals, and over all individuals in their collective existence as humanity as well as in their merely personal existence. Moreover the kingdom in the Gospels does not mean merely God's present rule here on the earth; it means properly God's rule in eternity when the forces of this world are utterly overcome. It is only in an inchoative sense that we speak of God's Kingdom in the Church Militant or in the hearts of the faithful on earth. For here and at present the forces of evil are still with us, and God's Kingdom is not yet finally established.

SOCRATES.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

AGAINST the darkness of a heathen age,
Like whitest cameo, exquisite, set
Upon a velvet panel, black as jet,
Shines forth the soul of this immortal sage.
He knew not Christ: yet seems his life a page
Of almost Christian truth and selflessness—
Yea, courage, continence. 'Twas his to wage,
'Gainst pagan vice, a war that saints might bless.

His, too, Athenian youth it was to mould
To manhood pure and true. O Socrates!
Thy zeal were welcome *here*. The young, the old
Claim, in our day, like selfless ministries;
And all need lesson from thy Dæmon odd:
THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE IS THE VOICE OF GOD!

BEHIND THE DUNES.

BY NINA DE GARMO SPALDING.

I SAW Holland first through the eyes of Walter Pater. The spirit, conservative, withdrawn, and filled with the dread of the sea which breathes from his Sebastian Van Storck, seemed to brood over the land, making any demonstrations of temperament or architecture seem irreverent, as though one laughed in the face of death which lay beyond the dykes. The flat country shares with the sea the fascination of seeming limitless space, and the waves of field and meadow flow on until they reach the shore, where they break into foam and dash their spray high into the air in white sand dunes.

Then the details of travel broke my impressions into many colors, and I began to feel that my mind resembled an antiquarian's shop filled with a jumble of weigh-houses, town halls, orphan asylums, cathedrals, towers and chimes, until I almost despaired.

We fled from the paths of travel and the dress parade of the peasants who smile for pennies, and found ourselves one day at Enkhuizen on the western side of the Zuider Zee. We studiously avoided those hotels starred by Herr Baedeker, appreciating, however, to the full his other services to travelling-kind; so we relinquished our bags to the man with the unknown name on his cap and followed him along the dykes in delightful speculation.

We were approaching a tower which from a quick reading of Baedeker we thought must be the Drommedaris, left from the sixteenth century fortifications. The sea was sparkling off to the right in the setting sun as though Marguerite had spilled upon it her casket of immortal jewels. To the left were perspectives of canals, neat rows of trees, and houses like those in Spotless Town. Then from the tower a sound of chimes fell upon our ears tinkling out some old forgotten opera. We stopped and listened, and the Soldier-Father bared his head

until the end and it tolled the hour of six. I have never heard chimes like them, so sweet, so delicate, and with such grace. Although they called me every hour all the long night through, I never failed to feel their charm—a charm that was filled with sadness, I could not tell why.

We were the only people in the hotel, and my room was the grand front chamber. Great beams ran across the ceiling, with brackets of seventeenth century knights and bishops. I turned a key in the side of my wall and pulled. The door opened, and I found to my joy the traditional bed of the Dutchman. So the iron bed in the corner was only a twentieth century concession. It felt like one, at any rate, when I tried to sleep on it.

That evening we walked around the town looking at the Weigh-House, the Kerks, the Orphan Asylum, and the beautiful canals. No one had told us how charming a town it was, and you never appreciate the enthusiasm of a guide book until you have italicized it with your own experience. We had come from Edam up to Enkhuizen as the nearest way to get across the sea to Friesland, and here we were already talking about pitching our tents for a week. But, we argued, as we sat out on the pier watching the moon rise over the sea while the Father smoked his twilight cigar, if this place which had not been emphasized to us were so fascinating, what might not the others prove which had? And so we cheated ourselves into leaving in the early morning, neither of us thinking of the good old proverb about a bird in the hand. We were punished though, for we never again gave our love so unreservedly. And to me there are no chimes in the world like those of Enkhuizen. There may be grander chimes, nobler chimes, more perfect chimes, but none which weave a spell like those beside the Zuider Zee.

Perhaps in losing our little wonder-town we really have kept it. Who knows but we might have execrated the chimes after a night or two. A fog might have come and blotted out the sun and the rain might have washed our love away.

A half-grown fisher boy had followed us out on the pier, his large brown eyes fixed always upon me. He moved when we moved, his full trousers flapping in the night breeze just springing up. I saw a question in his eyes, so to help him said, "Do you speak English?" He blushed and answered

"A little." "Are there many fishing boats here?" I continued; but he *niet verstood*, so we lapsed again into silence broken once more by the chimes.

After awhile he asked if we were English. "Nay," I said, "American." Then his face lighted up. "Know you Mr. Dennison in America?" It was humiliating to confess our ignorance; and so ended our little talk with the fisher lad of the Southern Sea.

The morning was yet of a very tender age when we arose to take the little steamer for Stavoren, but it had grown to be a lusty infant before the leisurely little boat slipped away and Enkhuizen became a memory. There were only two other passengers, but their heads were well worth studying. I was so interested in the wonders of their gearing, the close gold helmet with yards of lace capping it surmounted by an old-fashioned bonnet of too recent a date to have become picturesque, that I almost forgot the sensation which I had promised myself of sailing over buried cities upon that hypocritical, laughing sea. It was hard to force myself into a "melancholy mood" with so much sunshine spread about. I tried to imagine the angry waters breaking the bonds which man had cast upon them: rushing in, overtaking men and women in their work and children in their play; devouring whole towns in their savage hunger. The peace and calm of the day was in strange contrast to this tragedy of ages long gone by.

We reached Stavoren in an hour and a half and took the train for Hindeloopen. We got out when the guard called the name, and stood looking around for the village. There was a tiny station, and a tall, sleepy boy who came out to get the mail bags, and nothing but fields on every side—fields, canals, and distant wind-mills.

"Where is the town of Hindeloopen?" I asked the boy in German—and it is a strange thing about my German that they understand it much better in Holland than they do in Germany. He turned and pointed to a glistening spot by the sea, speaking in Dutch the while, which I translated liberally to the Father. "He says that this is only the station and that Hindeloopen is over there." I could not remember what carriage was, so I asked him where we could find a horse. "In Hindeloopen," he answered solemnly. There was nothing for it but to walk, so we marched along that sunny road in mili-

tary style, while children ran out to open occasional gates for us. There was a high embankment on our right, up which the Soldier-Father scrambled to observe the country round. He called to me to come, and then I cried out with delight, for it was the dyke of the Zuider Zee. We continued along the smooth crest to the town, not more than a mile and a half distant. The town crier was just then going his rounds, so we followed the beat of his drum. This was a novel sight to me, never having been to Nantucket. The roll of his r's would have been quite as effective as the roll of his drum.

It seems trite to say that it is a quaint little village. Every one describing Holland uses just that phrase sooner or later, and yet they are the only words that spring to my pen, for it certainly was a quaint little town. It is a territorial difference between country towns in Holland and America. A Dutch village is just a little city with all of the city institutions, albeit smaller and poorer. The houses have no more land about them than in one of larger size, while in our country a village is a bunch of small farms.

Some one had told us that we must ask for Mr. Ellsemer; but we had forgotten what Mr. Ellsemer was. He might be the burgomeister or he might be the grocer; but lest we should miss something of interest we hunted him out and found him to be the proprietor of the funny little hotel with its rooms full of Hindeloopen treasures—old Delft whose colors made my heart stand still with delight, and carved furniture that would make the reputation of an American drawing-room. The pride of the genial, white-whiskered patriarch, when he showed us his collection, was as great as though he had not been brought up among such things—and his prices as high. Perhaps his son, who he told us lived in America, was responsible.

We engaged him to drive us over to Workum, and went for another walk while they got the carriage ready. When we returned at the appointed moment—we always do things with military precision—Mr. Ellsemer sent a boy to bring the horse around. He returned in a few minutes to say that some one else, not knowing that he wanted it for anything especial, had gone off with it. We despaired! We usually despaired at least three times a day. But the village blacksmith came to the rescue with a horse and carriage, both of which he had

evidently inherited from his great-grandfather—and he himself was an old man.

Workum was a far richer town, with a Kerk in which was some of the finest wood-carving of North Holland, and an inn with a beautiful little maid, who served us with a delicious luncheon. I shall probably remember it longest for one reason, the Father for the other. The pride of the custodians of the cathedrals is delightful, and their sorrow at the vandalism of their own Protestant ancestors when in their fanatical zeal, at the time of the Reformation, they whitewashed the frescoed walls and struck off the heads of the saints on the bas-reliefs, is a thing edifying to witness.

We went to Sneek in the afternoon, thinking that we might stay there all night; but we found the inevitable kirmess camped out in the square and spoiling the façades of the principal buildings with its tinsel and satin; so after a long walk we took the train for Bolsward.

I must say something cross about that Dutch institution, the kirmess; it haunted us; we could not escape it, and we groaned in spirit when we saw a distant booth. We met it first in Haarlem and embraced it heartily. We even spent our precious gulden on the "happy horse," as a French waiter in our own American Harlem called the merry-go-round. We saw the Boer War in a cinematograph and applauded Kruger and Cronje with the Dutchmen, and heard them hiss Kitchener and Lord Bobs. We split strips of a kind of doughy cake with a hatchet, trying in three whacks to win another piece from the booth—a game of chance over which the small boys go wild. We threw pennies to the street acrobats and smiled at the clowns. I blush to tell of the extravagances into which we were led by our first experience of a kirmess. It quite took our minds off from Haarlem, and my memory of the cathedral is hazy above the booths which clustered at its base.

Alas! we were brought to justice, and kirmess week followed us north; we could not get behind it nor before it. We would arrive in a quiet town at night, and congratulate ourselves on the peace and rest as we wandered about the squares and along the canals; but in the morning, behold the metamorphosis! A mushroom growth of ornate booths had desecrated the ancient splendor of stone and tile. There were always the same tents, the same cafés, the same automatic

swings, the same "happy horses," and the same excited, confetti-throwing peasants singing the "Washington Post." Is it any wonder that we fled to Bolsward?

There we found the realization of all of our hopes, the Mecca of our desires. There was no straight, black line of railroad running to Bolsward nor through it on our map; nor could we find a *stoom booten* advertised. There was a faint blue line, however, that told us we would somewhere find a mongrel affair that ran on tracks and would transport us for a consideration. These Dutch trolley lines, with their close, rattling cars and puffing openwork engines, are a cross between throughbred trains and our own well-meaning street cars. They are ponderous in manner, yet with a certain absence of formality which does not inspire respect. The necessity of just catching them always made us cross, and after an undignified scramble I quite lost caste with myself. Still we blessed the tram that took us to Bolsward. A town with no railroad and no regular boat line surely would be undesecrated by the rush of travel—and so we found it.

Imagine a village so lost to the sense of our ruling passion of progress that the hotel, although it tries in gilded letters to impress the phlegmatic public with the fact that it has a name all its own, is still called after the old proprietor, dead these twenty years.

The spirit of quiet and peace and contentment was almost material, one felt it so strongly. I wanted to dip my fingers in it, to bathe in it, at least to put some of it in a bottle and take it home with me. Good feeling and brotherly love reigned too in that little town. They welcomed us with open hearts and heads uncovered. Even the small boys nodded their greetings. It was as though we had just come home after a long absence. The Father was also impressed with this feeling, for he said, half to himself, "All these years we have been exchanging our birthright for a mess of pottage." "Then we will stay here until we tire of it?" I asked tentatively. The response came with the precision of a shot, "We'll stay."

We have made an important discovery in our ramblings—that cities have as distinct personalities as people. As soon as we would reach the station we began feeling the influence of the aura of the town, and by the time we had come to our hotel we knew whether we would be attracted or repelled.

Sometimes a great glittering city, dotted with Baedeker stars, would fill us with unaccountable aversion. So it was with Rotterdam. We had planned to stay there for a week, but before night we found ourselves in that dear delightful Hague, with the bustling self-importance and egotism of Rotterdam but a memory. This personality has nothing to do with the dress of the town. It is as much a thing apart as with people. It is the soul which shines through the windows and vibrates even from the cobble-stones. We felt immediately on good terms with the little peasant town of Bolsward and returned the cordial salutations cheerily.

In the evenings we wandered along the canals shaded by great trees, and through the narrow streets with their crooked little houses, which had astonishing dates upon them telling of the time of their construction in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The soil of Holland is sandy and the stones have sunk until the streets are very much out of drawing and a T-square would be of very little use to an artist in sketching them. Sometimes houses that are quite twenty feet apart at the foundation have barely five feet of sky between their eaves, and their profound salaams look absurdly polite. We caught charming glimpses, too, of their home life. In every window, glowing in the twilight, on a low table stood a tea-stove. They were made of tiles or green pottery, and the steam arose from the little kettles alluringly. Every home used them and they seemed to be the hall-mark of Dutch respectability.

One morning bright and early I set out with my sketching kit, and the Father carefully hid me under a bridge with a stretch of canal before me; its boats and wind-mills arranged so like the Delft tile scenes that I quite expected them to be blue. He strolled away when he saw that I was very much occupied, after inquiring anxiously if I knew the way back to the hotel. Several children gathered on the bridge above me and watched my brush absorbedly. The hours fled until something told me it was luncheon-time.

I met the Father at the table, and he walked back with me to my place of vantage under the bridge. Then he started off on an afternoon tramp to a neighboring village. For a long time I heard nothing, interest in my work obscuring all sounds and other sights. Gradually I became aware of a clattering of clumpen on the boards of the bridge, a sound as of

much passing to and fro. Then a mighty though muffled whispering pierced the outer wrappings of my consciousness, and I vaguely felt myself to be the object. It was not a comfortable sensation, and it was a moment before I dared to look above me. The discovery of fifty heads crowded together gazing down over the rail, with a hundred eyes that looked calmly into mine with no change of expression, was certainly disconcerting. I felt that something must be done, and that it was my part to do it; so I nodded and smiled a half-grown smile destined never to reach its majority, for I felt that sense of foreordained failure which sometimes comes to us when our advances are repulsed by a child. There was yet no change in the hundred serious eyes, so I turned again to my sketch. My interest had basely deserted me, but who of all those critics would censure its flight; for what an inadequate daub was mine in the face of the beautiful reality! Where were the glowing colors I had just now put on? Where was the effect I had almost reached? Gone—lost in the judgment of those who knew and loved their Holland better than I.

I weakly contemplated flight before I again took up my brush with a trembling hand, but I had come for a purpose and—well an American woman's determination came to the rescue and made me stay. I felt like a lightning artist I had once seen in a shop on Broadway, who dashed off impossible landscapes for the edification of a chance audience and incidentally to further the sale of sewing machines. This was quite my first experience, and consequently painful; but after a few brave strokes, with accompanying critical whispers, my delinquent interest came back and the moments flew by.

The crowd grew momentarily. Those children must have carried the good news from Aix to Ghent. They came from all directions and looked down upon me. There were old men with wide, flapping trousers, and young men in blue jeans; old women, young women, and children in caps and ample aprons, and all wearing wooden shoes. There was a Sabbath quiet in the air, and I afterwards learned that it was a *fête* day of some kind. I began to feel that I was furnishing entertainment for the entire population. One old lady, braver than the rest, scrambled down the bank beside me and talked volubly, with many gestures that directed my attention to a cottage across the canal before which stood an old man peace-

fully smoking his pipe. I smiled and nodded my appreciation; of what, I did not know, but she did. She climbed up the bank again and I watched her hasten away across the bridge until she took up her station in the little yard beside him. She nodded her bright old head at me, as though to say, "Now you may commence." Then I understood. They were posing for a picture. There was no way to tell them that I did not wish to paint them, and so they stood stiffly and patiently for two hours—a pathetic picture certainly—while I went on with my work.

Several small boys, emboldened by her example, came down beside me. They crowded close in their efforts to see, which office they seemed to think would be better performed by their noses than by their eyes. However, I had a friend on the bridge in the person of a wrinkled old man, who leaned far over the rail and poked the too familiar lads away with a long fish-pole, aided by a hail-storm of sharp-cornered Dutch words that sounded as though they would sting. It was quite the most effective work that I have ever seen a Dutch fish-pole accomplish. Everywhere in Holland we found patient fishermen along the banks of the canals sitting hour after hour holding their poles before them; but never by any chance have we seen a fish, nor any evidence of the catching of one. There must be a tradition pertaining to a grandfather, removed by many greats, who once caught a fish, for they have been striving ever since to land its mate or possible descendants.

The ever-increasing crowd was quiet and respectful, and I gradually regained my trust in human nature—a trust which is much easier to keep undisturbed when people speak one's own language or one which may be acquired.

At last, my sketch being brought as far as lay in my power, I gathered up my paints and rose to go. It needed another influx of courage to walk through the crowd, past the bridge, and down the street beside the canal. I felt a sense of incompleteness. It was as though I had played my part upon a stage and had come down ignominiously among the audience. I wanted to make my bow and let the curtain fall. I sympathized with myself as I have always sympathized with the soloist in a choir who sits down after a song and faces a silent congregation. There was no applause, nothing but deadly silence, friendly or hostile as one's imagination chose to make

it. I walked along on my way home, and cast a glance of farewell back at my friends who had quietly stood for so many hours and watched me.

The crowd had turned. They were facing me. They were moving towards me. There was no denying it; they were following me. I hastened on. They hastened too, and three hundred wooden shoes hastening in conjunction with rough cobble-stones was an alarming sound. It was like a whole cavalcade of mounted police—if indeed police travel after one poor, little, frightened waif in cavalcades. I walked slowly. They too walked slowly. I stopped and looked into the canal. They stopped and looked into the canal, crowding and pushing one another to see what I saw. I walked on a few steps and on they came again. It grew unbearable. I could stand this mysterious following no longer, so I turned and faced them. I was thoroughly angry by this time and my tongue would not be stilled, although I knew that speech was useless. I asked them to go to their homes and let me go to mine in peace: "I am not a part of the circus nor yet of the kirmess," I cried. Then I saw the Father on the bridge viewing the scene with astonishment and amusement. I walked through the mob, as I had now come to consider it, and hurried to his side while my erstwhile friends made up their minds to turn again and follow me.

"Hold the bridge!" I panted; and then I fled up the other side of the canal. But in my flight I turned and saw the Soldier-Father standing his ground firmly, his arms folded with great dignity, and facing the multitude. I stood still and laughed. "Bravo, brave Horatius!" I cried. "Constant still in mind. Thrice thirty thousand foes before while I flee home behind." Abashed, the crowd melted away and I reached the Wiebes in safety.

This was but one of our many Bolsward experiences, and the others were all unequivocally happy and completely offset in memory the misfortune of this one.

The name of America proved an Open Sesame to the home of the wine merchant who was introduced to us through the medium of window-gazing. While we were making use of this prerogative of tourists, he came out to answer possible questions, and before we quite understood what had happened we found ourselves transported through a maze of Dutch and

German words into their little parlor and sat drinking their best wine and smiling at the old man and his little wife. She was bursting with Dutch curiosity, which he translated in labored German, and I answered in that equally hard-used tongue. Their son, they told us, had gone to America several years before, and was now the manager of some iron works in Chicago. His picture showed the type of man whom we are pleased to fancy a thorough American, and his wife's photograph was certainly of an up-to-date American girl. It seemed hard to reconcile the little pictured family, and all that their faces and dress implied of ease and social life, with this primitive upbringing; but from such small beginnings grow the powerful of our land. Holland furnished the staunch integrity and its inheritance of thrift, and the United States furnished the opportunities lacking in the older countries. We left Friesland with an added respect for our own country, where such metamorphoses are constantly being wrought. We gave three enthusiastic cheers for America when the doors of our compartment had safely slammed upon us and we were on our way to tourist civilization again.

An Benediction.

A MIST of fragrant incense fills the air,
And veils the lights upon the altar-throne;
A low hymn rises in a reverent tone
Like the tranced echo of an angel's prayer,
And silent glory lingers everywhere.
The trusting eyes of faith look up and own
Their God;—He comes triumphant; not alone,
For angels bend in adoration there!
Our earth-bound souls, exulting, try to trace
The beauty of the Man-God's wondrous Face.
Our lips grow mute,—our hearts alone can tell
The thrills of love, the pleading prayers that swell,
Oh! rapturous moments when to earth is given
This one faint glimpse of God,—this gleam of heaven!

LOUISE MURPHY.

THE IDEA OF HABIT.

BY THOMAS VERNER MOORE.

IT is somewhat astonishing—considering the enormous activity in experimental psychology—that more should not have been done in recent times to throw light on the important problem of habit. Many text-books have been written without any more than passing allusions to habit scattered through chapters which treat of kindred mental states. Carpenter, however, in his *Mental Philosophy* has devoted a chapter to habit in which he has made many valuable remarks concerning the development of habits, basing his statements on the principles of organic growth. James, in the first volume of his *Principles of Psychology*, has an interesting chapter which is of no little pedagogical value on account of the principles governing the formation of habits which the author has there brought together.

There have been, indeed, a number of valuable pieces of experimental work directly bearing on such mental processes as memory and association, and therefore indirectly on habit; but the problem of habit has not been experimentally approached *ex professo* except in a very few pieces of research.

Perhaps the most philosophical treatment of the problem in modern times is that of Léon Dumont in the first volume of the *Revue Philosophique.**

The purpose of the present article is merely an attempt to clarify the idea of habit; or, if you will, to bring out in bolder relief the idea of habit which is implied in the ordinary and popular use of the word. In modern writing so much attention is paid to the organic conditions of habit that the naïve implication of common usage is forgotten. Whether or not this latent idea of habit is justifiable is a problem which each one will settle for himself in the light of his own philosophical convictions. We do not attempt here to justify the idea, but merely to give it clearer definition.

James, Carpenter, and Dumont all devote a great part of

* 1876, pp. 321–366.

their treatment of habit to the organic processes which it involves, and the corollaries which may thence be drawn. And in doing so they at least seem to imply that material things can really be the subject of habits as well as the mind. James even goes so far as to say: "The moment one tries to define what habit is, one is led to the fundamental properties of matter. The laws of Nature are nothing but immutable habits which the different elementary sorts of matter follow in their actions and reactions upon each other. In the organic world, however, the habits are more variable than this. . . . The habits of an elementary particle of matter cannot change (on the principles of the atomistic philosophy) because the particle is itself an unchangeable thing; but those of a compound mass of matter can change because they are in the last instance due to the structure of the compound, and either outward forces or inward tensions can, from one hour to another, turn that structure into something different from what it was. That is, they can do so if the body is plastic enough to maintain its integrity and be not disrupted when its structure yields. . . . *Plasticity*, then, in the wide sense of the word, means the possession of a structure weak enough to yield to an influence, but strong enough not to yield all at once. Each relatively stable phase of equilibrium in such a structure is marked by what we may call a new set of habits. Organic matter, especially nervous tissue, seems endowed with a very extraordinary degree of plasticity of this sort; so that we may without hesitation lay down as our first proposition the following, that *the phenomena of habit in living beings are due to plasticity of the organic materials of which their bodies are composed.*" *

These words of Professor James are in harmony with the somewhat extreme position taken by M. Dumont,† who says that habit is a universal fact—a fact not only of the organic world, but of the inorganic world as well. Indeed, both these writers seem to say that there are habits in mere brute matter, as well as in living organisms, in bricks and stones, as well as in men; but that they differ in degree—inorganic habits are simpler and more stable, organic habits are more complex and variable.

The first question suggested by such a position is this: Are we justified in applying the term habit to the inexorable

* *Principles of Psychology*, I. pp. 104–5. † L. c., p. 322.

laws which govern the complex movements of the inorganic world, and to the variable tendencies of the human mind whose final course is so exceedingly capricious? Such a question is more than a mere war about words, for its answer implies a very decided stand on important philosophical principles.

When stripped of philosophical language, men often smile at the idea of inorganic matter being subject to habitual tendencies. Just dare to remark, with a tone of surprise, in the presence of your sarcastic friend, that the sun is already up, and he will arouse a smile on the lips of those about by drawling out: "Yes, that's a habit he has had for some time." It seems ridiculous to attribute to the sun a habit of rising,—and why? Because we naturally suppose that the subject of a habit has a certain spontaneity of his own; that while he has a *tendency* to do something, still this tendency is not an *inexorable law*, compelling him to act in the way he does. The naïve tendency of the human mind is to make a distinction between beings which are subject to habit and things which are governed by law. If this naïve tendency can be justified by sound philosophical principles, then it seems reasonable to restrict the term habit to those beings which possess a spontaneity of their own. If, on the contrary, this naïve tendency cannot be justified, it would be in accordance with modern custom to drop the term habit altogether. At all events, it would be necessary to call attention to the fact that habit does not imply spontaneity, which would then be a mere term to cover our own ignorance of hidden conditions. Men nowadays ridicule such expressions as the love of loadstone for iron, because it implies a spontaneity on the part of loadstone which no one dreams of attributing to it. And what a storm of opposition has been raised against the use of the word *faculty* in psychology, simply because it was supposed to imply a mere mental fiction—an independent entity with a psychological laboratory of its own! If the word *habit* thus implies a spontaneity which does not exist, then it too should be relegated to the shades or used with remarks and foot-notes of caution.

But if there is such a thing as spontaneity, and habit implies the tendency of a being which possesses this quality, then we should not say, with Professor James, that "the laws of Nature are nothing but immutable habits which the different elementary sorts of matter follow in their actions and reactions upon each

other." Nor even should we speak of the nervous system as the *subject* of habits, unless we attribute to the matter of which it is composed the high gift of freedom or spontaneity. Mere complexity of action is not spontaneity, or else the molecules of the nervous system would certainly be spontaneous. "Like all other cells of the body," says Llewellys Barker, "the living neurones take up food materials into their substance, transform them, and gradually build them up through a series of synthetic processes into highly complex and extremely labile chemical compounds, which, in turn, undergo a series of decomposition reactions which culminate finally in the formation of more or less simple bodies, which we recognize as the excretory products of neurone metabolism. There is every reason to believe that in these various modifications of chemical materials by means of which the potential energy of food is transformed into the kinetic energy which gives rise to what are called the 'vital' manifestations of the neurones, chemical compounds come into existence, in some of the neurones at least, of a degree of complexity scarcely approached elsewhere on this planet, and before the nature of which the most advanced organic chemist stands utterly powerless and despondent." * But no matter how complex and labile the molecules of the neurones may be, the intricate processes of their metabolism do not differ in kind from the action of an acid upon an alkali to form a salt. No degree of complexity would ever justify us in attributing to the neural molecules the wonderful gift of spontaneity; for spontaneity is an attribute altogether independent of the ignorance, the weakness, the despondency of the organic chemist. It is probably true that the repeated exercise of a nervous centre means an increase therein of the processes of metabolism, and that this means growth, and that increased growth means a demand for more nourishment, and that if this demand is not supplied by renewed activity of the centre, its wasting will give rise to those conscious cravings which we recognize as the habitual tendencies of the mind. But if there is any such thing as habit, the subject of habit is not the material substance of the neurones, for it is governed by the same kind of law as the simplest inorganic compound.

Furthermore, as the author just quoted says, "It is by no means impossible that in the nervous system forms of energy

* *The Nervous System*, New York, 1899, p. 217.

are concerned which do not exist outside the animal body, and which yet remain to be recognized and studied."* But if these forms of energy are governed by inexorable law, they can no more be the subject of habit than can the energy which is dissipated in the explosion of a keg of powder. Unless there is in man an energy whose form of manifestation is not determined from without but from within, then man is governed by the inexorable law of necessity and the word habit is but the guise of his own ignorance, and the sooner it is discarded the better.

The idea that the subject of a habit must not be governed by blind necessity, but possess the gift of spontaneity, was brought out by St. Thomas in his *Summa Theologica*. In his treatment of habits in general† he laid it down as an indispensable condition for the subject of a habit that "it should be capable of being determined in many ways, and to diverse things. Whence, if anything were 'in potency' to another, but so that it was 'in potency' to that alone, there disposition and habit would have no place; for such a subject by its very nature would have the due tendency (habitudinem) to such an act." A habit, therefore, according to St. Thomas, is a disposition by which an energy of itself undetermined is given a special tendency in some one direction. But if the nervous system of man is totally governed by inexorable laws, no matter how complex the series of reactions which the first sensation may arouse, no matter how many transformations of energy may be entailed, the final result is as certainly and surely determined, from the very start, as is the contraction of the muscles of the iris under the influence of light.

St. Thomas has indeed expressly asked the question‡ whether or not the body can be the subject of habits. And as to habits which have reference to activity, or habits properly so called, he denies that any habit is primarily in the body as in a subject. "Every bodily operation," he says, "is either from the natural disposition of the body or from the soul moving the body. As far as those operations which arise from nature are concerned, the body is not disposed through any habit, for the natural powers are determined to one course of action; and it has been said that an habitual disposition is required where the subject is 'in potency' to many things. Those operations, however, which proceed from the soul through the body, pri-

* Op. c., p. 249. † 1. 2. q. xlix. § iv. ‡ 1. 2. q. l. § i.

marily belong to the soul; secondarily, however, to the body. . . . The dispositions, therefore, to such operations are primarily in the soul. They can, however, be in the body secondarily, inasmuch as the body is disposed and made ready to promptly obey the operations of the soul."

We could therefore even, according to St. Thomas, speak of the habits rooted in our nervous system; but such a method of speaking would be different in its implications from that which is so common in some modern writings. These suppose that the nervous system itself is the subject of habits; that habit merely requires a plastic material, and a mould for its formation; so that men form habits more or less in the same way as silver dollars receive the stamp of the government. But according to St. Thomas the nervous system is the subject of habits only in a secondary sense, and by a transferred title. Were there no free power to govern the activity of the nervous system, then there would be no habits to form, for all the actions of the man of to-day would have been settled long ago by the collocation of forces and atoms in the vapors and gases of a nebulous world. We might see tendencies indeed, but only such tendencies as the arm of a balance has to sink on the side of the heavier weight. A determined force has already every tendency that it can possibly have; consequently it is not capable of receiving a disposition which gives it any special inclination which it did not have before. If we wish to veer it off in a direction it does not already have, we must make use of another force which acts in a different direction. And by a proper combination of forces acting at the proper angles we obtain a resultant which acts in the direction we desire. And so long as our component forces are constant, the resultant does not vary. When the component forces are very numerous and variable it might seem, before their final adjustment is effected, to one ignorant of the conditions, that one force was developing a tendency to act in a given direction; but this would be the mere illusion of his ignorance. And so, if the mind is a bundle of forces, each determined to act in one way, with no spontaneity of its own, then it may seem to develop habitual tendencies, but that is only because of our ignorance of the myriad component forces, which external conditions are adjusting so as to produce more and more constant resultants; and habit is a mere word to excuse our own ignor-

ance. But if, on the contrary, there is in man any force by nature undetermined with a spontaneity of its own, then it is not governed by the laws of mechanics, and it may be possible for such a force to develop a real tendency to act in one way rather than another—to receive a psychical disposition. And the result of this disposition of the undetermined force might be to adjust the myriad determined forces of the organism, so that they would act in the line of least resistance to the disposition of the undetermined force. And thus, in a secondary sense, these forces could be said to acquire the habit of acting in some given direction. And as the organism would grow older and less plastic, it would be harder and harder for the undetermined force to mould it in any new direction; and thus also the dispositions of such a force would themselves become more and more fixed and stable.

Such a manner of looking upon habit seems to free us from the necessity of mystic speculations about the fundamental and occult properties of matter; and at the same time, it makes it just as easy to interpret all the facts which physiological investigation has so far brought to light. In fact, it seems to let us out of one great difficulty. "Nothing is easier," says James, "than to imagine how, when a current has traversed a path, it should traverse it more readily still a second time. But what made it ever traverse it the first time? [We cannot say *the will*, for, though many, perhaps most, human habits were once voluntary actions, no action, as we shall see in a later chapter, can be *primarily* such. While an habitual action may once have been voluntary, the voluntary action must before that, at least once, have been impulsive or reflex. It is this very first occurrence of all that we consider in the text.]*

In answering this question we can only fall back on our general conception of a nervous system as a mass of matter, whose parts, constantly kept in states of different tension, are as constantly tending to equalize their states. The equalization between any two points occurs through whatever path may at the moment be most pervious. But, as a given point of the system may belong, actually or potentially, to many different paths, and as the play of nutrition is subject to accidental changes, *blocks* may from time to time occur and make currents shoot through unwonted lines. Such an unwonted line

* The words in brackets are given as a foot-note.

would be a new created path, which, if traversed repeatedly, would become the beginning of a new reflex arc. All this is vague to the last degree, and amounts to little more than saying that a new path may be formed by the sort of *chances* that in nervous material are likely to occur. But vague as it is it is really the last word of our wisdom in the matter.*

To refer a phenomenon to chance or accidental changes is merely to own that we do not know how to explain it at all. And so long as we try to explain habit on a merely neural basis, it will be impossible for us to clear up the difficulties which surround the origin of habits. That a volitional explanation of habit is free from difficulty, no one will make any pretence to claim. In fact, there are many who agree with M. Dumont in his attempt to explain will by means of habit, rather than habit by means of will. "The idea of the end C," says M. Dumont, "awakens the idea of the act A; the act A, if it has sufficient force, becomes the cause of the execution of the act itself, A; the act A becomes the point of departure of a series of intermediate events independent of ourselves, and of which the realization of C is the final result. All this depends on habits—habits of association between certain ideas bound together by constant relations of succession or of co-existence, and habits of adaptation between the ideas and the acts of which they are the representation. . . . From this point of view the will is always a fact of habit; it is never anything but the exercise of habits previously acquired." †

It is not the purpose of this article to inquire into the merits of either of these two ideas of habit; but it may not be out of place to remark that whenever there is a question of the practical principles which underlie the formation of habits, the assumption seems to be that the will forms new habits, rather than that habits are necessary for the exercise of the will. Professor James tells us that "in the acquisition of a new habit, or the leaving off of an old one, we must take care to *launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible*"; that you must "*never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life*," and that you must "*seize the first possible opportunity to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in*

* *Principles of Psychology*, vol. i. ch. iv. p. 109.
† *Revue Philosophique*, 1876, i. p. 331.

the direction of the habits you aspire to gain." These rules, and all rules for the formation of habits drawn from practical experience, will imply that the individual has initiative and spontaneity of his own, that he is not determined entirely from without, or by the accidental conditions of his nervous centres, but in great measure by the activity of his own free will. When philosophers realize that there are physical forces whose activity has not yet been studied, that the mental world has its facts as well as the physical, that we cannot presume that the determinism of the world that is seen must apply also to the mind that sees, perhaps then they will come to some agreement concerning the nature of habit. But in the meantime let those who reject the idea of personal spontaneity and freedom look upon habit as one of the many fictions of the human mind. Let them discard the term with its implication of a philosophy they condemn, and speak rather of the adjustment of mental forces in relation to their environment, or use some terminology in accordance with the meaning they wish to convey.

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Views and Reviews.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIANITY. By Dr. Shahan.

Dr. Shahan, of the Catholic University, is not mistaken in his opinion that "there are not wanting reasons of a modern and immediate nature which make it useful and consoling to reflect on the earliest history of the church."* "Useful" indeed, because in these our days, more than ever before, men are harking back to primitive Christianity as a solution of the dread question "What is religion?" Granting, as all men must, that the revelation of God to man made by Jesus Christ is, not to say the absolute and final, at least the supremest revelation yet vouchsafed us, the problem remained, What essentially is this revelation, what is Christianity? And the answer to that question, it is likewise generally conceded, can come only from history. Dogmatics is now become mostly the study of the history of dogma; biblical theology is concerning itself chiefly with the historical interpretation of the inspired Text; apologetic is almost nothing more than an attempt to unfold the "development" idea, a task which presumes an historical knowledge of the origins of doctrine: for all these reasons, history, the *quondam* stepdaughter among the sacred sciences, has recently become what it has long been among the profane sciences—*magistra et domina.*

So, as we started to say, any historical light which may be thrown upon early Christianity cannot but be—to use again the modest word of the author of the book in hand—"useful."

And "consoling" too, for if there be any comfortable retreat from a multitude of harassing intellectual religious "problems," if there be, after the practice of religion itself, any consolation to a spirit that is weary with many questions, surely that refuge for the soul and balm to the heart are to be sought in an excursion away from the vexations of the present, back to the days when Christianity was young, and fresh, and strong in the bloom of her youth.

We have never met, either by personal contact or through

* *The Beginnings of Christianity.* By Very Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, S.T.D., J.U.L., professor of Church History in the Catholic University, Washington. New York: Benziger Brothers.

the medium of the written page, any one who can conduct such an excursion back to Christian antiquity better than Dr. Shahan. He has many of the gifts proper to a professor of history, but none more attractive than the power to reproduce, by means of the historical imagination, the atmosphere of epochs that are past, the setting of scenes that have been changed.

And this, his chief gift, is most patent in his volume of essays on *The Beginnings of Christianity*. Presiding over all the array of facts, or rather infusing them, vivifying them, is a delightful spirit of sympathy with the days of which he writes. The effect of rendering the past near and palpable is not wrought by any mere elaboration of style, any deliberate word-painting, but by a habit, long since acquired, of clothing the bare data of the books and the monuments with "sense" and an appreciation that are possible only to the ripened scholar.

We dare not begin to quote extracts from these essays in proof of the justice of the praise we give them. But if we know anything of the power of genuine scholarliness, or of the graces and beauties of literary composition, we are safe in leaving the justification to the reader of such essays as those on "St. Paul," or "St. Agnes," or "The Church and the Empire," or the abundantly learned and sometimes rather startling monograph on "Woman in Pagan Antiquity."

In all, Dr. Shahan has grouped some fourteen or fifteen essays in this volume, all having to do with the early period of Church History, and all more or less united by subject-matter and by spirit of treatment.

We await the day when the professor of Church History in the Catholic University will give us not a series of essays but sustained historical narrative of Early Church History.

EARLY CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.
By Dr. Bardenhewer.

The second volume of Dr. Bardenhewer's great work on early Christian literature * possesses the eminent qualities for which the Munich *savant* has for years been celebrated. An exhaustive knowledge of his sources, a wide acquaintance with modern critical history, a notably conserva-

**Geschichte der Altkirchlichen Literatur.* Von Otto Bardenhewer. Zweiter Band: vom Ende des Zweiten Jahrhunderts bis zum Beginn des Vierten Jahrhunderts. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

tive temperament, and uncompromising Catholic convictions are sure to be conspicuous in every work he publishes. His critics have charged him with ecclesiastical and theological preoccupations; and to some extent they are right. It is impossible for a man so thoroughly penetrated with the conviction that Patrology is *ex radice* a Catholic science, and whose historical imagination is so taken up with the idea of the church as the unified and permanent body of believers which gives coherence to Christian history,—it is impossible, we say, for such a man not at times to build his critical theories upon the framework of his prepossessions. This is to offend the critics who profess to be isolated from such attachments, it is true, but to offend them in such a manner may by no means be unwarranted or wrong. Very often to write sound history requires enthusiasm as well as sagacity; and many a great institution has been inadequately estimated because the mind which has studied it has viewed it from the cold distance of bloodless criticism, and has never beheld it in the vivid proximity of personal interest and beneath the warm sunlight of sympathy.

In the period covered by this volume—from the end of the second to the beginning of the fourth century—Dr. Bardenhewer has to discuss some of the very greatest names in the history of the early church. Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian, Cyprian, Hippolytus, move through this mighty epoch, which is so truly *magna parens virûm*. Each writer is given a brief biographical notice; and is then studied from the point of view of Christian literature, history, and dogma. Every dispute which divides the learned concerning patrological criticism is noticed at least, and some are investigated with a good deal of detail. We regret that Dr. Bardenhewer did not give a page or two to Dom Chapman's recent articles in the *Revue Bénédictine*, on the alleged interpolations in St. Cyprian's *De Unitate Ecclesiæ*. Our author refers to the discussion, but gives us no definite account or estimate of it. We would wish, too, for a somewhat fuller treatment of St. Cyprian's controversy with Pope Stephen. Likewise some important questions associated with the names of Origen and Hippolytus are rather summarily dealt with, in our judgment. For although to enter thoroughly into such controverted or obscure problems would lengthen the work considerably, we think that the scheme pro-

jected by Dr. Bardenhewer in this history demands and justifies voluminousness. But notwithstanding all criticisms, this is a great achievement, one of the greatest that stands to the credit of Catholic scholarship in recent years. No thorough student of early Christianity can do without it, and no library which pretends to be of benefit to serious students can overlook it. This volume, like its predecessor, is in Herder's finest style, which means that it is a joy to the eyes of whoever loves beautiful books.

MYSTERIES OF MITHRA.
By T. J. McCormack.

Perhaps the obscurest and briefest chapter in the history of religions is that which concerns Mithraism.* It is extremely rare to meet, even among scholars, with any conscious advertence to the magnitude of the danger that once beset the church, in the existence of a rival for the allegiance of the religious world. But the contestants in this gigantic duel were from the Orient, the scene of their struggle was the Occident, the battle was fought quietly but fiercely, hand-to-hand, tooth-and-nail, and the stake was the world. The relics of this warfare are scattered thick all over the Continent of Europe and of North Africa; to the vanquished, religion has left the monuments of its defeat upon the soil of every land from Scotland to Numidia, and from Portugal to Cappadocia.

The fact that the details of this mortal duel of giants concern us so little is only proof of the completeness of the victory of Christianity, not of the insignificance of the strength of Mithraism.

Everybody knows, that in the beginning of the decline of the Empire many weird and fantastic forms of worship glided westward and insinuated themselves into the place of the effete idolatries of Rome, but the knowledge is not so general that among these Oriental superstitions there was one that rose above the rank of its companions, almost vindicated for itself the name of a religion, and so developed its doctrine of sin and redemption and expiation, and, whether by independent initiative or by conscious imitation, so perfected its resemblance with the true religion as to deceive a multitude who might else have been of the elect, and to make it seem, to

* *The Mysteries of Mithra.* By Franz Cumont. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court.

eyes unenlightened by the vision of an overruling Providence, that the fate of the religion of Christ was hanging in the balance, and that there was every possibility of the domination of the transplanted and transformed religion of Persia over the pure doctrine and practice of that emerged from Palestine.

Back of the Franian invader was the prestige of a mighty conquest. Asia, from the Indus to the Euxine, had been solidly assured to Mithraism before it stepped upon the soil of Europe. Then in its triumphal progress, shaking off whatever proved an encumbrance, putting on whatever seemed a help, it swept mightily in the track of the Roman armies, received nowhere a more unhesitating welcome than in Rome, and finally ensconced itself in the chair of Empire, deified and incarnate in the persons perhaps of Nero, and surely of Aurelian, Diocletian, and Julian the Apostate.

In essence this mighty contestant for the universal see of religion was idolatrous, but its idolatry was of the highest and purest as well as the simplest ever conceived: the worship of nature apotheosized and especially typified in all its powers by the sun. Beyond this Mithraism was a system of dualism—another source of strength among the people; its peculiar hero, rather than its primary god, was Mithra, the Hercules of the Orient, who took upon himself the burdens of his votaries, fought for them the battle against the enemy of mankind, and vicariously attributed his victories to those who should call his name.

From Christianity the cult of Mithra borrowed, in all probability, its many resemblances with the true worship. "The sectaries of the Persian God, like the Christians, purified themselves by baptism; received, by a species of confirmation, the power necessary to combat the spirits of evil, and expected from a Lord's Supper salvation of body and soul. Like the Christians, they held Sunday sacred and celebrated the birth of their god on the 25th of December; they both preached a categorical system of ethics, regarded asceticism as meritorious, and counted among their principal virtues abstinence and continence, renunciation and self-control. Their conceptions of the world and of the destiny of man were similar; they both placed a flood at the beginning of history, they both assigned as the source of their traditions a primitive revelation; they both, finally, believed in the immortality of the soul, in a last

judgment, and in a resurrection of the dead" (Cumont, p. 190-191).

We are not surprised, then, that a religion such as this—a vast synthesis of everything that made for success in its contemporary religions—should dispute half successfully with its chief rival, Christianity. That it should be worsted and fall away was, of course, inevitable; but the story of its struggle, it is not too much to say with the advertisement of the publishers, is of "fascinating interest." It is told eloquently by Dr. Cumont, now famous for his erudition on this subject. This short volume is the gist of the conclusions of the studies accounted for in his classic work on *Texts and Monuments relative to the Mysteries of Mithra*. No one who reads history, or who studies religion, can afford to remain in ignorance of Dr. Cumont's conclusions.

THE VIRGIN-BIRTH. By Lobstein.

Professor Paul Lobstein's attack* upon the Virgin-birth of Christ is very far indeed from being of decisive value, even from a purely critical and non-dogmatic point of view. We can imagine no scholarly and open-minded reader being moved in the least by this essay, who has ever read the *Kindheitsevangelium* of Professor Resch, or the essays on the same subject by Canon Gore, Professor Sanday, Père Lagrange, and Père Rose. All through evangelical and early Christian history belief in the Virgin-birth is in possession, and it takes more than the conjectures of textual criticism to offset it. St. Matthew's and St. Luke's account points indisputably to a tradition as old as the Saviour's religion itself. And merely on negative grounds, and through arguments *ex silentio*, that tradition is not overturned. If Mark has not the history of the Annunciation and the virginal Incarnation, it is because his narrative, as is expressly stated in the beginning, is concerned with the *Evangelium* of the Saviour, his message, his word, not with a detailed history of his life. Neither does John mention the virgin-birth, but we think that honest criticism must recognize the doctrine as interwoven into the very substance of his prologue. In fact, taking into consideration the fact that St. John had the synop-

* *The Virgin-Birth of Christ.* By Paul Lobstein. Translated into English by Victor Leuliette; with an Introduction by Rev. W. D. Morrison. London: Williams & Norgate; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

tic narrative before his eyes, we must declare that the introduction to his gospel would be inexplicable if he disbelieved Matthew and Luke. The Joannine tradition is very well expressed in the second-century reading of 1–13, which refers the words, "born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God," to the *Verbum*, the Word, concerning whom the whole prologue is occupied.

Professor Lobstein places an immense importance upon the facts that Mary was perplexed at the words of her Son at the finding in the Temple, and that our Lord's relatives did not believe in him. This, he says, would be impossible if the Annunciation had taken place. Not at all. Mary's wonder, and her pondering in her heart what Jesus had said, far from indicating that she recognized no divine character in the Child, imply distinctly that she did. Her attitude conveys more of the impression of respect and veneration than of plenary parental authority. And as for our Lord's relatives, it is possible—it is, we think, even likely, that they then did not know of the virginal birth of Jesus. It was too sacred a mystery to be matter for common knowledge. But even if they be presumed to have been acquainted with it, their disbelief would be no more difficult to explain than their disbelief in the face of the miracles wrought by our Lord. Shall we say that the scepticism of these kinsmen of Christ proves that he wrought no miracles? Not even rationalistic criticism would go so far. *A pari* then, their scepticism does not demonstrate that they knew nothing of a virgin-birth.

The case, then, is this: Two of our gospels have an historical statement of the miraculous and virginal birth. One of these gospels is written by St. Luke, that cultivated and acute observer, who assures us in his prologue that he has critically examined the sources of his history. St. John and St. Paul not only say nothing against this tradition, which most certainly they knew, but they positively imply it in their language concerning Christ. Add to this the church's belief from the beginning, the condemnation of Ebionitism in the first century, and the analogy of Christian theology which requires the doctrine, and we have an overwhelming testimony that belief in the virgin-birth goes back to the very first disciples, and can never be excluded from a sound, critical, and historical Christology. Professor Lobstein does not give the weight

to the traditional arguments which a perfectly candid study would require, and he pushes weak arguments for his own side to an extent which no critical student can approve.

PILGRIM WALKS IN ROME.
By Rev. P. J. Chandlery.

Father Chandlery's book* on Rome will be useful as a guide-book for tourists in the Eternal City, and interesting to all who must forego the delights of travel, but would learn something of the marvellous *Urbs alma*, which is the heart of Catholicity. The book is very full of topographical detail, rich in history and legend, and, it need not be said, devoutly Catholic in spirit. Its great value is enhanced by many splendid illustrations. As the proceeds of its sale are to be given to the Zambesi mission, we trust that its readers will number thousands.

PHILIPPE DE COMMYNES.
By B. de Mandrot.

The latest work brought out in the valuable collection of original historical texts published by the house of Picard is the chronicle of Philippe de Commynes,† the chamberlain of Louis XI. Commynes was a statesman who rose to high favor under Louis, but in 1484, under Charles VIII., was driven from court, disgraced and impoverished, and from 1487 to 1490 was imprisoned as a rebellious subject. Becoming reconciled to Charles, he accompanied this monarch in his memorable expedition to Italy, and was sent as royal ambassador to Venice. From Venice he went to Florence, and there visited Savonarola, whom he describes in the eighth book of his Mémoires as "*demourant en ung convent refformé, homme de saincte vie.*" Under Louis XII. Commynes again incurred the royal displeasure, but was once more rehabilitated, made another journey to Italy in 1507, and died in 1511.

The Mémoires cover the period between 1464 and 1498. They are full of interest, have a strong personal note about them, and give an observant statesman's view of men and countries in those eventful days.

Commynes has been charged, and justly, with several

* *Pilgrim Walks in Rome.* A Guide to Its Holy Places. By P. J. Chandlery, S.J. New York: The Messenger Press.

† *Mémoires de Philippe de Commynes.* Nouvelle Édition Publiée avec une Introduction et des Notes. Par B. de Mandrot. Paris: Alphonse Picard.

historical inaccuracies; but those imperfections do not very seriously diminish the general value of his work, which must ever possess conspicuous merit for the student of historical sources. M. Mandrot's introduction—biographical and critical—is a commendable piece of work.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES.
By Pere Lagrange.

Père Lagrange's study of the Book of Judges* is a splendid specimen of the modern critical method of Biblical research. If any of our readers are looking for a good way of ascertaining the present status of Scripture study among learned Catholic critics, we recommend Père Lagrange's *La Méthode Historique*, and this present translation of and commentary upon Judges. The former little treatise will give the principles of criticism, and the volume under review will show how they are applied. To have mastered both books is to have acquired a grasp upon present-day thought in the field of religious study that hardly any other two Catholic works will give. This at least will result from reading them, that one will gain a fairly adequate notion of the illimitable extent of modern Biblical study; will learn to reverence the patient scholars who are bearing the burden and the heat of the day therein; and will long for a more respectable participation in it by Catholics who are both true to faith and devoted to honest scholarship.

With Budde, Moore, Mgr. Kaulen, and the Jesuit Hummelauer, Père Lagrange holds it certain that Judges cannot be the work of one author. There is an artificial unity of conception in the various histories that comprise the main body of the book; they all are constructed on a similar framework (*cadre*), but the evidence for a plurality of documents worked upon by several editors is overwhelming. In connection with this, P. Lagrange humorously refers to good Father Vigouroux's assertion that only "rationalists" deny unity of authorship in Judges. The learned Dominican is entirely content to be numbered among such rationalists. The Deuteronomy redactor (RD) is, P. Lagrange thinks, the main hand in the editing of Judges; though he admits that the Hexateuchal, Jehovistic, and Elohistic writers are plainly discernible also. Thus we should have four sources for our present book of

**Le Livre des Juges.* Par R. P. Lagrange, O.P. Paris: V. Lecoffre.

Judges: the Jehovistic, which has for its general tendency to give the history of the wars of Jehovah; the Elohistic, which aims at constructing a religious chronicle of the Jews; then the editor who combined these two; and finally the redactor who threw the substance of the book into its present form. In the convenient abbreviations customary with critical scholars, these sources are designated J, E, R^{JE}, and RD.

As to the exact time when the final redaction was made, it must be obvious to every one that we cannot come to a perfectly safe conclusion. It was certainly after the time of Josias, for only then did Deuteronomy begin to have a decisive literary influence; and, as we have seen, the Deuteronomist redactor is the chief factor in Judges. Perhaps we shall have to assign even so late a date as the time of Esdras. But whenever the work of compiling, adjusting, and editing took place, the primitive documents are unquestionably of great antiquity.

The historical value of Judges, as indeed of all the earlier Old-Testament books, leads into questions too delicate for discussion in a review like this. Suffice it to say that the rigidly accurate method of stating facts is not an Oriental and ancient, but an Occidental and modern, conception of the function of history. To understand the principles that underlie the interpretation of Old-Testament history, one should have read some such treatises as Loisy's *Études Bibliques*, or the already mentioned *La Méthode Historiques*. Probably it is precisely here, in estimating the historical value of many of the incidents in Judges, that Père Lagrange will encounter some adverse criticism. There is an apparent uneasiness and a lack of downright statement in regard to this matter, which suggest that our author is not speaking out his entire mind. He is not to be blamed in the least for this. As just remarked, one's statements have to be so guarded in dealing with Old-Testament historicity, one has to explain so fully one's idea of inspiration in order not to be misunderstood, that when there is no opportunity for such an extended preliminary *apologia*, prudence points out the path of caution in phraseology and of a rather vague generality in expression.

P. Lagrange declares in his preface that this volume is but the first of a long series of commentaries that will cover the entire field of Scripture. We congratulate him on so fine a

beginning of that immense labor, and trust that he may be assisted in it by coadjutors as erudite as himself, and be spared to see the great project completed.

THE CHRIST STORY.
By E. M. Tappan.

It is a rare non-Catholic devotional book that can please a Catholic. Our standards are exact, and we feel in conscience bound to insist upon them. And yet we despair of making our demands understood by the non-Catholic. If we insist, for instance, upon the introduction of doctrine into a life of Christ, they feel, and we cannot blame them, that we are narrow, and fonder of dogma than of religion. And though we know their suspicions are ill-founded, we cannot explain our position—it means going back too far—so we give it up, and bear the unjust imputation as patiently as we can. And so in the present case: we must say that this life of Christ,* written for children, though it is in very truth a beautiful piece of work, full of genuine religious sentiment, devout in the extreme; though it is almost all that is good, yet it cannot satisfy us. Not that we have not been edified in reading it, for in places it has brought the tears to our eyes, but it has left a longing unsatisfied—a longing to know what they have done with our Lord, "where they have laid Him," what they think of Him, "whose Son is He?" and what are we to make of the most significant and most mysterious of His deeds, to say the least—the "Last Supper"? We cannot be satisfied to have these things passed over, for they are the heart and marrow of our devotion, not the skeleton of our faith. If our fundamental interpretation of the Divine Master be at fault, then we are sick at heart and can take no interest in the sweet things that are said of Him; if the "Last Supper" be not the Holy Eucharist, Himself, then the Light has gone out of our lives, the Light in which we saw all things; and now we can see nothing. These were the chapters we wanted to linger over, and behold there is nothing in them to feed our devotion. And we close the book with a sigh, and the perpetual wonder grows until it becomes almost appalling—how can they love Him without knowing Him, and how can they write so touchingly of Him, and yet misinterpret Him? And we cannot bear

* *The Christ Story.* By Eva March Tappan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

that even the children should begin with a mistake, and we dare not recommend the book to them, though it is brimming with piety, and full of respect and dignity.

FAIRY BOOK.
By A. Lang.

As usual, the current month brings us a new book from Mr. Andrew Lang.* This time it is not a volume dealing with primitive forms of society, nor a historical narrative, but something that will give great joy to the readers of fairy books. The children have learned to appreciate Mr. Lang heartily, in the Blue and the Red and the Green and the Yellow and the Pink and the Gray and the Violet books. Now they are to have another treat in the *Crimson Fairy Book*. To those acquainted with the preceding volumes of the series, we need say no more than that this new volume should find a place beside the others. To the possible few unacquainted with the Lang Fairy Book Series, we have this to say: Get at least this new volume right away. It is beautifully bound, exquisitely illustrated, and written in language sure to please critics, whether of the nursery or of the editorial den. Now that holidays are at hand, parents and friends will have an answer to that puzzling question: What would the children like? Yes, and Mrs. Lang and Miss Lang must be thanked for it too; for it seems that they do most of the work on the fairy books, credited to the head of the family.

MEMOIRS OF A CHILD.
By A. S. Winston.

The *Memoirs of a Child*† is an extremely clever little book. It seeks to recall the mental and emotional states of childhood as one after another life's experiences engaged its conscious attention. How we felt when alone with nature, when playing with companions, when telling a "story," when receiving punishment, when reciting in school before older children, when reading books, and building air-castles; how faint is our recollection of just how we did feel at such times, and how very hard to reconstruct anything definite out of the haze of memory! These little sketches make these long-gone feelings live again.

* *The Crimson Fairy Book.* Edited by Andrew Lang. With eight colored plates and numerous illustrations by H. J. Ford. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

† *Memoirs of a Child.* By Annie Steger Winston. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

They acutely analyze, naïvely present, and exquisitely describe them. The style is charming. There is a mystery and a mysticism about it which is the very fairy-wand needed to make our wonder-days return. Poetry and sentiment and pathos are subtly hidden in every chapter, and no one can lay the book aside without feeling somewhat of the spell which the deep regions of childhood always cast upon the pathway of maturer life.

FUNERAL SERMONS.
By Father Gallwey.

Several funeral sermons preached by Father Gallwey have been gathered into a very neat volume.* The title-page gives the information that the book is in its second edition, which fact certainly testifies eloquently to the power of Father Gallwey's name. For funeral-sermon collections rarely find so many readers; and these particular funeral sermons possess, in our judgment, hardly any interest except for the friends of those departed in whose memory they were delivered.

SHORT SERMONS.
By Rev. L. P. Gravel.

Father Gravel's preface to these two volumes† of sermons gives warning that the work is not intended "for theologians nor scholars." Perhaps, therefore, we ought not to point out some offences against sound theology and common knowledge of which the reverend author is guilty. But as the books were sent us for review, we cannot in reading them altogether divest ourselves of what little theology we know, or of the prejudice that a work may be eminently fit for plain people and at the same time correct in statements of positive fact. Moreover a conscientious reviewer must tell the truth about a book, and in the present instance truth calls for a modicum of theology and a few grains of scholarship.

This is a startling addition to sacramental theology: "(The sign of the cross) gives to the sacraments their perfection." No less novel is the neighboring assertion: "The priest in the Consecration of the bread and wine . . . always makes use of the sign of the Cross." Not in the Latin rite, learned

* *Salvage from the Wreck.* By Father Gallwey, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *One Hundred Short Sermons for the People on the Apostles' Creed.* By Rev. L. P. Gravel. New York: Congress Publishing Company.

father. Neither is this glorification of the sign of the cross justified by these words of St. Cyprian which seem to have deluded our author: "We glory in the cross of our Saviour; from it is derived the virtue of the Sacraments." A vastly different thing from the statement that the *sign* of the cross "gives to the Sacraments their perfection." The following Biblical information seems to contradict Pope Stephen's decree: Let there be no innovations: "Our reason will easily recognize that the Holy Books . . . are authentic; because we can prove it by this, the testimony of the Jews and the martyrdom of the early Christians who suffered cruel deaths for their belief, and also because *these Books bear in themselves the names of their authors, the dates at which they were written* —and all these matters defy historical criticisms." The italics are our own—we trust, not an unjustifiable liberty in the premises. Father Gravel will pardon us if we suggest that he holds an extreme opinion on the Apostles' Creed, when he maintains that "it was only on the permission of Gregory the Great that it was put into writing." Speaking further of the Apostles' Creed, our author is correct, we hope, in declaring: "The faithful recite it daily in their morning and evening prayers." But surely he is unliturgical when he continues: "On the Lord's Day, during the august Sacrifice of the New Law, it is sung." When these sermons reach their next edition, a fortune we heartily wish them, it would be well to avert the cavils of any censorious psychologist, by changing the following passage, which is intended as a proof of the Trinity: "A man possesses wisdom. By wisdom we understand genius, memory, intelligence. Do we recognize or acknowledge several wisdoms in the same man? If, then, a person possesses three faculties in the one attribute, wisdom, we cannot consistently hesitate and deny that three persons can exist in the essence of the Godhead. . . . Thus genius discovers truths, memory keeps them, and intelligence understands them." The prejudices of over-sensitive theologians too had better be benignantly regarded to the extent of removing the contradiction in these two passages: "He (Christ) possesses the essential faculties of the human soul. . . . For if a single one of them were missing, the work of our Redemption would have been incomplete. . . . I say more, the work of our Redemption would have been impossible." Yet seven pages further on: "Assuredly,

brethren, God could save all men by a single word. . . . From the multitude of other means which He could have chosen, He selected the Incarnation." Finally we know not what poor fellow, neither theologian nor scholar, but some plain "man in the street," may, from an abyss of bewilderment, cry out for light upon this: "Since it is true that the word of God took human nature, I must say that He possesses the essential faculties of the human soul, exclusive of the divinity."

But here we must stop. We have penetrated only through two-thirds of the first volume, but our space is exhausted and, let us confess it, our soul is tired. We hope that Father Gravel's work will do a great deal of good.

BRET HARTE.
By. H. W. Boynton.

The purpose of this series,* according to the publishers, is to provide brief but comprehensive sketches, biographical and critical, of living writers, and of those who, though dead, may still properly be regarded as belonging to our time.

It is surely desirable to have a critical and unprejudiced estimate of living authors, particularly when the fame of many of them is the result merely of exaggerated and inflated advertisements. Yet we must remember that such an estimate cannot be final, and history will ever take its own good time in bringing forth its own verdict. To satisfy the ambition of knowing something with regard to such a verdict and to meet present-day interest, this series is published.

Much however, with propriety, may be said regarding a final estimate of the subject of the present volume—Bret Harte. Although one year has not passed since his death, the best of Harte's life and work, as the author says, was lived and done a generation ago. The biography which appeared immediately after his death Mr. Boynton calls "perfunctory and fulsome."

The present work is divided into studies of Bret Harte's life, personality, and work.

Francis Bret Harte was born at Albany, N. Y., in the year 1839. He received only four or five years of common-school instruction.

After his father's death he journeyed with his mother in

* *Contemporary Men of Letters Series.* Edited by William Aspenwall Bradley. Bret Harte. By Henry W. Boynton. New York: McClure, Philips & Co.

1854, by way of the Isthmus, to California. He was of a most impressionable nature, and could quickly assimilate the elements and characteristics of the life about him. He became a schoolteacher; then a miner, a tax-collector, an express agent, a druggist's assistant, and a compositor. It was in the *Golden Era* of San Francisco that Bret Harte made his first appearance as a writer, save for some verses, written at the age of eleven, which appeared in a New York journal. The city of the Golden Gate then held many men who were to make their names famous in American literature: "Mark Twain, Charles Warren Stoddard, Prentice Mulford, and Charles Henry Webb. These geniuses gave birth to *The Californian* and, to quote Howells' words, also brilliantly co-operated to its early extinction." It was in this periodical that the famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" of Mark Twain appeared, but most of Harte's work on the paper was journalistic, save for some verses.

In 1868 Harte was made editor of the *Overland Monthly*, through which he won immediate and world-wide fame by "The Luck of Roaring Camp."

The universal praise with which Harte met on the appearance of this story had at first, says the author, a good effect. This success was immediately followed by a second, "Plain Language from Truthful James; or, The Heathen Chinee." But the general effect was bad. "The plain truth seems to be that his head was turned, and he naturally edged toward the point of the compass from which the applause came loudest." He left California, and with it, says the volume, he left his genius and his ambition for perfect, creditable work. "If he was to write at all, he was to remain for the rest of his life his own copyist when he did not choose to be the copyist of others."

The *Atlantic Monthly* subsidized him at a salary of ten thousand a year, which turned out a poor bargain for the *Atlantic*. Harte was unreliable, and no longer an artist but an artisan. In 1878 he left his family and his more "pressing embarrassments" in America to accept a small Prussian consulate; then he was appointed to Glasgow, from which post he was removed in 1885. The rest of his life he spent in England, and during those seventeen years, though he wrote much, he produced nothing which added materially to his reputation. He died in Surrey, May, 1902.

The other two divisions of the volume are but an amplification and a more detailed defence of opinions already expressed. The reader has already anticipated Mr. Boynton's opinion of Bret Harte, that "there was nothing heroic about the man either for good or ill, and that his domestic experience was not ideal."

The author has not a very high opinion of Harte's patriotism: "It was of the amiably truculent sort which is expected of the American abroad." With regard to his work Mr. Boynton writes: "Bret Harte had an unmistakable touch of his own. He had no faculty of subtle analysis; he did have a crude, strong understanding of the crude, strong frontier life." It seems to have been his exceptional mission to interpret that life first and only once—and then fade away into the commonplace. That "one thing," says the author, "he did admirably, and the world is in no danger of forgetting him."

The biography is thoughtful, honest, and, one might say, severely critical. But we think this last characteristic is its greatest excellence, and heartily wish that there was more of such honest ability evidenced in the present-day world of letters.

WAYS OF THE SIX-FOOTED.
By A. B. Comstock.

The present volume* is a valuable and attractive work in its own particular field. Throughout its pages the study of entomology is made doubly interesting by the graces of style, the apt quotations, the artistic illustrations, choice bits of landscape, and curious, though not repulsive, creatures of the fields and woods. In our opinion the *Ways of the Six-footed* is a most delightful text-book or library book, and we wish it heartily a wide circulation.

LABORATORY MANUAL.
By S. E. Coleman.

In a day when text-books of all descriptions are being continually thrust upon students, only to be relegated very soon to the second-hand bookstore, it is indeed a pleasure to receive a volume like Mr. Coleman's Manual.† Unlike most of the text-books published to-day, which have absolutely no reason for their

* *Ways of the Six footed.* By Anna Botsford Comstock. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† *Physical Laboratory Manual.* By S. E. Coleman. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

existence, being merely our old standards masquerading in modern phraseology, this book contains something original and good.

In regard to the question whether the class-room or the laboratory is the most important factor in the study of physics, the author takes a moderate view, a sort of compromise, and gives us a manual of instruction in which the laboratory work is carefully co-ordinated with the work of the class-room. He has arranged the course into eighty-one exercises, each adapted to give the student both a theoretical and a practical knowledge of the subject treated. The text in connection with each experiment consists of: 1. A statement of the purpose and subject matter of the exercise; 2. References to leading text-books in physics; 3. A list of the necessary apparatus; 4. Direction and Suggestions for the successful performance of the experiment. The book is in every sense practical, and clearly is the work of a skilful teacher.

TEXT-BOOKS.

From the American Book Company we have received a number of school-books* which seem well adapted for their several purposes. Mr. Pearson's *Latin Prose Composition* is, we think, rather more successful than most books of its kind in combining simplicity with thoroughness. *Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald* is an excellent selection of short classical German poems; and for French classes *Le Petit Robinson de Paris* is about as interesting a narrative as a class-book can be. Two reading books, one on great artists, the other on scenes and incidents of Philippine history, are full of instruction; though doubtless a different account could be given of José Rizal's life and death. Finally, Mr. Sanders' Elementary Geometry makes for independent thinking by omitting portions of the proof of most of the propositions. All these books are published in a durable and attractive form, and display both the resources of the modern printing-house and the widening out of the modern school curriculum.

**Latin Prose Composition.* By Henry C. Pearson.—*Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald.* Favorite German Poems. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by J. H. Dillard.—*Le Petit Robinson de Paris.* Par Madame Eugénie Foa. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Louise de Bonneville.—*The Philippines.* A Geographical Reader. By Samuel MacClintock.—*Stories of Great Artists.* By Olive Browne Horne and Katherine Lois Scobey.—*Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry.* By Alan Sanders.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.
By W. J. Rolfe.

This first volume* of the new edition of Rolfe's Shakespeare has been entirely revised and reset, is small and convenient in shape, and is plentifully supplied with attractive illustrations. A concise account of Shakespeare's metre has been inserted, and minor changes have been made throughout, the notes having been abridged or expanded, and in many instances new ones added. While the present edition is substantially new, yet it may be used together with the old edition in the same class without serious inconvenience.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.
By Lyman Abbott.

An essayist is venturesome indeed who, amid the mass of previous writings about that famous American, Henry Ward Beecher, would expect to find an audience with attention fresh enough to desire anything more upon a subject so many times pressed to exhaustion. Yet so virile a writer is Lyman Abbott, and so interesting a subject is Henry Ward Beecher, that the combination will surely find many who will even quicken their pulses with eagerness to anticipate the enjoyment his book† has to present. It would be difficullt to find any living man better fitted to write about Mr. Beecher than Lyman Abbott. He has all the qualifications of a good biographer: intimate knowledge of his subject by personal friendship; an intellect keen enough to enter largely into the mentality of his make-up, and an enthusiastic admiration which makes many of the pages burn with a flame that communicates itself to the reader. Mr. Beecher used to say that "Enthusiasm was that spark in one man's soul that set another man's soul on fire," and the spirit of this book well illustrates that definition. Indeed, so prominent is the ability of the author that it occasionally dominates the subject so powerfully that it becomes like a spectacular play where the scenery outdazzles the play.

Lyman Abbott is an analyst; under the inspection of his mind the reader seems to be present at an operating table, where the swift movements of the surgeon and the flashing of the scalpel occupy the spectators' attention almost to the exclu-

* *Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.* Revised Edition. Edited with Notes by William J. Rolfe. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago: American Book Company.

† *Henry Ward Beecher.* By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

sion of the subject operated on; or like some enthusiastic lapidary who holds up a gem to a prospective buyer—does it with such skill and eloquence that the gem becomes of secondary interest. The method of treating this biography is novel; it is like a series of lectures on the important epochs of Mr. Beecher's life. The first part, treating of his boyhood and the early years of ministry in Indianapolis, are commonplace enough, but the real business of the book begins with Mr. Beecher's connection with Plymouth Church in Brooklyn in October, 1847. From that time until his unfortunate entanglement with a public scandal, which terminated in a trial now forgotten but once famous, he was perhaps the most conspicuous man in the public eye in all the United States. Certainly no one man of his day, during those twenty years from 1850 to 1870, spoke so powerfully to so great a number of eager listeners, on all manner of public matters, as Mr. Beecher. His gifts as an orator were perhaps more widely known than those of any public man of the nineteenth century in America.

Mr. Beecher will be chiefly known, no doubt, for his anti-slavery speeches, which, spoken at a time when the public mind was inflamed by the war spirit, fell upon willing ears and roused the country to frenzy. The 150 pages which Lyman Abbott devotes to this period should be read by every one who is interested in that historicai epoch of our country, for it would be difficult to find in any book a more brief, comprehensive, and thrilling statement of the case of the North against the South than his. The last period of Mr. Beecher's life was one of disappointment to many of his most ardent admirers. His trial, while not proving anything against him, and even convincing most of his friends of his innocence, lost him for many years the sympathy of the general public. Later still, he became so loose in his theological views that many of those who supported him in the stormy days of the trial were chilled into apathy by his surrender to the claims of agnostic science. This led him to repudiate the Fall of Adam, and consequently the Atonement of the Cross. He called the Bible a religion of life, not a book of doctrine. He also grew lax on the doctrine of an eternal punishment for the lost, and substituted a theory of conditional immortality—only to be gained by those fit to enjoy it; the unfit were to have no immortality at all. Mr. Beecher was a man of mighty mind. One of the writers of his

day called him "the most myriad-minded man since Shakspere"; but his greatness had limitations hard to be understood. Why a man so blind to the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith should have chosen the preaching of Christianity as his profession in life is a mystery. Whether his greatness had the qualities that will make an enduring fame, it is too early to determine. Like Luther, he destroyed much that had been faith; and like Luther, he left little that can be called faith; but rather opinions—mere opinions—that shine only because they were illuminated by genius.

WANDERFOLK IN WONDERLAND. By Edith Guerrin.

A most attractive and interesting holiday book* for children is *Wanderfolk in Wonderland*, by Edith Guerrin. It is a volume brimful of fun for the children and abounding in a wealth of illustrations of the first order, by Edith Brown. It is excellently printed on very good paper and handsomely bound. We take great pleasure in recommending the book.

WORLDLY WISDOM. By Mentor.

This little pamphlet† contains in its twelve chapters a series of practical counsels for young men concerning character, health, industry, companions, and amusements. There is a tone of good sense throughout, the chief element in which is a right sympathy with the young man as he is. Everything in the work is good; yet one might wish for fuller teaching on some of the real difficulties that a young man faces. Choice of profession is to a great extent determined by circumstances and opportunity; hence counsel which supposes entire freedom of choice may not always be helpful. The chapter on self-control is stimulating, but it might well have been extended. On the whole the little treatise is worthy of commendation. It cannot but do good.

* *Wanderfolk in Wonderland.* By Edith Guerrin. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

† *Worldly Wisdom for the Catholic Youth.* By Mentor. New York: Joseph Wagner.

Library Table.

The Tablet (7 Nov.): The Roman Correspondent reports an important move in the administration of ecclesiastical affairs contemplated by Pope Pius X. The congestion in the Congregation of the Propaganda, which has been increasing for some years back, has now reached such a stage that some change is inevitable. The Pope, writes the Correspondent, intends to relieve the congestion by reviving the ancient functions of the Primates, who will thus have jurisdiction over many questions now sent to Rome for settlement.——Letters from "Canon Theologian" and others of various schools, dealing with the question of "an open mind on the Temporal Power," show that there certainly exist both an "open mind" and a great deal of confused thought on that question.

(14 Nov.): Contains a summary of the Pope's first allocution, pronounced at the recent Consistory. The original text of the passage referring to the position of the Holy See and its right to be visibly independent is given separately. In this passage the Holy Father states that "it is necessary and of the highest interest to the Christian Commonwealth that the Sovereign Pontiff should, in his government of the church, be not only free, but seen to be free, and under the influence of no power whatsoever."—— Correspondence on "An Open Mind on the Temporal Power" continued. Fr. Coupe, S.J., holds that temporal power is necessary to the church's "well-being." Another correspondent asks whether temporal power is necessarily commensurate with territorial power.——An interesting letter from the Roman Correspondent, in which he records that the Vatican is considered government property by many Italian officials, as is evident from the attitude taken by the *Tribuna*, the leading government organ. He also states that a grave condemnation is about to be pronounced upon the works of Abbé Loisy.

(21 Nov.): A leading article on "Pius X. and United Italy," evoked by the visit of Italy's King and Queen

to England, and by the utterances of the Holy Father at his first Consistory, discusses the present relations of the Holy See to the Italian government.—A verbatim translation of the allocution delivered to the Sacred College by Pius X. is given.——An interesting incident is recorded of a Catholic layman invited to lecture in a Unitarian chapel, the subject being his reasons for joining the Church of Rome.——Correspondence continued on the subject of an "Open Mind on the Temporal Power." Letters this week from "Canon Theologian," "A Priest," "An Anglo-Italian," E. Mottay, and John Brown. (28 Nov.): A leading article discusses the repeal of the "Loi Falloux" by the French government, which thus destroys all liberty of teaching for religious in France.——The Roman Correspondent records another instance of the precariousness of the Holy Father's position in Rome, in the agitation recently fomented by the *Tribuna* over the occupancy of the Borgia Apartment by the new Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val.——The editor states that correspondence on the question of temporal power may now cease.——Dom Maternus Spitz, O.S.B., contributes a paper reviewing the missions in Western Sahara and the Soudan.

The Month (Dec.): Fr. Tyrrell presents a paper marked by depth of thought, together with a practical insight into and an appreciation of the needs and conditions of modern life, at once enlightening and helpful. The article deals with the religious aspect of what might be called the present-day passion for labor. Far from being irreconcilably opposed to each other, this modern passion for work and progress, and the spirit of religion, are seen, when rightly understood, to be properly, necessarily united; as they are mutually complementary parts of one great whole, the one is incomplete without the other. Only when united do they make for real and true progress by insuring the full and harmonious development of all man's powers and faculties.——An article on "Freemasonry" contains a clear and forcible statement of the principal reasons why the church forbids her children to become members of that society.

The Critical Review (Nov.): Begins this issue with an estimate of Brown's *Essence of Christianity*, a critique which, with the exception of one or two unimportant points, is most favorable, declaring the work to be a most masterly analysis of the problem involved in the definition of Christianity. The reviewer is especially pleased with the last part of the book, which is devoted to an exposition of the religious ideas and ideals of such men as Kant, Herder, Lessing, and Hegel. The chapter on Schleiermacher is, in his opinion, the best account of that philosopher that has as yet appeared in English.——Rev. John Beveridge, writing on the attitude of Norway's leading theologians towards modern Biblical criticism, maintains that they are liberal and progressive. The occasion of his writing was the appearance of two works on Scriptural questions recently published by two professors of the Norwegian National University, namely, *Old Sanctuaries in Modern Light*, by Prof. S. Michelet, and *The Old Testament in the Light of Modern Biblical Research*, by Prof. M. J. Faerden.——Rev. John Lendrum notices a recent work of Prof. Holtzmann which bears on its title-page the repelling interrogation *Was Jesus Ekstatiker?* The reviewer thinks that the book might be read alongside Prof. James's chapters on mysticism with some profit.——Lilly's *Christianity and Modern Civilization* is adversely criticised by Rev. Henry Hayman, who takes exception especially to Mr. Lilly's views on the supremacy of Peter, Monasticism, and the influence for good wielded by mediæval popes in matters political and ecclesiastical. Of the chapter on Holy Matrimony Mr. Hayman says: "Those who believe that woman was created wife, and that, therefore, facilities for divorce spell the moral ruin of womanhood, will without hesitation thank the author for his timely and powerful argument."

Le Correspondant (25 Oct.): In "Les Catholiques de la Triplice" Arnold Muller shows the signs that point to a dissolution of this anti-French alliance on account of the lack of union among Italian, German, and Austrian Catholics.——"L'Émigration italienne," by Humbert de Pianti, insists on the necessity of primary education for

the masses, lest the crowds of Italian emigrants now flocking to North and South America should find all ports closed against them on account of their illiteracy. ——The third article in the magazine, "Le Traité d'Arbitrage permanent," is also by Arnold Muller. The author proves with irresistible logic that permanent arbitration treaties are dangerous, when they are not ineffectual. ——"La Science et la Paysage," by A. de Lapparent, is the most interesting paper in the number. It is written in attractive style and deals with the hidden charms, the natural mysteries and magic, of sites and landscapes. ——"David d'Angers et les Tragiques grecs," by Henri Jouin, is a discriminating and appreciative criticism of this illustrious French sculptor.——A description of the festivities organized by Lord Curzon in India, to celebrate the coronation of King Edward VII., is given us by Mme. Jules Lebaudy.——"Une Correspondance de Mme. de Staël," by L. de Lanzac de Laborie, is a critical analysis of a new book, *Lettres inédites de Mme. de Staël à Henri Meister*.——"La Vie economique et le Mouvement Social," by A. Béchaux, and "Les Œuvres et les Hommes," by Louis Joubert, are both very sad pictures of the demoralization of French manners, literature, and finances.

(10 Nov.): "Le Congrès des Jardins ouvriers," by G. de Lamazelle, and "Les Études littéraires de Henri Bordeaux," are refreshment to the soul wearied by the pictures of decadence and culpable weakness on the part of governments presented in the articles: "De Jules Ferry à Combes," by G. de Lamazelle; "La Situation politique en Italié," by Joseph de Grabinsky; "La Loi du Service de deux ans," by General Kessler; "De Sidi-Ferruch à Fachoda," by L. Dufongeray; and "L'Empire du Sahara," by an anonymous writer.—— "Deux Allemands dans la Révolution françaises," by Lanzac de Laborie, is a study of a recent publication, and shows the influence of the Revolution on German literature.

La Quinzaine (16 Nov.): M. Ernest Tissot gives a short account of the family of Paul Bourget, and of his first literary ventures.——An estimate of Renan, by M. V. Ermoni, assigns him little originality.——M. Jean

d'Étiau, who has had fifteen years' experience of Algerian life, analyzes the adverse influences which, notwithstanding the fertility of the land and its convenient situation, have prevented the French colonist from attaining prosperity.——The account of Mme. de Miramion and her charitable works is concluded.——The gardens of Versailles are described by M. Pératé.——M. Philippon tells of the genesis and evolution of the automobile.

(1 Dec): The director of this periodical, author of the well-known pictures of contemporary French Catholic life, *Lettres d'un Curé de Campagne* and *Lettres d'un Curé de Canton*, presents the first instalment of a narrative which is to illustrate the weaknesses of the methods relied upon by Catholics for making headway against contemporary irreligion, and to suggest a better way.——M. Gabriel d'Azambuja from a wealth of experience dilates pathetically on the servant-girl difficulty.——Continuing his study of the difficulties which beset the government in Algeria, M. Jean d'Étiau recommends that the communities be held collectively responsible for all serious offences against life and property.——A fourth contribution from M. Pératé on the Château de Versailles is devoted to the chapel.

Études (23 Nov.): P. Dudon traces the changeful manner in which Waldeck and Combes have dealt with the question of the secularization of the religious whose communities have been suppressed.——As a sequel to his article in the number of Sept. 20, P. Sortais would show that in its endeavor to establish a moral union among all classes of Frenchmen, by usurping the exclusive right to teach, liberalism is preparing its own fall.——The sketch of the Princess de Condé's life in exile and in the convent is continued.——That inexhaustible subject, St. Alphonsus Liguori's attitude towards probabilism, affords P. Bruker matter for "one word more" in answer to Abbé Turmel's views published in the *Revue du Clergé Français* of Sept. 21.——The gentleman charged with the *Bulletin Philosophique* reviews the work done recently by the members of the Institut Général Psychologique.

Revue Bénédictine (Oct.): Opens with an article—rather belated, in view of the multitude that anticipated it—on Leo XIII. and Pius X. Dom Janssens, the writer, bases his

analysis of Leo's *physionomie* upon four characteristic traits, "urbanity, love of letters, prodigious memory, and angelic piety," and draws in a line a portrait of Pius X., as "a man of humble origin, of uneventful career, modest and friendly, yet grave and dignified in manner." ——The more important of the reviews are those on Bardenhewer's *Patrologie* and Cabrol's new *Dictionnaire d'Archéologie et de Liturgie.*

Revue du Lille (Oct.): R. P. Déodat contributes a eulogy of the Venerable Duns Scotus, for whom he claims a place next in rank to St. Thomas, not only on account of his learning and subtlety, but because of his deep humility and remarkable piety as well.

Revue Apologetique (Oct.): The principal interpretations of the first chapter of Genesis are clearly outlined by M. Laminne. The writer rejects Literalism, Concordism, and Revelationism, and holds to the opinion that the Mosaic account is the adaptation of popular tradition as a means of conveying to the people the central truths of the unity of God, divine Creation, and the Sabbatical rest.——The national religion of the Chinese is explained in an article by Father Van Belle, a missionary priest in that country.

Revue Générale (Nov.): A recent book by Lucien Percy serves as an occasion for M. Paul Verhaegen to give a sympathetic description of the Belgian provinces as they were during the latter half of the eighteenth century. ——M. A. De Risser discusses the latest work of each of the following writers: MM. de Vaissiere, Lair, Lemoine, Schlitter, and M. Serignan.——M. Edg. de Ghélin, in chronicling the social events of the day, points out many defects in the present revenue law of Belgium. He describes also a philanthropic scheme that the Tzarina and the Tzar of Russia are about to put into practice to satisfy the demands of the laboring class.

Démocratie Chrétienne (Nov.): In a number of letters on Capital and Labor the relation between the employer and the employee is well expressed. The remedy proposed for the existing evils is the establishment of three commissions: one composed of manufacturers and their representatives, another of men whose duty will be to attend to the interests of labor, and finally one to which all disputed

questions will be referred, made up of representatives from both classes.——M. Levis Marnay analyzes and criticises favorably Prof. Max Turmann's recent book on the agricultural associations in Belgium.——M. A. Castrovieto, professor of economics and politics in the University of Seville, writing on the political situation in Spain, states that it is not likely that the retirement of M. Silvela will effect any important change in the general policy of the cabinet.

Science Catholique (Nov.): M. L'Abbé J. Fontaine, writing on the historical character of the Scriptures, attacks the position of certain Catholic exegists and scholars who, while seeking to uphold and safeguard the inspiration and veracity of the sacred writings, declare that the strictly historical accuracy of certain portions of the Bible, more especially of the Hexateuch, may be reasonably doubted without injury to the divine or sacred character of these writings themselves or to the divine revelation therein contained. The object of P. Fontaine is to show that such admission would destroy altogether the historical value of the Scriptures and their veracity as a record of fact, and hence in consequence their authority as a basis of divine revelation. The facts recorded in the Bible are, the writer thinks, so closely bound up with the doctrines there contained, that to doubt in any case the historical accuracy of the former would destroy the validity of the revealed truths themselves. In conclusion the writer deplores the unfortunate tendency of so many Catholic scholars towards what he calls rationalistic methods of Biblical interpretation and advocates a return to that blissful state of undoubting belief in all things Scriptural enjoyed by our forefathers in the faith before the doubts and objections arising from the use of modern critical methods came to disturb their repose.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Nov.): A lengthy article by Fr. Gruber is devoted to a consideration of Pope Leo's letter to Cardinal Richard of Paris, on December 23, 1900, and replies to M. Combes' contention that the late Pontiff was guilty of unnecessary and unauthorized interference in the internal affairs of the French Republic. ——Fr. Pfülf concludes his series on Brentano's "Way to the Church," devoting this number to an account of

Dr. Rinzser's relations with the great convert during the years 1815–18.——Rev. C. A. Kneller, S.J., treats at great length the question of St. Cyprian's idea of the Church, directing his attention principally to the views on "Unity" entertained by that Father.—Among the more important book notices is a brief review of De Becker's *De sponsalibus et matrimonio prælectiones canonicæ* by Fr. Lemkuhl, who commends it as a work eminently practical and helpful.

Rivista Internazionale (Nov.): L. Caissotti di Chiusano describes the movement in Rome to better the dwellings of the working classes.——P. Bianchini discusses the best means of providing for the religious safety of Italian emigrants.——F. Ermini protests against the pagan tendencies shown by such works as the *Laudi* of d'Annunzio.

Civiltà Cattolica (7 Nov.): The reason why the Czar unexpectedly recalled his promise to visit the King of Italy in Rome is said to be the spread of socialistic republicanism in Italy. Everything in the Italian government's recent history, from its protest against Papal representation at the Hague Conference to the latest ministerial elections, proves that the country is drifting headlong into a revolutionary policy. To rebuke this was the prime motive of the Czar's refusal to visit Rome.

(21 Nov.): An article on the authorship of the fourth Gospel declares that not only is there no foundation for the opinion that John the Presbyter is the author, but that it is even uncertain whether such a man ever existed; for the famous passage in Papias is too ambiguous to deduce therefrom any stable conclusion. Irenæus' statement must be accepted as decisive; viz., that John the Apostle wrote this Gospel in Asia.

(5 Dec.): Pius VII.'s severe condemnation of Masonry is said to have arisen from the Pontiff's conviction that in the Masonic body were to be found the roots of the noxious revolutionism which then threatened every throne in Europe. In order to conceal its designs, Masonry clothed itself in the guise of Protestant Bible societies, which societies were composed, so reports Severoli to his ecclesiastical superiors, "di tutti i Franchi Massoni, e dei novatori." One of the Pontifical acts most displeasing to these sectaries was the restoration of the Jesuit Order.

Comment on Current Topics.

Herbert Spencer.

On December 8 Herbert Spencer died at the age of eighty-three. In his early years he had been instructed in the doctrines of Methodism and Quakerism. While still young he refused the offer of a college education, became a railway engineer, and, save for the good offices of his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, may be said to have been practically self-taught.

His first literary work appeared about 1848 in the *Economist*, of which paper he was sub-editor, and shortly afterwards he contributed many papers to the *Westminster Review*. In that review appeared, in 1860, "The Social Organism," an essay in which Spencer sought to apply the doctrine of evolution to society, and in which is stated the central principle around which he afterwards constructed his *Synthetic Philosophy*.

The plan of this *Synthetic Philosophy*, designed to be a comprehensive summa of all scientific knowledge, was announced in the same year, and although suffering much from sickness and a delicate and nervous constitution, Spencer lived to see his life-work finished by the publication in 1896 of the third volume of the *Principles of Sociology*.

In his *Synthetic Philosophy* Spencer sought to cover every field of philosophical thought, and to this herculean task he applied himself in the face of discouragement and disappointment with unabated earnestness until its completion.

The magnitude of his task, the sublimity of his idea, the synthesizing of all human knowledge, somewhat after the manner of St. Thomas Aquinas in the *Summa*, were enough to attract and to interest thinking men, and the evolutionary enthusiasts of the middle of the nineteenth century eagerly became the hearers and afterwards the followers of a system of thought that would apply their theories to the entire universe and its every form of life.

Spencer, of course, accepted the theory of Darwin, but claimed that he had always been an evolutionist, though his first statements on the question are by no means clear, and he afterwards retracted some of them. In the matter of religion Spencer, in his *First Principles*, argued that all knowledge is relative, and hence that an Infinite Being is unknowable. Behind this phrase, "the unknowable," Spencer seeks refuge in all the fundamental questions which a philosopher of life must

encounter. And by it he has proved his utter inability to solve the problem of the metaphysical, to answer that ultimate question of the world's existence and man's destiny. The coining of such a self-contradictory term as the unknowable by Mr. Spencer, is but a confession of his failure in the presence of the one, all-important and ever-present problem for the philosopher. To the unknowable Spencer assigned the substance of matter and the substance of mind, and any notion on our part of God. This is rather to undermine both the reality of knowledge and of phenomena than to create a positive, synthetic philosophy. And happily we may say that Spencer's teachings on these fundamental questions have neither weight nor influence in the scientific world to-day. Similarly, the knowledge of human society and its laws, the thoughtful consideration and study which time alone can give, but which are most necessary for the application of new principles, have thrown overboard Spencer's notions with regard to evolution and the social organism. Evolution, if it be true with regard to society, as Spencer would apply it, must work upon the individual not directly but indirectly, through society itself. The highest developed individual, then, will be one who is the most suited to the improvement of society, and evolution will go on perfecting itself until the individual becomes an inconsiderable quantity and society the be-all and the end-all. This is self-contradictory, of course, and Spencer had to deny his own theory later by writing that "the corporate life must be subservient to the lives of the parts; instead of the lives of the parts being subservient to the corporate life."

Again, Spencer refused to consider Christianity, maintaining that it had no philosophy; whereas, in truth, Christ gave a new philosophy to man, and even if Spencer could but view Christianity as a fact, he should have looked as a philosopher for the principles powerful enough to make it a fact of such magnitude and such long-continued and potent existence.

In truth, we might say that Spencer wrote philosophy as a novice writes history—without its philosophy. He grappled with great theories, but they were too much for him; they were unknown and perhaps, to use his own word, unknowable to him, but not for the reasons which he assigned. Spencer was not a great philosopher. He lived to see his work completed as he had planned it, but it is a melancholy fact that before its end he had repudiated some of his own teachings, and the

successors of the evolutionary school, which gave him birth, repudiated all of his principles. At the end he was a writer, not a teacher. As a system the *Synthetic Philosophy* is without living power in the world of philosophy to-day, and Herbert Spencer's work will live principally for its encyclopædic value and for the influence it once exercised on the world of thought.

The Gould Bible Contest.

The Prize Contest inaugurated by Miss Helen Miller Gould for the best three essays on the origin and history of the Roman Catholic and Protestant versions of the Bible has attracted great interest from every quarter. It is an exceptional opportunity for Catholic scholars to come to the front in support of the claims of our Holy Church, and to evidence their learning and erudition as well as their zealous fidelity.

Many complaints have been heard that the contest would not be conducted with absolute fairness, but we think the subjoined letter ought to give assurance on that point. We also add the conditions that accompany the offer:

BIBLE TEACHERS TRAINING SCHOOL,
Office, 83 East Fifty-fifth Street, New York City,
December 22, 1903.

Editor of the Catholic World.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry of December 19, would say that I am enclosing Supplement to our Bulletin, which gives full particulars concerning the prize contest. I desire that this contest shall be conducted in a perfectly fair manner to all parties concerned. I am hoping that there will not appear the spirit of partisanship, and shall do all in my power to keep this out of the contest. It is the facts we are after.

I have a letter from Miss Gould in which is the following sentence: "Personally I am quite ready if the Roman Catholic Version is proved to be superior to accept it. What I desire is simply the truth." I have addressed a letter to one of the most prominent Roman Catholic clergymen and officials in this country, asking him if he will consent to be a judge in this contest, and have said to him, among other things, that I hope one of the results of this contest will be the recognition by many Protestants of excellences in the Roman Catholic Versions.

Yours very sincerely,
W. W. WHITE.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

1.—This contest is open to all, without respect to creed, color, or country. Associated study is permissible.

2.—It should be carefully observed that the subject of the paper is a double topic, viz.:

The Origin and History of: (1) The Version of the Bible authorized by the Roman Catholic Church. (2) The Version of the Bible known as the Revised Version, American Standard Edition.

This topic may be treated in two parts or otherwise, as the writer of a paper may elect. Contestants should keep in mind the two statements made by Father Earley, viz.: (*a*) "The Authentic Version of God's words as authorized by the Church has come down to us unchanged from the time of Christ Himself." (*b*) "The Protestant Version goes back only to the days of Henry VIII. of England, and was then gotten up for obvious reasons." A part of the duty of the writer of a paper will be to ascertain and clearly set forth what is the Authentic Version authorized by the Roman Catholic Church, to be read in the homes of the people.

3.—A contestant is at liberty to introduce and explain any verbal or doctrinal differences in the texts of the Versions in question, provided light will thereby be thrown on the history of one or the other of the Versions.

4.—Contestants should note that it is desired to secure not merely a thorough but also a popular statement of the facts for general use. The judges therefore will have regard, not only to the historical accuracy of the papers submitted, but will also be much influenced in their decision by the adaptability of a paper to the average reader. The presentation must be accurate and thorough, popular and striking.

5.—Papers mailed or expressed from the home of a contestant as late as June 1, 1904, will be admitted. A letter announcing the forwarding of the paper should be posted on the day of sending the paper. Papers may be sent, if ready, before June 1.

6.—No paper shall contain more than eight thousand words, exclusive of illustrative diagrams, five of which are permissible. Diagrams, if employed, must be simple and clear. Each diagram should aim to set forth distinctly a single important fact or series of facts. It should be especially noted that the introduction of diagrams is entirely optional; also that the papers may contain less than eight thousand words.

7.—A Bibliography shall accompany each paper. This will not be regarded as part of the manuscript. It shall contain not merely a list of the books and authorities consulted in the preparation of the paper, but also an exhaustive and accurate setting forth of original sources, according to the most approved methods of modern scientific research, so that every statement made in the paper shall be based upon evidence back of which no one can go.

8.—Papers shall be type-written. Use business letter size, that is, paper measuring 8x11½ inches, or thereabouts, and write on one side only. Let the pages be plainly numbered, and loosely fastened together at the top left-hand corner. Papers must be sent flat (not rolled or folded).

9.—Accompanying the paper, attached to the first page, shall be a sealed envelope, containing the real name and address of the writer, together with a fictitious name. The fictitious name only shall appear on the outside of the envelope and at the top of the first page of the manuscript. The envelope will not be opened until after the decision of the judges shall have been made. Care will be taken that no judge shall know the identity of any writer before rendering a decision upon all papers.

10.—All papers submitted shall become the property of the Bible Teachers Training School.

11.—The prize papers will be published first in the Bulletin of the Bible Teachers Training School and afterwards in book form.

12.—Contestants shall be subscribers to the Bulletin of the Bible Teachers Training School, in which information concerning the contest will appear from month to month. The price of the Bulletin is one dollar a year.

13.—Only those inquirers who enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes may be assured of reply.

14.—Notice of intention to write a paper should be sent without delay.

15.—Address all correspondence to the President of the Bible Teachers Training School, 83 East 55th Street, New York City.

The Catholic Social Exhibit.

In the magnificent and world-wide Exposition to be opened at St. Louis there should be no more appealing, no more striking exhibit than that of the Catholic charities and social work of this country.

The preparation of that exhibit has been entrusted to the Rev. Dr. Kirby and Dr. Neill, professors of the School of Social Sciences at the Catholic University, and from our knowledge of both men we know that as far as their part is concerned, the exhibit will be all that any Catholic could desire. But they need the co-operation, the help, of the Catholics throughout the country—the hierarchy, the priesthood, the laity—and we trust that the full measure of none of these will be wanting to them. The work, evidence of which they seek to gather, is there, emphatic, wide-spread, crowned with the true note of charity—self-sacrifice. All that is required are eager, willing hands to sum it up, to put it together, to exemplify it, and then our fellow-countrymen will be given a sense of the extent and the practical value of Catholic charity.

Picture the numbers of homes for the aged and the poor; the sick and the crippled; the incurable and the dying; the social outcast; the orphan and the widow; the homes for the needy toilers; the benevolent, fraternal, and literary societies; the educational institutions, primary, secondary, collegiate, and the very thought of all is sufficient to fire the soul. The workers themselves labor quietly. It is significant of Catholic charity that it is done in the Lord and receives not its reward from men; but we who know the work ought to be willing to show its glory, that men, seeing it, may glorify in turn the Christ who inspires it. The exceptional opportunity offers itself; we trust that it will be taken and turned to true and lasting advantage.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

A STUDENT of the discussion on the best standard for a public-school system has written to inquire for a volume dealing with the history of Catholic Parish Schools in the United States. We regret to state that no such book has as yet appeared. The only information accessible at present is contained in pamphlets published by Catholic school officials, especially in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. It is to be hoped that such a volume as is here indicated may soon appear, to meet the needs of students wishing to make an impartial study of the Catholic claims for recognition as deserving the consideration of all honest thinkers. With men of good-will there is a way to include the Parish Schools of any denomination under the public system of tax-supported education, even without the approval of Dr. Harris, the Commissioner of Educational Statistics for the United States.

In Germany the problem has been solved in a satisfactory way, as shown by the following statement prepared by a writer for the London *Times*:

Elementary education is compulsory throughout Germany from six years up to an indeterminate age, which is in practice usually fourteen. Individual school liability may cease before that age, at the discretion of the district or local inspector, if the child has reached the standard deemed sufficient. All children are required to have this schooling, and if they do not receive it elsewhere to the satisfaction of the state they must go to the public elementary schools. About 95 per cent. of the children of school age are taught in these schools. That is to say, the great mass of the people receive their elementary education there. It is free in some parts of Germany, but not in all. Of the two states with which we are chiefly concerned, Prussia has free elementary education; Saxony has not; there the parents pay a small fee—usually 5s. or 6s. a year—but if they are totally unable to pay it may be remitted. In both states, and, I believe, throughout Germany, they have to provide the books and other things required.

The functions of the *Volksschule*, or people's elementary school, is "the religious, moral, and patriotic training of the young by education and teaching, and their instruction in the general knowledge and requirements requisite for civil life." This definition gives the key to the whole educational scheme. Character and conduct are the primary objects, then love of country, then such general knowledge as will enable the child to take its part in the ordered life of the community, whether as man or woman; and, after that, the special knowledge. Religion, therefore, comes first, as the indispensable foundation of morality and conduct. The logical German mind holds that morality cannot be efficiently taught apart from religion, and, further, that religious teaching, to be effective, must be dogmatic. For this the law carefully provides. The schools are denominational and separate for Roman Catholics and Evangelicals, except where there are not enough children of one confession to form a separate school; in that case they are mixed—*paritätsche* or *simultanschulen*—but the children receive religious instruction from teachers of their own confession. In 1896 there were in Prussia 680 such

schools, principally in Posen and West Prussia; in a few towns all the schools are mixed. In many towns there are also separate Jewish schools, and occasionally one or two of some other sect. In all cases they are on a footing of equality before the state and the law, which ordains religious teaching, but leaves the choice free.

The instruction is divided into (1) Biblical history; (2) catechism; the latter, of course, is dogmatic. Each has so many hours a week given to it; as a rule, three to Biblical history and two to catechism. In evangelical schools both are taught by the teachers; in Catholic schools Biblical history is taught by the teachers and catechism by the clergy. I dwell on these details, partly because they are not known in England, and partly because of their significance in the educational scheme, which can, I think, hardly be overrated. Just as the Germans have known how to retain the classical element in the higher education while adding the highest developments of science and other modern studies, so have they known how to build up the most complete system of national education upon the old foundations of character and conduct. They have not flung away the old in acquiring the new, but have combined them. The retention of systematic religious teaching has a far-reaching influence on the national life, which is plainly visible in many directions, and not least in the industrial sphere. To it may be traced the sense of duty and responsibility, the respect for law, the steady effort, the self-restraint; the maintenance of a higher ideal than the materialism of social democracy, which have been noted in previous articles. And to these may be added the striking absence of corruption in public life, which is the indispensable condition for the healthy exercise of those municipal functions that are carried on upon so large a scale in German towns to the benefit of the community

The other subjects of instruction are the German language, arithmetic, with elements of geometry, drawing, history, geography, natural history, and singing; also gymnastics and drill for boys and domestic handwork for girls. Great attention is paid to the language. The children are taught to speak, read, and write correctly; and particular pains are devoted to secure clear enunciation and good pronunciation. Thoroughness is the great aim, quality not quantity of accomplishment. The standard of handwriting attained is remarkable. Altogether the scheme of instruction carefully avoids the ambitious and fanciful; it aims at the thorough mastery of elements rather than a smattertng of extras, and, as there is no competition for grants, the children need not be crammed.

The school year begins at Easter, and varies from forty to forty-six weeks. The holidays, which occur at Midsummer, Michaelmas, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, take up eight weeks in the country and nine in the larger towns. They are somewhat longer in southern than in northern Germany. The school week ranges from twenty hours in the lowest elasses to thirty-two in the highest. Attendance is remarkably regular and punctual. In the upper classes boys and girls are separated as far as possible; coeducation does not find favor in Germany. Corporal punishment is allowed, but teachers are directed to administer it as sparingly as possible. The law runs as follows:

"Only after repeated and unsuccessful application of one of the former punishments (reprimand, standing out, detention after schools, etc.), or on account of flagrant disobedience or gross misconduct, is a moderate corporal chastisement permitted, but always in a measured form and so as not to be injurious to health. The corporal punishment of girls is to be avoided to the utmost."

The school buildings are regulated by law with respect to height of rooms, cubic space, and other matters. Great attention is paid to ventilation, warming, and light, and in these respects the newer schools, in towns at least, are excellent. I have previously noted the value attached to good lighting in factories; it is the same in the schools. The Germans appear to me to have realized more than most people the very simple facts that a bad light spoils the eyesight by straining accommodation, and that a good one greatly increases efficiency by diminishing the expenditure of nerve energy on mere perception and consequently releasing it for other work. So far as one can make a general statement from a limited field of observation, I should say the school buildings are plain and unpretending, but adequate and well adapted to their purpose.

The most important factor, however, is the teaching staff, and this is, I think, the strongest point in the German system. The teachers are trained in seminaries, of which there were in Prussia 129—120 for men and 9 for women—in 1901. The course there lasts three years and is carried out in three classes, but the training really extends over six years, as the seminary is preceded by three years in preparatory institutes, which are maintained either by the state or by municipalities. In Saxony the whole six years are passed in state training colleges. Qualification for appointments is obtained by examination at the close. In addition to the systematic preparation for the career thus secured, the efficiency of the teachers is promoted by their recognized position. They have the duties and rights of civil servants, and as such enjoy various privileges, including partial exemption from liability to military service and from municipal taxes, as well as an assured and sufficient income and a pension. The official position has, further, a moral value in Germany which it lacks with us. It carries with it a dignity and respect which in an educated man generate self-respect and self-confidence, the opposite of self-assertion. The German elementary school teacher has no need of self-assertion, and consequently does not teach it—that bane of our elementary schools.

* * *

One thousand dollars were given in fourteen prizes by the publisher of *New Thought* for the best definition within ten words of New Thought. The following were the definitions winning the prizes—the first of $500, the second of $250, etc.:

Being and doing one's best by repeatedly affirming one's ability.

We are what we assert ourselves to be.

Claim that you are what you desire to be.

The cheerful, persistent assertion of the soul's prerogative to rule.

Continuous affirmation of whatever helps us achieve our highest possibilities.

Attaining the ideal in life through thought concentration and assertion.

Mental imagery, personally controllable, governs bodily health and individual circumstances.

Holding constantly before one's thoughts the omnipotence of man's mind.

Human development through recognition and assertion of human divinity.

The control of mental force by positive, concentrated, ideal suggestion.

Realization of ideals by becoming them through force of desire.

Benefiting or injuring others and ourselves reciprocally through thought force.

Fear nothing; love everything; believe you can do anything.

The recognition, realization, and manifestation of the God in me.

Commenting on these remarkable definitions a writer in *American Medicine* makes this statement:

It seems, therefore, that the more one claims, regardless whether he has it or not; the more egotism one cultivates; the more one ignores facts and lives in indifference to them; the more one ignores disease and treats himself, or hires absent treatment by means of vibrations, the more one realizes the God in me.

M. C. M.

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Very Reverend George Desbon,

Superior General of the Paulists.

Born January 30, 1823; Died December 30, 1903.

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THE VERY REVEREND GEORGE DESHON, C.S.P.

BY VERY REVEREND GEORGE M. SEARLE, C.S.P.

ATHER DESHON was the last survivor of the original founders of our community, and his life of nearly fifty years in it has been a very prominent factor in its history. It is with this that this sketch will be mainly concerned. His previous life at the Military Academy at West Point, and his intimate relations with many distinguished soldiers, especially with his classmate and roommate, General Grant, are probably well known to all who will see this; and also the promptness and earnestness with which he determined, when once convinced of the truth of the claims of the Catholic Church, to devote himself to the service of God in it as perfectly as possible by becoming a priest and a religious, so as to do his utmost to win or bring back others to the same service.

My own acquaintance with him began at Christmas, 1864, when I was invited to spend a few days at the Paulist house. Fathers Tillotson and Young had then been added to the original band. All were converts to the faith; converts, moreover, who had, simply by the grace of God and their own earnest correspondence with it, worked their own way into the Church, with little or no human aid. They were a very remarkable body of men; each, it may be said, remarkable in his own way; and the roads by which they had come into the Church had been by no means the same. But in one respect they were all alike; that is, in a true vocation to the religious life, as distinguished from the secular, and a thorough understand-

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

ing of all that is meant by it. The departure of the founders from the congregation to which they had previously belonged had not been understood by them as any relaxation of the principles on which it was established. Though in their new community they took no vows, they were determined to live as perfectly according to the vows as if they had them; and those who had joined them had no other idea. It was the first opportunity I had had of observing anything of the kind, and of course it made a strong impression on me. And though their exterior work was less noticeable to one seeing them in this way, as it were, from the inside, it was evident that there was plenty of it. On my departure, Father Hewit accompanied me, bound for a distant mission, in bitter wintry weather.

But it was not till over three years later, in the spring of 1868, when I came to the novitiate, that I began to know Father Deshon individually. At that time there were some twelve novices, preparing for the community and the priesthood; and Father Deshon was the novice-master.

With him, and in his direction of us, the religious or community life was accentuated. We were, of course, preparing for the priesthood and the mission or parish work. Perhaps these great works, especially that of the mission, may have been very prominent in the minds of most of the students; it was the thing most likely to attract attention from outside, and Father Deshon probably knew this. At any rate, he seemed to take for granted (and no doubt had reason for doing so) that the students were animated by zeal for priestly work, and specially for the work of the missions, which had attracted so much attention; so that it did not appear necessary to stimulate this zeal. Some of the students, of course, did not persevere; but those who did were, like most students, anxious to begin their work as soon as possible, and were fully aware of its merit; and even to some extent, at any rate, prepared for its difficulties. So he preferred to constantly call their attention to the one thing needful; the one thing without which no ability or zeal will accomplish great or permanent results in the work of a community, and with which, well grounded in a community and in its individual members, even the most ordinary talents will yield abundant fruit. That is to say, it was to the interior life of love of God and union with him that he constantly directed our thoughts and efforts; detachment from the world, poverty, obedience, and mutual charity were favorite

subjects with him for conferences. Indeed his words to us were very much the same as might have been addressed to Carthusians or the hermits or cœnobites of the desert, who were certainly his favorite saints. One would not have gathered from them that we were on the verge of an intensely active life, the greater part of which was necessarily to be occupied with people and things external to the community. Perhaps he may have gone too far in this direction; but if it was a mistake, it was a mistake, so to speak (to use a frequent expression of his), on the right side. The actual and unavoidable practice of the exterior life will show to the well-disposed the virtues necessary for it; but the interior life and that of the community as such may easily be forgotten, or at any rate undervalued, in the rush and pressure of external affairs.

The regular community exercises of meditation and prayer, made by us at fixed times in the oratory, were always matters of special solicitude with him, and to the end of his life he was as careful to attend them as if he were still on probation as a novice.

And yet he was emphatically a man of affairs. He had an excellent understanding of business matters, and a good practical judgment in managing them. When the interests of the community were concerned, he never found it hard to come down from the abstract to the concrete. He had an excellent head for mathematics, as is sufficiently shown by his high standing at West Point; and he refreshed his memory of it, and applied all the scientific knowledge of any kind at his command, whenever it would be of service for anything connected with the church or house. But he never would indulge in the study of physical science for its own sake, though he must have had a natural taste for it.

He took a special interest in the matter of building; and a great deal had to be done in his time. Our great church in New York was, it may be said, really his work. He superintended every detail of its construction, and would spend days upon the walls while they were going up, to make sure that everything was done carefully and thoroughly. And his knowledge of engineering, acquired at West Point, was of great service, particularly in the construction of the roof. During these last years, he was much interested in its decoration; but in this matter, feeling sure that the work was in competent hands, he had less confidence in his own judgment.

There is no doubt that, as a general rule, he had this confidence, which is a good thing for a soldier. As he had a clear head, and had studied faithfully at the Academy, he would in all probability have made his mark in the military profession, and attained distinction during the Civil War, if he had remained in the army; and it is believed that such was the opinion of those educated with him at West Point. The ability to decide, and to adhere to a decision once made, is perhaps more necessary to a military commander than a judicial mind, which insists on weighing every argument pro and con., and may remain for a long time undecided among a multitude of reasons. Of course this does not apply to merely stupid obstinacy, which cannot or will not distinguish between a good plan and a bad one; but it is better to have a good plan and carry it out, than to have several which are better, and be unable to decide on any, or put off the decision till it is too late.

Father Deshon was usually pretty sure that he was right; and when he asked for advice, it was often rather with the hope of obtaining a confirmation of his own judgment than with a readiness to abandon it. He did not readily change his mind in deference to the opinion of others, unless it was evident that they had just claims to be better informed on the matter in hand. But he had no difficulty in giving interior assent to the dictates of any such real authority. Above all, he had a most sincere and thorough interior submission to the teaching authority of the Church and of the Vicar of Christ, its Head; indeed he never would or could have become a Catholic otherwise. It was not sentiment which brought him into the Church, or an attraction to any special doctrine or devotion, but a hard-headed logical conviction of her right to speak and to rule in Christ's Name. That is to say, he was a true and real convert; those who have not this conviction deeply ingrained can hardly be considered so.

He was also ready to yield exterior obedience to any lawful authority to which only that was due. It is true that in the community he did not have much need to show this, for even when he was not in the position of Superior, his judgment in the practical matters with which obedience is generally concerned, was usually deferred to by those over him; but whenever this was not the case, he did not hesitate to obey. He was too good a soldier for that. A few days before his

death, he had an attack somewhat similar to that which proved fatal. He recovered promptly from it under the physician's treatment, but was ordered to remain in bed, though he felt nearly as well as before. As I found him there, and inquired how he was, he said: "I have to obey orders; I learned that at West Point." He did not believe there was much need to keep his bed; but if the doctor would not let him up, he felt he had to stay there.

He felt the pressure of the community rule in the same way, regarding the bell for the regular exercises as if it were the order of a Superior. It was not merely with him that the rule was the means of perfection; it was to him as the tap of the drum had been, and he could not see how any one could fail to have that idea of it.

The influence of his military education was indeed unmistakable through his whole subsequent life. Until the few last years when the infirmities of old age made themselves felt, it was easily perceptible even in his walk; more so indeed than in regular officers or soldiers generally. His quick, decided step, and erect carriage caught the eye at once. Probably it was also principally responsible for a certain brusqueness and seeming severity of manner which made him at times less easily approachable than others. But he did not mean to be unkind, and was not in fact, when this somewhat rough exterior was penetrated. He endeavored to be charitable to all, and had in his heart a sincere and special affection for every one in the community.

As might be expected from his New-England ancestry, he was naturally reserved and undemonstrative. He was not so much inclined to sensible devotion as to a solid devotion to the will of God. His favorite theme in preaching was the love of God; by which he meant not any feeling or emotion, but a steady determination to do His will, and to suffer all that it might require. This was his own plan of life, and the one which he always recommended to others.

Such an example of steady, persevering, and reasonable service, having its strength not from impulse, but from unswerving principle, is perhaps of special value in these easy-going days. May God, whom he so constantly endeavored to serve, give him abundantly the consolation which he was willing to forego here!

HERBERT SPENCER.

BY REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.—THEN AND NOW.

THIRTY years ago the people who dubbed themselves the party of Advanced Thought—some of whom did think, most of whom had their advanced thinking done for them—if asked for a profession of their philosophical and religious faith might have expressed their creed with Mohammedan simplicity in the formula, *Great is Evolution, and Herbert Spencer is its prophet.* The *Synthetic Philosophy* was the final, comprehensive, complete answer to the riddles which had perplexed man since the days of Job and the Rig Veda, and a great many years before. It had reduced all genuine knowledge to beautiful unity; it had happily co-ordinated the realm of speculation and that of practical life. The endless quarrel between religion and science was closed at last, never to be revived; for the Supreme Pontiff of knowledge had divided the universe of being impartially between them; science receiving as her proper domain everything about which anything could be known; religion, everything about which nothing could ever be known. Not only had Spencer measured and defined the course the Universe had traversed since it had emerged from Nothing and Nowhere, but he indicated, with tolerable accuracy, the direction in which it is proceeding and the goal it is to reach. Furthermore, the prophecy announced a good time coming, though we might have to wait for it a little longer, when we should all "sit at endless feast, enjoying each the other's good."

Then, the literature of the day resounded with the Homeric laughter of the leaders and the camp-followers over the defeated foe. The field was strewn with the debris of demolished systems and antiquated ideas. Creation, a personal God, the argument from design, the moral Lawgiver, the soul, were finally and completely disposed of. The trumpery paraphernalia by which the old charlatan, Christian Theology, had so long

deluded the Western mind, stood exposed in the serene but pitiless light of modern science.

In Protestant orthodoxy something like panic prevailed. Science was not to be gainsaid; but it was evident that under the guise of science infidel speculation was entering the vineyard. Where was the work of destruction to end? The Catholic professional apologist and theologian, roundly speaking, met the crisis with heroic measures. Since, in the confusion that prevailed, it was difficult to distinguish between true science and false speculation, only one thing was to be done,—shut the gates against both and wait for better days. This measure effectually hindered erroneous theories from obtaining a foothold within the citadel, but it was not without its drawbacks.

Herbert Spencer outlived his triumph. The innumerable appreciations of his work, which have appeared since his death, while recognizing the wide permanent influence he has exerted, and his claims to the rank of philosopher, acknowledge, either expressly or by significant silence, that his system of philosophy, as a whole, has been, already, relegated to the "gospels of yesterday." The thought of to-day perceives that there are some important things in heaven and earth which are not dreamt of, much less accounted for, in the "Synthetic Philosophy." Evolution, even if accepted without reservation, is seen to be but a process, that no more accounts for the primal origin of things than a railroad time-table constructs the locomotive. Not alone does it leave untouched the proof which the universe proclaims of an intelligent Creator, but it sets forth order and design in the world with far more impressive grandeur than they received in the argument of Paley and the Bridgewater Treatises.

II.—THE UNKNOWABLE.

What has brought about this revaluation of Spencer's work? The chief cause was the defects in the system itself. These are of three kinds: in the first place, some of its most fundamental principles are not only false but are in glaring contradiction with one another; secondly, in the development of his theories, Spencer's logic exhibits fatal flaws,—gratuitous assumptions, unwarranted inferences, an inveterate trick of turning a *may-have-been* of one chapter into a *must-have-been* in the next, and

an *a priori* method of treating facts, ignoring all the inconvenient ones, and considering only those which squared with or could be twisted to fit into his preconceived theories. Thirdly, and especially, his philosophy as a practical scheme for the guidance of life, is the negation of all moral values. Instead of justifying the dignity of life, the importance of conduct, the immeasurable gulf between virtue and vice, its logical conclusion is that good and bad are equally the manifestation of the irresistible energy which determines the conduct of every individual as inexorably as it does the movements of the stars; that the saint and the profligate are equally the result of forces over which they have no control. Assailed on all sides, by metaphysicians and biologists, by independent free thinkers, and by theologians of every school, by moralists and physicists, by Martineau and Ward, by Mivart and Westermarck, by evolutionists and anti-evolutionists, the structural weaknesses, as well as the innumerable defects of detail, which exist in the system stand palpably exposed to its discredit.

The initial and most fundamental error of Spencer is his doctrine of knowledge, in which he professed to find the reconciliation of science with religion. Prefixed to his treatment of Evolution is his inquiry into the nature and scope of knowledge. He called it a metaphyso-theological doctrine. It may be called metaphysical, but why it should be called theological, since it undertakes to prove that there can be no such thing as theology, is one of the innumerable questions to which a devout Spencerian cannot easily give a satisfactory answer.

When we know any object, Spencer begins, we know it only through its limitations; that is, by the way it differs from other things; by what it is not, rather than by what it is. If anything existed without such differences—that is, without relations and limitations—we could not know it at all. If there is anything that has no limitations, therefore, it cannot be known to the human mind. Hence, Spencer proceeds to show, the Infinite is necessarily unknowable, because unlimited, the Absolute is unknowable because unrelated. To attempt to form an idea, therefore, of the Infinite and Absolute—these are the terms which Spencer substitutes for *God*—is to attempt the impossible. We are for ever debarred from forming even a notion, much less acquiring any knowledge concerning such an object. The Infinite, therefore, is to be relegated to the do-

main of the Unknowable, into which our reason can never penetrate. In this same region of the Unknowable every ultimate idea of science is found to escape from us; an analysis of our ideas of space, time, motion, carry us into hopeless contradiction.

The only legitimate field of knowledge, then, is the world of things which we come in contact with through our senses—that is, by experience. Of things which lie beyond experience we can know nothing, and any fancied knowledge of them is the merest self-delusion. While science thus takes possession of the whole field of knowledge, the Unknowable Spencer assigns as the proper object of religion. Our attitude towards this object is one of silent, unthinking reverence; this attitude is the true essence of religion; the "soul of truth in things erroneous," which is found in all religions, but in all hopelessly perverted by elements added to it through attempts to give it some intelligent expression.

But Spencer has no sooner declared that the Infinite is absolutely unknowable than he assures us that we cannot avoid assuming that we do know it, as First Cause of everything; and that, furthermore, this consciousness of the First Cause is the indispensable basis of all knowledge. After teaching that this Infinite, Absolute, First Cause is utterly unthinkable, and that the human mind is, by its very nature, incapable of knowing anything about it, Spencer proceeds to declare that he knows it is a Power, that it is the Power from which all things proceed, and that it is the Power which produced in him certain beliefs (those embodied in his Philosophy), and thereby authorized him to profess and act out these beliefs, and, besides, imposed on him the obligation of not carelessly allowing to die the thoughts born in him.

The enemy found but little difficulty in demonstrating the astonishing self-inconsistency of this self-destructive doctrine, which Spencer borrowed from Hamilton and Mansel, and twisted into obvious absurdity by adapting it to a purpose opposite to that for which they had devised it. "What shall we say of that which transcends all knowledge?" is the question Spencer puts. "Say?" "Why, nothing, of course. What is there to say except 'I do not know,'" replied Dr. Barry, and in that reply he summed up the gist of the countless expositions of Spencer's blunder. The late Professor Fiske, who helped so

efficaciously to popularize Spencer's Philosophy in America, endeavored to palliate the contradiction by an explanation that would make the term *unknowable* equivalent to *incomprehensible*, and therefore quite legitimate. Notwithstanding some fine writing, and much indignant denunciation of "theologians of every school, and penny-a-liners of no school," he failed to persuade. Spencer had expressed his meaning too clearly and too persistently to permit his doctrine to be assimilated to that of St. Thomas. An article in THE CATHOLIC WORLD of February, 1872, from the pen of Dr. Brownson, anticipated many of the most damaging of the exhaustive criticisms that, in the course of a decade, pulverized Spencer's theory of the Unknowable.

The promised reconciliation of religion and science was but an attempted destruction of the basis of all religions, which was degraded to a blind sentiment with no reasonable object. The partition of Spencer awarded all knowledge to science, while religion was banished to a barren rock surrounded by a boundless, unfathomable ocean of ignorance. Somebody, rather flippantly but appositely, characterized the reconciliation as another version of the story of a

> "Young lady of Riga,
> Who went for a ride on a tiger:
> They returned from the ride—
> With the lady inside,
> And a smile on the face of the tiger."

It is interesting to remember, as an instance of the value to be attached to the judgments of leaders of thought, that, when the prestige of Spencer was at its highest, the late Henry Ward Beecher welcomed him to America as one of religion's noblest defenders.

III.—RELIGION AND MORALITY IN THE SYNTHETIC PHILOSOPHY.

The Spencerian dictum, "I discern in matter the promise and potency of all forms of life," is the thesis of which his entire philosophy of evolution is but one argument long drawn out. The original nebular matter arranged and rearranged itself in successive combinations of constantly increasing com-

plexity, till it has become, successively, mineral, vegetable, animal, and finally rational consciousness. Between these grades of being there is no gulf of essential difference, as there was no diversity of origin. The activity we call thought is but a more intricate function of the energy which makes the chemical particles of oxygen and hydrogen combine to form water. Evolution, to quote the famous definition, is "an integration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This view is laboriously wrought out by a magnificent, long-sustained effort of synthetic thought, marred very frequently by a daring contempt for logic, and an arbitrary treatment of facts, through the realms of positive science, geology, physics, biology, psychology, into sociology and ethics. The appearance of every being in the Universe, from mollusk to man, of every form of activity, from the oyster's absorption of its food to the charitable impulse of the philanthropist, the consciousness of moral obligation and the foundation of rights, are exhibited as but the various combinations of matter and material motion.

The simplicity of this conception, the apparent grandeur of the synthesis, its response to the intellectual craving for unity of knowledge, its appropriation of the established data of geology and astronomy, its harmony with the newly announced Darwinian theory concerning the origin of animal species, commended it with irresistible claims to "advanced thought." Spencer was promoted by acclamation to the primacy among philosophers. But the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

The thinking world was sick of both the blank atheism and the gross materialism of the eighteenth century. When all was said and done, Spencer's system came forth from the ordeal of criticism stripped of its specious disguises, as practical atheism and unadulterated materialism. Between the man who says "there is no God" and the one who declares "there is no God that can be thought of," the difference is not worth observing. The theory which holds that consciousness and thought are but varieties of material motion cannot be absolved of materialism merely by attaching it to the metaphysical doctrine that the essence of matter is unknowable. The course of sci-

entific investigation soon brought even such a pronounced evolutionist as Tyndall to admit that consciousness cannot be identified with material energy. And this admission broke an important link in Spencer's chain.

Another point where all Spencer's weakness of method—arbitrary assumptions, one-sided consideration of facts, and *a priori* arrangement—was exposed, was his account of the origin of religions. There, to the negation of religion which he contended for in his metaphysics, he added the injury of explaining all religions as a growth from the savage's belief in dreams and his fear of ancestral ghosts. The comparative study of religions, which was beginning to advance rapidly, demonstrated that, even from the purely Positivistic point of view, Spencer's theory was a piece of solemn nonsense; and evolutionists themselves soon had come to recognize that religion has its roots in human reason and has played a predominant part in the promotion of human progress. A theory which reduces it to a delusion and allows it no object of reasonable significance could not live in the atmosphere which characterized the closing decades of the century, with its pronounced trend towards a return to Kant and Hegelian idealism.

It was in the domain of ethics that sober second thought pronounced Spencer's collapse to be complete and definitive. He had undertaken to provide not alone a speculative theory of the Universe, but also a practical philosophy for the regulation of life and morals. He even declared that the chief end and crown of his system should be to establish a new and more excellent basis for morality. He told the world that, from the writing of his first essay, in 1842, his "ultimate purpose lying behind all proximate purposes had been that of providing for the principles of right and wrong, and conduct at large, a scientific basis." So capital did he consider this part of his work that, in 1879, when failing health threatened that if he should leave his task to the last it might never be achieved, he published his *Data of Ethics* out of due season, before the second and third volumes of his *Principles of Psychology*. When these latter volumes did come out they excited but little interest compared with that which their predecessors had provoked. Spencer had appealed to morality, and morality had, already, given judgment against him.

Committed as he was to the elimination of all Divine sanction, direct or indirect, from the problem, he approached it under an insuperable difficulty. This difficulty was only the beginning. His fundamental principle that all activity, our moral consciousness as much as everything else, is but a kind of transformed material motion, carried him to a denial of free-will, and, therefore, of moral responsibility. As a logical corollary to his postulate, that the development of life is the end of evolution, he set up pleasure and pain as the criterion to distinguish right from wrong in conduct; what increases the total of pleasure is right, what increases the total of pain is wrong. The necessity of finding the origin of morality in biological function resulted in his reducing our sense of moral obligation to a combination of the inherited dread which the savage had for those who punished him and our delusion that such effects must still follow certain kinds of conduct. This delusion of moral obligation, Spencer continued, is something destined to disappear with the progress of the race.

A false speculative philosophy may long maintain its ground; for it has only dialectic criticism to dread, and cannot be tried by the standard of practical life. But an ethical system must submit to the more easy and conclusive test of comparison with life; what would be its consequences, if adopted as a practical regulative system for the individual and society? It was easy to see that the adoption of this theory would be the speedy abolition of all established morality, and the reduction of society to anarchy. Just as Fiske endeavored to save the doctrine of the Unknowable by injecting into that negation of thought some intelligent content, so, too, first, at a banquet in New York, in 1882, and afterwards, more elaborately, in his *Cosmic Philosophy*, he tried to impart some stability and plausibility to the Spencerian ethics by an interpretation of it connecting the moral law with the Inscrutable Power on which the Universe depends. But those who knew their Spencer shrugged their shoulders and smiled—for that was just what Spencer took care to state he did not do.

IV.—The Idea of Development.

Every one who has, even temporarily, exercised a commanding influence over contemporary thought, has derived his power from the fact that he formulated some dominant idea, or em-

bodied some characteristic tendency, of his age. It was so with Spencer. The idea of development, or, if you will, evolution, was in the air from the opening of the nineteenth century, penetrating everywhere its mental atmosphere. At the end of the previous century La Place had introduced, in astronomy, the nebular hypothesis. Cuvier's *Essay on the Theory of the Earth* put forward the view of geological evolution, which Lyell advanced to what is now considered a practical demonstration. The conjectures of Goethe concerning organic development received more systematic statement from Lamark, Grove, and others in biology. In philosophical thought the Hegelian conception of a world-spirit was a manifestation of the same tendency. Newman, in his *Essay on Development*, introduced it into Christian theology. The craving of the century was after some new unification of knowledge. It was Spencer's fortune to undertake that unification. It was his misfortune, or his fault, to grievously miscalculate the number and the relative importance of the potential parts that were to be grasped and co-ordinated into the mighty whole. He fell into irremediable error at the outset, in his doctrine of the Unknowable, by rejecting the indispensable element of union. Then he exaggerated the importance of the physical sciences, and misstated the essential problems of the moral life. The result was an unstable, disproportioned, radically defective structure that was a mere caricature of the ideal, and broke down under the test of criticism. Yet, faulty as it is, the *Synthetic Philosophy* remains a monumental expression of the idea which, more than anything else, differentiates our age from all those that have preceded it. The idea of development is the prime characteristic of the mental activity of the last century.

In his recently published work, *Problems and Persons*,* Mr. Wilfrid Ward has a very thoughtful and suggestive article ("The Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century") on this subject. The old synthesis of thought that existed in the Middle Ages—and there has been none since—enthroned theology as the Queen of the Sciences, in a pre-eminence not of dignity merely but of absolute authority. The first principles of theology are supplied by Divine Revelation and, therefore, beyond dispute. Supplemented by natural knowledge—chiefly

* *Problems and Persons.* By Wilfrid Ward. New] York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

ancient popular views of the universe and its contents, the metaphysical and scientific opinions of Aristotle, theories enshrined in the writings of the Fathers—sometimes like the fly in amber—these revealed premises yielded to the busy intellect of the Scholastics a body of conclusions which were accepted as regulative criteria of everything put forth as scientific discovery. At that time, writes Mr. Ward, "overwhelming considerations from faith and sight swept out of view the lesser evidences and smaller facts apparently inconsistent with the general trend of events. Historical and physical sciences were tried at the bar of theology." The old method, he observes, combined the most critical logic with the utmost credulity as to facts. It was interminable in its questions, docile in accepting an answer, provided the answer was coherent. But, to-day, science has broken away from theology, a rebellion which was powerfully promoted by the condemnation of the Copernican system. Now, continues Mr. Ward, "scientific knowledge is no longer sought by the many amid the rays of light which surrounded the chair of the mediæval doctor of the church of whom the Liturgy proudly sings: 'In medio ecclesiæ aperuit os ejus et implevit eum Dominus spiritu sapientiæ.' Science now rules in her own Ecclesia. And she has expelled certain visions very dear to our ancestors and closely entwined round their religion"!

Though the "new framework" of knowledge, to employ a phrase which Mr. Ward borrows from Mr. Balfour, has received, at the hands of Mr. Spencer, a form which is condemned by Christian faith, there is reason to hope that when it is properly set forth, it will not only not be inconsistent with, but will require for its perfect form the truths of Revelation. Some of its essential features have already begun to receive the recognition from our apologists and theologians. While maintaining the supremacy of Revelation and dogma, they are willing to concede that conclusions deduced from these principles, through the medium of questionable minor premises derived from fallible human opinion, by fallible human reasoning, may not, after all, claim the same unquestioning acceptance as is due to infallible doctrine. There is much prominence given now to the long overlooked maxim of St. Thomas: "Since the Divine Scriptures may be expounded in many ways it is not right to attach one's self so strictly to any one opinion as still to main-

tain it after sure reason has proved the statement supposed to be contained in Scripture false; lest on this account Scripture be derided by unbelievers." The exegete now entertains the view that the Bible is not a scientific teacher, and that its quasi-scientific statements may be considered as a condescension to ways of thinking that have long since passed away. There is, if we are to believe Mr. Ward, a movement in thought among Catholics in France, Germany, England, and America, "which has been for some years urging, as of vital importance, that the positive sciences should take their full share in the further development of theology, in so far as theology touches incidentally those facts of which secular science takes cognizance." This movement may attain momentum sufficient to carry it into other countries.

The idea of development and organic growth which has proved so dynamic in the modern study of history, biology, and sociology, since its introduction into theology by Cardinal Newman and his disciples has received much attention. In the dominion of theology, however, it is to be applied with prudent reserve, as recent events declare, as it must respect the line of demarcation which divides the human, changeable, and relative from the immutable and Divine.

CATHOLIC ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

". . . I cannot but consider a great error, both historically and ecclesiastically, the assumption that the Middle Ages are the model time of Christianity."—*Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England*, by the Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, Priest of the Oratory, p. i. prefixed to "The Scale of Perfection," by Walter Hilton,

ENGLAND five centuries ago was a more picturesque country than it is to-day. Its rivers then flowed brimful of water uncontaminated by the refuse of factory or coal mine; there were miles and miles of woodland where oak-trees grew, which when they were little trees had seen the Roman legions go by, and here and there the sunbeams streaming down through their branches lit up some old-time Roman road which now was called the king's highway; and 'tis as well for the traveller not to be found in these lonesome regions after dark, for then the wolves come out of their dens and so do the robbers.

In the part of England called Shropshire, and in the heart of one of these solitudes, there dwelt Anno Domini 1400 a hermit named Ethelwald. He was pretty old, past ninety, yet except for his bald head and snow-white beard you might have taken him to be much younger. Here let us say that Ethelwald, like other hermits, was a privileged character and might dwell in the forest unmolested. The cave in which he made his home, and where he said his Psalter daily, was occasionally visited by villeins and other folk from the manors of Shropshire, who brought him cheese and milk and fruits, and sometimes a new hood when the old one was giving out, while the skins for his bed were gifts from the free and daring outlaws—the Robin Hoods, who owned no lord except Jehovah. And in return for these good things the hermit would mend the shoes for the poor folk who came to his cave, for he was not a bad cobbler, and he might say with truth, "from the time when I first came into this desert place I have never spent a day without doing something with my hands." * Yet it must be said that all who pretended to lead a hermit's life in those days

* *Mores Catholici*, by Kenelm Digby, Book X., chap. xx. p. 502.

PEASANTS LABORING TO DRIVE A LOAD UP-HILL.

were not true hermits. There were impostors among them, who left their retreats to go begging by the alehouse. But Ethelwald had obtained the sanction of his bishop to lead the life he led, and he observed the rules of poverty, chastity, and obedience.*

One morning towards the end of October there came to his rocky abode a youth, who evidently, from his sheepskin garb and mien, did not belong to the knightly class. No Norman words were in his speech and his breath was short, for he had run several miles. His name was Wat Tyler, a grandson of the arch-rebel who had been struck from his horse and killed by Walworth, mayor of London, in the great uprising of the serfs in 1381.

"Pray, what has befallen you?" inquired Ethelwald, putting down the shoe he was mending. "You do wear a troubled look."

"To confess the truth, good father," answered Tyler, who knew the hermit, "I was sent by my master, Baron de Courtenay, to help build a bridge over Wolf's Run, for the old bridge has been carried away by a freshet, and hard by me lay a monk's saddle-bags; the monk's mule was browsing half

*J. J. Jusserand: *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, pp. 139-140. Translated from the French by Lucy T. Smith.

a mile away and the holy man was superintending our work. And of a sudden, while his eyes were turned in the other direction, it did come over me to make for the forest with his saddle-bags."

"Witless wight, the deed may cost you your life," said Ethelwald. "You will be hunted like a wolf, and you know that to steal anything worth more than twelve pence is punished by hanging; and surely what you have stolen is worth more than twelve pence."*

"I do not gainsay what you tell me," answered Tyler. 'But now, to speak out all that 's in my heart, let me own that I have plighted my troth to a maiden named Mary Gower, the daughter of a miller, who lives at Oakham, a village not far from Baron de Courtenay's manor; and there may be treasure of some kind in these saddle-bags, enough to set me up in some work that is better than digging and ploughing for Baron de Courtenay; aye, why might I not by a cunning disguise turn to be an herb doctor? And I might then wed and give my Mary a snug home."

"You turn into an herb doctor!" exclaimed the hermit, laughing outright; he had not laughed so heartily in a twelve-month. Then his countenance suddenly becoming grave, and lifting his forefinger: "Let me tell you, youthful sinner, that building a bridge as well as repairing a road is considered a pious and meritorious work before God; and two centuries ago a religious order was founded on the Continent (it does not exist here) called 'Les frères pontifes' (or Bridge Friars), whose duty it is to make and repair bridges, and the members of this order have built, I am told, a fine bridge across the river Rhône by the town of Avignon.† And did not our bishop a few weeks ago grant forty days indulgence to all who would draw from the treasure that God has given them, valuable and charitable aid toward the building of this very bridge where you were put to work?"‡

"Verily, I do now half regret stealing the saddle-bags," spoke Tyler in a penitent voice. "And if I am chased where had I best flee to?"

"Make for St. Alban's Church," answered the hermit. "'Tis only nine or ten miles away; for a church, you know,

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 255. † *Ibid.*, pp. 38-39.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

is a sacred place and whosoever crosses its threshold is under God's protection. All you must do is to bang on the church door and in a moment it will fly open; then the bell will be rung, and having confessed to the priest your theft of the saddle-bags, you will be safe; even the king dare not drag you out of that sanctuary." *

"'Tis what I'll do, and many thanks for your wise counsel," said Tyler. "But hark! I hear footsteps. Who is coming?"

In another moment a short, round-shouldered individual, with a pack on his back, made his appearance.

"Ah! 'tis my friend the pedlar," said Ethelwald. "And his coming is always welcome, for he brings news of what is going on in other parts of the realm." Then, speaking to himself, "Aye, pedlars and minstrels who journey hither and thither along the highways are useful persons, for they do serve as connecting links between the north and the south, the east and the west; and only for these tramps the poor folk, who are bound to the soil, would live in ignorance of what is going on beyond their narrow horizon." † Then, addressing the pedlar, "Where do you come from now, Richard?"

"From Colchester, in Essex," replied the other, unfastening his pack. "I turned aside from the highway to make you a visit. But I'm bound for the goose market at Amersham; it begins next week. I may first, however, go to see the Mystery Play at Thornly Abbey, near to Evesham; it will last only one day."

"A goose market at Amersham," murmured Wat Tyler. "Like enough my Mary will be there with geese to sell."

"Well, I have mended the shoes you left here three months ago," continued the hermit. "And here they be. But now tell how fares the world in far off Essex?"

"Well, I did hear that the 'Poor Priests' of Wycliffe—or Lollards, as they do be commonly called—by their anti-eccle-

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, pp. 152-153.

NOTE.—We may reasonably believe that the right of sanctuary often led to abuses. A murderer, if he were able to reach a church, was perfectly safe. There he might make terms with the king's officers. Then, putting on a penitent's garb and with a cross in his hand, he was let loose on the highway, under oath to go to the nearest port and sail to other lands. But "the enraged populace used sometimes to lynch these men as soon as they left the church and appeared on the high road, with the cross and garb of the penitent."—George Macaulay Trevelyan, *England in the Age of Wycliffe*, pp. 92-93.

† *Ibid.*, Introduction, pp. 30-31.

siastical talk are gaining not a few followers among the laity,"* answered the pedlar.

"Bad news," said the hermit, shaking his head.

"And the nobles in Essex and the other counties I passed through are having grander festivities and tournaments than ever before. They do seem to have no end of money, while

PLOUGHING IN THE OLDEN TIME.

the poor do be in great want; and only for the monks in the monasteries, who do care for the hungry ones that flock to their gates and strive to appease their discontent, there might mayhap be another uprising like the one I've heard you tell of, when the whole kingdom was convulsed and the rebels took London."

"Alas! alas!" sighed the hermit, "our licentious court is making its vices felt far and wide among the nobles and gentry; and unless this terrible worldliness, which is sapping the first principles of Christian life among them, is checked, there may come ere long—especially with a willing king to lead the way—a great apostasy from the church."†

"Well, I did hear a heart-moving sermon the Sunday afore I left Colchester," went on the pedlar, "and at the end of it the preacher did say: 'All, poor and rich, high and low, noble and simple, have sprung from a common stock and are children of a common father, Adam. God did not create a golden Adam from whom the nobles are descended, nor a silver Adam from whom have come the rich, and another, a clay Adam, from whom are the poor; but all—nobles, rich, and poor—have one common father, made out of the dust of the earth."‡ Having spoken these words from the sermon, he

* F. A. Gasquet, O.S.B., *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries.* Vol. i. p. 50.

† Rev. J. B. Dalgairns, *Essay on the Spiritual Life of Mediæval England.*

‡ Words from a sermon preached in 1400, Dom Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*, p. 354.

drew on the old shoes which Ethelwald had mended, then asked if he might not stretch himself on the hermit's deer-skin couch and get a few winks of sleep. "For in the stable of the inn where I tarried last night," said the pedlar, "I could not rest over-soundly, for the donkeys and mules, which took up the best part of it, did kick and bray till past midnight."

"Humph! I ween from all I hear that you did not lose much by not having a bed in the house," put in Tyler.

"Aye," returned the pedlar, "the fleas that do dwell in the mangers are not to me so worrying as the fleas in the beds, and moreover I did save money by lying among the cattle. It is true King Edward III. did promulgate a statute to constrain hostlers to put an end to the 'great and outrageous cost of victuals kept in all the realm by innkeepers . . . to the great detriment of the people travelling across the realm.' But, alas! little good has come to pedlars and packmen and small land-owners from King Edward the Third's statute. The very poor and the very rich may get lodging at the monasteries; but the like of me must hobnob with the innkeeper's fleas." *

With this he stretched himself out on the deer skins; and now while he snored for a quarter of an hour, Wat Tyler could not resist the temptation to open the monk's saddle-bags and see what they might contain. But in place of money, the first thing which rolled out was a little book (in manuscript, for printing was not invented till 1440), which he handed to the hermit. "For I ken no letter," he said; "but you can read and tell me what it is."

"Oh, 'tis a copy of *Dives et Pauper*" † said Ethelwald, "a well-known manual for religious instruction, which every priest doth make use of. It urges the poor folk to attend to the Mass and God's word spoken from the pulpit; and mark you well, it does tell folk that the crucifix itself is not to be worshipped. These are the very words of *Dives et Pauper*: 'Thou shalt kneel, if thou wilt, before the image, but not to the image.' The book says, too: 'Since God's word is life and salvation of man's soul, all those that hinder them that have authority of God and by orders taken to preach and teach, from preaching and teaching God's word and God's law, are man-slayers ghostly.'"

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 126.

† Dom Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*, pp. 283-284.

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"Aye, aye," said Tyler, "what that book says I have heard the priest in our hamlet tell us more than once. And at 'the creeping to the cross' on last Good Friday he did say and repeat that the cross we do creep to we do not worship; for the carved image made by the carpenter is not Christ: we are to kiss and reverence the image for that which it represents."

"And could you read," pursued the hermit, "you would find that this little manual impresses on you the wickedness of theft—a sin which you have this day committed."

"I do indeed repent of what I have done to-day," answered Tyler, "and my dreams will be bad dreams until I have found a way to return to the monk his saddle bags."

"Trust me to do that for you," said Ethelwald.

"But breathe not a word that I am to become an herb doctor," went on the youth. "I dare never go back to the manor, but I'll take a thousand risks to meet Mary Gower at the goose market, for I doubt not but she 'll be there."

"And I shall pray that all may go well with you," said the hermit.

"And I'm the one who can so disguise you that your own mother would never know you for her son," spoke the pedlar, waking up and rubbing his eyes. With this he drew his pack towards him, and opening it took out a bundle of wigs of various colors. Presently the hermit gave another hearty laugh and owned that Tyler was most cunningly disguised, for he had put on his pate a huge red wig with ringlets streaming down to his shoulders. "And I'll teach you how to cry out the different herbs for worms, and for stone, and for small-pox," added the pedlar.

"You and I are friends for life," returned the youth, grasping his hand. "And may I some day be able to show my gratitude."

"Do not thank me," said the pedlar; "for the grandson of Wat Tyler, the rebel leader, I am willing to do anything."

Let us now change the scene. Oakham, the home of Mary Gower, the miller's daughter, is an old hamlet dating back to Saxon times, and there are not many churches prettier than St. Dunstan's Church. To the poor people who for generations have lived and died within sound of its church bell, it has been the brightest spot in the landscape—the very pride of their hearts. In former centuries the churches were generally built and embellished by the powerful nobles; but by the year 1400 this had come to be the work of the people.* It was they who put in the stained windows, and in this church of St. Dunstan's at Oakham we see below a window in the north aisle these words: "Ex sumptibus sororum hujus parochiæ"; while under another window is written: "Ex sumptibus uxorum."† And it is interesting to know that while the bishop could interfere in theory, he wisely allowed the pastor and his flock to carry on the affairs of the parish, and adults of both sexes had a voice in this good work.‡

In those days the church was indeed the centre and soul of village life;§ and connected with the church of Oakham was a club-house (sometimes cared for by a woman) where the people met to enjoy themselves; and while the young folk danced and bowled, the elders sat on the benches, sipping ale and wishing that they were young again.‖ Of course, human nature being what it is, there were scandals and disagreements in those old-time parishes which to-day would lead to trials in the law courts; and when this occurred, the pastor and a jury of four would meet in council and endeavor to put an end to the trouble.¶ From the pulpit too on Sundays the last wills and testaments of deceased parishioners were made known, and all who had claims against the dead person were bid to come forth and make good their claims. And when anybody was known not to pay his debts, this fact was also proclaimed from the pulpit.** On the parish bede-roll we likewise find a

* Dom Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*, p. 327. † *Ibid.*, note p. 327.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 339. § *Ibid.*, p. 345. ‖ *Ibid.*, pp. 341-347. ¶ *Ibid.*, p. 347.
** *Ibid.*, p. 350.

list of the benefactors of the church; and for them the prayers of the congregation are asked; and the very humblest villein was anxious to appear on the bede-roll, so that his memory might be kept green and his soul prayed for.*

Let us also observe that connected with St. Dunstan's Church (it was the same in other parishes) was a brotherhood which was authorized to beg for whatever might be necessary to keep the building in repair. If the roof or the steeple needed mending, or if there were not enough candles for the statues of the different saints—St. Ann's light, St. Catherine's light, St. John's light—the members of the brotherhood would put on their 'scutchons,' or badges, and sally forth to beg. And the bede-roll tells us that one parishioner left four cows to the brotherhood, so as to free the parish for all time from the cost of procuring the big Easter candle.† The money thus collected was handed over to the church wardens; and in this parish of St. Dunstan there were eight separate accounts kept by the wardens, one of the accounts being for the Peter's pence.‡

At that period, although books were scarce, the people were not so ignorant as we might imagine. Every priest was in duty bound to give his flock four times a year an instruction in the articles of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, the seven deadly sins, and the seven sacraments; and he had a manual in manuscript which contained many homely talks on these subjects,§ and one of these talks especially urged fathers and mothers to look well after their little ones and to teach them how to pray; "for the young cock croweth as he doth hear and learn of the old cock."

Built close up against the south wall of the church at Oakham was a wooden hut twelve feet long, ten feet high, and eight feet broad. Its sides were plastered with mud, the roof was thatched, and carved above the little door, which was tightly closed and never opened, were the words: "Caritas Christi urget nos."

Now, in this narrow space lived two sisters, Eleanor and Beatrice, the daughters of Sir William de Colyford. They were anchoresses, who had first asked leave of their bishop to lead this secluded life. Their furniture consisted of two square stones on which to sit, while a log of wood served as a pillar for both; and the two little windows were called squints. One

* Dom Gasquet, p. 341. † *Ibid.*, p. 347. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 338. § *Ibid.*, pp. 280-282.

squint opened on the God's acre, and through this window was passed the food for the two anchoresses; while the other squint, above which hung a crucifix and which looked into the church, was called the "sacrament-squint," for it was through this opening—on a long-handled spoon—that the Blessed Sacrament was given to them; and following the practice of those days, they made fifteen Communions during the year. The

FEEDING THE SWINE.

rules they observed were the same as the hermits' rules, namely, poverty, chastity, and obedience. But unlike hermits, the anchoresses took a vow never to quit their cell, which was commonly called an anchor-hold.*

The habit worn by Beatrice and Eleanor was a plain black dress with a black veil, their hair was cut short, and their only companion was a cat. And here let us say that anchoresses were not bound to perpetual silence, unless they took a special vow, which these sisters had not done.

But albeit so narrowly confined, time did not hang heavily on their hands. While the secret of their life was prayer, their hands were busy making church vestments and clothes for the poor. But their sewing and their prayers were occasionally interrupted by some voice at the squint which opened on the God's acre, saying, "Ghostly sisters in Christ Jesus, I pray ye listen." It was some troubled soul who had come to seek consolation; and while Beatrice and Eleanor did strictly observe the rule of conduct laid down in the "Ancren Riwle" (a work composed by an unknown Dominican),† namely, not to become

*See the interesting work *Anchoresses of the West*, by Francesca M. Steele, introduction, pp. 2-4.

†The Ancren Riwle; translated from semi-Saxon MS. of the thirteenth century by James Morton, vicar of Holbeach, 1853. Camden Society.

babbling, gossiping anchoresses, they were never backward in giving good counsel to those who asked for it. But it is only true to add that their ears sometimes took in more than they cared to hear; for it was an age when there were no newspapers, and this did incline folks to be more communicative by word of mouth; talking took the place of reading, and thus the sisters were made the unwilling depositaries of all the gossip of the hamlet of Oakham.

One morning toward the end of October, in this year of our Lord 1400, there came to their anchor-hold a comely maiden with big blue eyes and golden hair which reached to her waist. "Ghostly sisters," spoke Mary Gower, "I am betrothed to a villein who has escaped from Baron de Courtenay's manor. My father does urge me to give my hand to another young man who is a freeholder and works in our mill; but my heart is not so inclined, and I do be much tempted to leave my home and to seek him whom my heart is turned towards. His name is Wat Tyler. Pray, ghostly sisters, give me wise counsel in this matter."

"Nay, child," answered Eleanor, who had come to the squint, "go not away from home all by yourself. The forest and the roads do be infested by robbers and wild beasts. It has already been told me that this youth, whom you love, when he was sent to make a new bridge at Wolf's Run, did wickedly make off with a monk's saddle-bags—the very monk who was superintending the work. Now, if your lover is caught by the sheriff—and the sheriff will hunt him like a wolf—his fate is the gibbet."

"Alas! alas! what am I to do?" sobbed Mary, drawing her sleeve across her eyes.

"Well, do not cry," continued Eleanor. "He is not caught yet. The forest has many places in which to hide. But go not yourself to seek him. Be patient and pray."

"And at the worst," put in Beatrice, speaking over her sister's shoulder, "he can make for the nearest church, and once within its sanctuary he will be safe. There has been lying here in our own Church of St. Dunstan an outlaw for six months past, and I do see him daily at Mass when I look through the other squint."

"And now, my child," continued Eleanor, "let me tell you something else about your lover which I did hear last evening;

'twas revealed to me by a trusty wayfarer and only to you would I repeat it. Wat Tyler is to be at the goose market at Amersham next week. He will be cunningly disguised, but you will know him. Now you go there too with a flock of geese and bid him flee without delay to the church in that village."

"Seeking sanctuary there may save his life," said Mary, "but 'twill not make me his wife."

"Well, you know that he can then bargain with the king's officers to leave the kingdom, and he will thus escape the gibbet. And you may follow him to a strange country—I will procure you the means to do it—and there you and he may wed."

"Follow him to a strange country—a strange country," murmured Mary. Then aloud: "Ghostly sister," she said, "your wise words have soothed me somewhat, but I do see dark clouds before me; I must pray, I must pray not to despair." Then thrusting her freckled arm through the squint, she shook each of the sisters by the hand and went away.

WOMAN ON HORSEBACK.—CHAUCER'S WIFE OF BATH'S TALE.

And now while Mary Gower goes home to count her father's geese and to see how many she may drive to the goose market, Wat Tyler and the pedlar are seated in front of an alehouse at a point where the highway divides; one branch running east and another branch running north, and the spot is known as Job's Retreat. Like other wayside alehouses in 1400, it is a one-story building with a long, projecting pole hanging half way across the road; and there is a tuft of leaves at the far end of the pole; this being the sign of an alehouse.*

"I do declare," said the pedlar, as he held up his mug for more ale,—"I do declare your own mother would n't know you now, rigged out in a long green coat and with an elegant red wig on your pate."

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 132.

"I 'm as handsome as a knight," answered Tyler; "where is my sword? Hurrah for Job's Retreat! And is n't this a cheery spot to sit and watch the world go by? We 've been sitting here two hours drinking ale, and still the folks do be going and going. Pray, where be they all going to?"

"To the Mystery Play at Evesham, which is twenty miles away; and the play begins day after to-morrow," answered the pedlar.

"Mayhaps my darling Mary Gower may be there," said Tyler.

"Well, 'tis not the safest place for you and she to meet.

THE OLD-TIME ALEHOUSE.

Wait for the goose market at Amersham next week. By that time I 'll have taught you your lesson pretty thoroughly, and everybody will vow that you are the greatest herb doctor in the kingdom."

While they were thus talking and sipping mug after mug of ale, it was indeed interesting to watch the many people of different stations in life going past. Some were on foot; some were in carts, which then were merely rude wooden boxes borne on two wheels; and owing to the very rough roads of that age the wheels were protected by huge nails with extremely prominent heads, and this made them look not unlike cog-wheels.* Some of the women on horseback were riding sideways; others were seated astride like men;† and one and all of every degree were as merry as merry could be.

But space will not permit us to accompany them to the Mystery Play at Evesham, the title of which is "The Rise and Fall of Anti-Christ." It had only recently been translated from the German, and it is one of the finest specimens of the religious drama produced in the Middle Ages.‡ We merely

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 90. † *Ibid.*, p. 104.
‡ Janssen, *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 270.

BEAR-BAITING AT THE CIRCUS.

observe of all the Mystery Plays, that the actors commenced by chanting these words: "Let us pray the Holy Spirit to preserve us in the faith until we leave this vale of tears for our true home. Kyrie eleison."* And, as Dom Gasquet tells us in *The Eve of the Reformation*, pp. 316–317, these religious plays did vividly impress on the unlettered folk the chief events not only of the life of our Saviour, but also the events related in the Old Testament: the Creation, the story of Noe, the sacrifice of Isaac, etc., etc.; so that the most ignorant person might know a good deal of the Bible.

But to come now to the Amersham goose market, let us say that like all markets in those days it was an occasion not only for buying and selling, but likewise for hearty enjoyment. And as feather beds were universal, the number of geese this day at Amersham could hardly be counted. And many of them had come a long distance. But they were not over-tired, for a goose driven with care might arrive in Shropshire from the borders of Scotland, and be little the worse for the journey. The noise which their cackling made was deafening; 'twas so loud that you could barely hear the church bell ringing for Mass. Then, when Mass was ended, the business and the fun at Amersham began in earnest; for the time being every trouble was forgotten and countless happy voices mingled with the cackling of the geese.

Here let us observe that if at this period there was a good deal of hardship and poverty in England, yet there was not

* Janssen, *History of the German People at the Close of the Middle Ages*, vol i. p. 274.

what we in our day call pauperism. It is true that too many of the nobles were over-proud and given up to luxury, and not averse to hanging those beneath them for trifling offences. Nevertheless, the boundary between class and class was no longer impassable; the terrible uprising of the poor people in 1381 was not forgotten. The villein by learning a craft was now able to get up in the world; and many villeins were gradually becoming land owners; while the artisans were becoming small contractors. Indeed, for men who were really willing to work, this age might be called the golden age.*

Despite, therefore, of the poverty which did oppress not a few of them, and of a good deal of downright brutality on the part of the nobles, the buyers and sellers and the merry-makers, who had come together at this goose market, bore their ills very lightly. Hitched to a post at the church door stood a mule carrying a monk's mattress and saddle-bags ('twas the same good monk, who had now got his saddle-bags back), while resting on the church steps was a dusty, footsore pilgrim on his way to Rome and the Holy Land; and the pilgrim was in need of rest, for he had trudged all the way from Northumberland. But fagged and poor though he was, there was not a happier being at Amersham, for the dream of his youth had been to lay eyes on Jerusalem and Bethlehem and Nazareth, and thanks to the last will and testament of a certain rich merchant, enough money had been left to defray the cost of a poor person's journey to Palestine; and he had been chosen to make the pilgrimage.†

AN ANCIENT PILGRIM.

Presently the pilgrim got up and, passing through the God's acre, he entered the broad meadow where the fair was just beginning. The first person that attracted his attention was a minstrel, or gleeman, as he was commonly called; and a minstrel in the Middle Ages was an important personage. No

* Dom Gasquet, *The Eve of the Reformation*, pp. 356-365: "The town and country guilds obviated pauperism. They covered the field of Christian charity." Under Henry VIII. parliament took possession of all the property of the guilds.

† *Ibid.*, p. 416.

theatres then existed and the nobles had few better distractions (when they were not fighting the French or among themselves) than to listen to the gleeman recite some tale of King Arthur, or play on the vielle, which was a kind of fiddle,* while the people—the toiling, freedom-loving people—did love to hear him tell again the story of Robin Hood, whose heart had been with the poor, downtrodden Saxon. And let us say that the king's officers were generally on the lookout on these occasions, lest under the color of song or story the minstrel should give voice to over-liberal sentiments, and thus encourage the laborers to demand more privileges than they had already wrung from the upper class.†

The gleeman whom the pilgrim was watching was playing on his instrument with might and main, and around him stood a score of young men and maidens, all eager for a dance; their heads and arms were swaying to and fro to mark time with the music. But the dance did not begin, for the best dancer of them all was not present, and more than one voice was calling for Mary Gower, the miller's daughter from Oakham.

Well, yonder she is at the far end of the meadow.

"My child," spoke the monk with whom she is talking, "I do willingly forgive your lover for running off with my saddle-bags, which Ethelwald, the hermit, has managed to restore to me; and I have resolved that if it is in my power to save him, he shall not be punished for the theft. But Wat Tyler, you know, is a villein bound to the soil; his name, moreover, is against him, for he is a grandson of the arch-rebel, Wat Tyler, and Baron de Courtenay vows that he will pursue him and hang him, not for what he did to me, but as a lesson to the other villeins on his manor."

"Well, only for his grandfather's dauntless spirit in the great uprising twenty years ago, there would not be to-day so many freeholders in the kingdom," answered Mary Gower. "Aye, 'tis a name to be proud of, and woe, woe to Baron de Courtenay if my Wat Tyler's is—" Here she broke down and began to cry.

"Stop! Your tears may be his ruin; they may put your betrothed in danger of his life," said the monk in an undertone. "The king's officers, no doubt, have their eyes on you.

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, pp. 195-196. † *Ibid.*, p. 206.

They know that you and Wat Tyler are pledged to wed. Stop crying, I beg you." This was wise advice, and Mary obeyed.

Then, striving hard to look cheerful, "Happily the church is very near," she said; "and he is fleet as a deer, and he can find sanctuary there."

"Yes, yes, so he can," pursued the monk in an undertone. "So keep a smiling face and let us go listen to the herb doctor over there. He has already a large audience; he can cure every ailment. Come."

In a few minutes the monk was deeply interested in what the herb doctor, or herbalist, as he was commonly called, was saying. But Mary could not conceal her agitation. Did she recognize her lover's voice? He was standing on the stump of a tree, and spread out on the ground below him was a piece of cloth, on which were displayed very many different herbs, a certain cure for as many bodily ills.

"My good friends," he was saying, "I will teach you now a proper cure for small-pox if you will listen. Will you listen? Take off your caps. Give ear; . . . look at this herb." *

Here let us say that we may reasonably believe that, only for Mary Gower, Wat Tyler might have lived many a long year to sell his medicines in different parts of the realm, and he and she might have dwelt long and happily together as man and wife. But Mary immediately recognized his voice, and he too must have betrayed his feelings when his eyes rested on her. One of the king's officers shrewdly guessed the cause of her emotion; and there was more than one officer on the lookout. Presently the sheriff sprang up behind the herb doctor, and jerking off his long, red wig, the runaway villein and thief stood revealed to the crowd. But a pedlar, who chanced to be close by, in an instant seized the sheriff's legs with the grip of a bull-dog, and in a moment the confusion and uproar became indescribable. The church was not a quarter of a mile away. "Run, run for the church!" cried a hundred voices. "Run, run!" And had there been only one bailiff at the goose market, all would have ended well for Wat Tyler; the sanctuary would have been gained in time. But too many bailiffs were closing in on him, and——

* Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*, p. 179.

In those days very little was thought of a hanging; it was too common a sight. And on the gibbet the body was left to swing to and fro in the wind, while at night the wolves would come and howl and try to spring up at the ghastly object not many feet above them. It was thus with poor Wat Tyler's body. And he was soon forgotten; only one villein the less on Baron de Courtenay's manor. What became of Mary Gower no one ever knew. But the hermit Ethelwald believed that the cries he used to hear in the forest were her cries. Never in his lonely life had he heard anything so mournful, nor so unearthly.

PROFESSOR HARNACK AND THE GOSPEL.

BY REVEREND FATHER CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

II.

WE pass now to Professor Harnack's second aspect of the Gospel.

As the whole message of Jesus Christ can be summed up in the announcement of a direct and unique relationship between God and the soul, so also, he says, it can be summed up again in the idea of the Fatherhood of God and the infinite value of the human soul. And it is in this idea that he discovers the clearest and most direct significance of our Lord's message. "To our modern way of thinking and feeling," he tells us, "Christ's message appears in the clearest and most direct light when grasped in connection with the idea of God the Father and the infinite value of the human soul. Here the elements which I would describe as the restful and rest-giving in Jesus' message, and which are comprehended in the idea of our being children of God, find expression." He goes on to say: "The fact that the whole of Jesus' message may be reduced to these two heads—God the Father and the human soul so ennobled that it can and does unite with him—shows that the Gospel is in no-wise a positive religion like the rest; that it contains no statutory or particularistic elements; that it is, therefore, religion itself. It is superior to all antithesis and tension between this world and a world to come, between reason and ecstasy, between work and isolation from the world, between Judaism and Hellenism. It can dominate them all, and there is no factor of earthly life to which it is confined or necessarily tied down." *

Did this passage stand by itself we could unhesitatingly accept it as the utterance of a Catholic mind. In a sense the whole Gospel may be said to centre the revelation of the Fatherhood of God; and the ultimate expression of the religious spirit may be summed up in the opening words of the Lord's Prayer: Our Father who art in heaven.

* Lect. IV., p. 63.

When man realizes the truth contained in these words and accepts them as the measure of his own life, he can go no further; he has attained to perfect religion. And in the realization of the Fatherhood of God, the soul comes to understand its own immense value; it finds itself raised above mere earthly issues and conditions, and all that is merely temporal falls into a secondary place in its scheme of life. If it seeks for temporal things, it is only because on this earth certain temporal things are needful; but it is in the eternal things that the soul finds its true interest and pleasure. Moreover, the soul which attains to this higher plane of existence is thereby taken out of the ordinary antitheses and contradictions which enter into the world's life. In the Gospel there is in truth neither Greek nor Jew, neither lord nor servant, neither learned nor ignorant. These terms imply purely temporal obstructions. But the Gospel deals with the eternal in man; it values a man as he stands before God, not as he stands before the world. And the man who truly realizes in himself the message of the Gospel is thereby raised above the plane of the world's ordinary existence. The failure to recognize this fact is often ludicrously manifested in the way some writers treat of the lives of certain saints. Of late years there has been a considerable cult of St. Francis of Assisi; and a great deal of mere energy has been displayed in setting him forth as a great social reformer. In a sense he was; but not in the sense in which the term is sometimes applied to him. To listen to some of his eulogists one would conclude that St. Francis was a far-seeing economist with designs on the feudal system; whereas in truth St. Francis was blissfully indifferent to economic and political systems. Had he been called upon to decide the merits of the rival claims between feudalism and the new democracy, he would have certainly asked: "What have I to do with your systems? Cannot you live in peace in spite of your systems?"

The same might be said of our Lord Himself. He rigidly kept himself apart from merely temporal issues. "Give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's"—what does this mean but that our Lord left the world to look after its own merely temporal concerns, whilst he directed man's attention to what is eternal?

In the case of St. Francis as well as in the case of our Lord

Himself, momentous changes followed even in the world's temporal policy and habits of life. The Gospel by transforming the lives of the early Christians, and later on of the Franciscans, did indirectly affect the world at large and its policy and institutions. In giving to God the things that are God's, the Christians necessarily limited the jurisdiction claimed by Cæsar; the early Franciscans, with their passionate sympathy with the suffering and oppressed, largely contributed to the final disappearance of corrupt feudalism and to the establishment of the new democracy. But that only shows how indissolubly connected all human institutions are with the eternal principles of right and wrong.

The point I wish to make here is that the Gospel is directly and essentially concerned with the eternal destiny of man, and not with anything merely temporal; it affects temporal things only indirectly, inasmuch as there can be no absolute isolation of the temporal from the eternal. In other words, the Gospel views life from a higher plane than that on which the ordinary interests and ambitions of the world have play; it acts on the world from above. In this sense it is superior to the particularistic elements in the world's life, and to all its antitheses and tensions. At the same time, whilst of its own nature superior to the things of this temporal life, religion cannot ignore them. These temporal things may be essentially evil either in character or in tendency, and religion then has to denounce them; or they may be within their own sphere quite lawful—adumbrations in time of eternal realities. In this latter case the things of this world may be made to subserve eternal truth by way of symbolism. Thus "marrying and giving in marriage" are declared in the Gospel to belong to the temporal order of things, yet nevertheless Christ conferred a sacramental dignity on marriage, making it symbolical of a higher and eternal love.

In like manner the world's philosophies are but of temporal value in themselves; yet inasmuch as they help men upon earth to realize intellectually some larger measure of the eternal truths, are necessarily of value to religion. They may but be the scaffolding of the religious life; yet whilst our religious life is in the building, the scaffolding has its worth. No theologian would say that scholastic philosophy, for example, is part of the Gospel; but it has appreciably done much to commend the Gospel to men's intellects. Or again, the tem-

poral policy of the church in dealing with nations may be said to form no part of the Gospel; yet inasmuch as it educates the yet undeveloped spiritual nature of man to know and appreciate the Gospel itself, it has part in our religion on earth. In this sense even the Gospel is not altogether independent of particularistic elements, nor can be whilst men are what they are. It is indeed the charter of spiritual freedom to all who are capable of exercising their freedom; but not to those who yet need the swaddling-clothes of "positive precepts" and this world's systems. To a St. Francis, living already on the higher plane of life, and seeing eternal truths with a direct, though yet imperfect vision, philosophic systems could add nothing to the real content of his knowledge of God; but to more ordinary mortals, groping after the higher ways but not yet arrived, the philosophy of the schools was a veritable grace, imparting light and understanding.

Where, it seems to us, Professor Harnack lamentably fails, is that he does not see that the Gospel, though superior in itself to the merely temporal, is cast into the world as a leaven, gradually leavening the whole, and that therefore it must act upon those particularistic elements which make up the world's life and in some way ally itself with them; else it will never transform the world. Later on, in his lectures on the development of the church, he admits the necessity of the "secularizing process" in order that the world shall itself be divinized; but at the same time impatiently tosses this fact aside as a necessary evil.

In truth, the germ-fallacy of Professor Harnack's theory is that he seeks the kingdom of God simply here in the present, and in the soul of the individual only. He will not admit that it belongs not so much to the present as to the future, and that it is found not merely in the soul of the individual but in the whole life of humanity reconciled to God. And so he cannot see that religion as we see it here in ordinary life is necessarily an imperfect thing, aiming at the highest, but as yet working its way through various stages, some lower, some higher, of spiritual development. Neither does his theory permit him to recognize the action of the Gospel on secular systems and institutions as part of that world-wide conversion at which Christianity aims. He narrows religion down to mere individual consciousness—the consciousness of God as the

Father. He will not admit, as we Catholics claim, that this consciousness is but the foundation of an organic human society, in which by this very consciousness all human energies and relationships are transformed and exalted. No; for him the mere foundation is the entire structure.

Professor Harnack's analysis of the Gospel suffers in every point from this narrow and exclusive conception. In seeking simplicity he has lopped off all the branches and left only the bare trunk, and even that he has cut down to the level of his own eyes. In centring all his thoughts upon the idea of the Fatherhood of God, to the exclusion of all other ideas and aspects of the evangelical message, he reduces this message to a mere aphorism. The Gospel is, in truth, not so simple as Professor Harnack would have us believe. As Cardinal Newman has remarked,* it is impossible to define Christianity in a sentence. To do so and to accept the definition as all-comprehensive, is nothing else than a negation of all that the definition does not suggest, and consequently a virtual denial of Christianity as it really is. So now in describing the Gospel as the revelation of the Fatherhood of God, the lecturer would deny the objective character of the heavenly kingdom, and exclude the idea of Christ's divinity and of the church.

This same method of exclusiveness vitiates further conclusions of his—as, for example, when he tells us that "the all-important element in religion is the consciousness of being safe in God." In a sense this is true, if it means the realization by man of his dependence upon God as upon his heavenly Father. But it is not true if we are to take it, as it is evidently taken by the lecturer, in the Lutheran sense of justification by faith alone, which virtually denies the value of good works and belittles the necessity of exhibiting one's faith in one's works.

In like manner we cannot accept simply and without further explanation the saying: "Religion gives us only a single experience, but one which presents the world in a new light: the Eternal appears; time becomes means to an end; man is seen to be on the side of the Eternal." Yes; but when one comes to reflect on this "single experience," it is found that the experience implies a very complex tissue of ideas. Brought under the reflex act of consciousness, it is like a ray of light

* *Development of Doctrine*, I. i. 3.

brought under the crystal; its simplicity dividing into many elements, some of one color, some of another. In fact, our most vital experiences are, like life itself, at once very simple and very complex. To forget the complexity is to misunderstand the simplicity, and hence the danger of attempting to reduce life to the narrowness of a single formula, however sublime. Many formulæ will still leave something unapprehended.

Still, as we have said, there is a legitimate use of the saying: The whole Gospel is summed up in the idea of the Fatherhood of God. Yet, is this idea so absolutely distinctive of the Gospel as Professor Harnack would have us believe? Is there no indication of this doctrine in Jewish tradition? Undoubtedly our Divine Lord revealed this truth with a clearness and definiteness unknown to the Jews; but the idea of God's Fatherhood is nevertheless revealed in the Prophets. Where is God's fatherly care more pathetically expressed than in the book of Isaias? One might quote the passages: "For thou art our Father, and (though) Abraham hath not known us and Israel hath been ignorant of us: thou, O Lord, art our Father" (Isaias lxiii. 16); "And now, O Lord, thou art our Father" (Isaias lxiv. 8). One might well ask whether our Lord had not these two passages in mind when he taught his disciples to pray.

But it is not merely in the presence of the words in the text that we find an anticipation of our Lord's doctrine; but what is of more forcible argument, the entire spirit of the prophetical teaching is in harmony with the doctrine of God's Fatherhood. The prophetical history of Israel is the parable of the Prodigal Son worked out in the life of a people. Where is the paternal accent more clearly heard than in those ever-recurring words: "Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and formed thee, O Israel: Fear not, for I have redeemed thee and called thee by thy name: thou art mine" (Isaias xliii. 1).

True, to the Jew God's Fatherhood is for Israel, not for the world at large. Israel rather than man is the child of God. It was our Lord who clearly and for ever declared that God is the Father of all mankind, and that every human soul has the right to enter into filial relations with God. Our Lord broke through Jewish particularism. Yet the idea of God's

Fatherhood was not altogether new to the disciples, when they heard it from his lips. What was new to them was the doctrine that the Gentiles as well as the Jews were children of God, and to be invited to come back to their Father's house. Even this was not altogether a new doctrine; for the prophets had accustomed the Jews to look for the salvation of all men; only it was to be through their conversion to Judaism. All nations were to come and enter the Temple. That was the first step in the direction of supplanting Jewish particularism, and prepared the world for the final enunciation of the evangelical doctrine, in which the Jewish temple had no place.

What, then, becomes of Professor Harnack's rule, that whatever is found in Jewish tradition is not to be regarded as the message of Jesus Christ, since this very conception of the Fatherhood of God, wherein he finds the clearest light of the Gospel, is so largely a Jewish doctrine?

But perhaps he would reply that the Gospel message of the Fatherhood of God is to be taken in connection with that other formula concerning the infinite value of the human soul. He would say, perhaps, that the distinctive teaching of Jesus Christ is that God is the Father of every individual human soul, without reference to any particular creed, whether Jewish or Catholic or any other. He would say in other words that the true evangelical doctrine is that every human soul, by the very fact that it is a human soul, has all the rights and privileges of a child of God, and therefore is in direct communion with God as its Father, and derives spiritual life from this direct communion with God, without any mediate channels of grace, such as the church and the sacraments. This, in fact, I take to be Professor Harnack's meaning. But where does he find this doctrine in the Gospels? The Gospels certainly do not speak of man, by the mere fact of being man, having the rights and privileges of a child of God and member of the kingdom. On the contrary they draw a clear distinction between the children of the world and the children of the kingdom; between the believer and the unbeliever. It is true that in the Gospels all men are regarded as children of God, inasmuch as the heavenly kingdom is thrown open to all without distinction of race or class, and all may therefore enter into the kingdom, and thus enter into the rights and privileges of the children of God. But it is only when they become mem-

bers of the kingdom that they properly can be called children of God in the full sense of the words. The doctrine as set forth in the Gospels may be put under these four heads:

1. God is the Father of all men, inasmuch as he has destined all men to share in the life of his kingdom, together with his eternal Son.

2. But some of his creatures have gone astray, and have forfeited the privileges destined for them, and no longer have the status of children.

(See the parable of the Prodigal Son.)

3. God nevertheless yearns that the sinner should repent and avail himself of God's fatherly mercy to be reinstated in the promise of sonship.

4. That those who follow Christ here on earth shall share in the kingdom as co-heirs with him.

(See Matthew xx. 20–23.)

Now, the whole point of the Gospel is that the children of God are the children of the kingdom; that sharing in the kingdom makes us children of God. Professor Harnack pits the idea of the Fatherhood of God against the idea of an objective visible kingdom. Yet the evident meaning of the Gospels is that the Fatherhood of God is consummated in the establishment of the objective kingdom in which men are raised to the dignity of children of God, through their relationship with the Eternal Son, Jesus Christ.

For Professor Harnack, the value of the human soul is derived from its personal communion with God. "The man," he says, "who can say 'my Father' to the Being who rules heaven and earth is thereby raised above heaven and earth, and himself has a value which is higher than all the fabric of this world."* This is one of those truthful and luminous passages, many of which abound in the lectures, whose beauty and truth are destroyed by the context. It is quite true that the Gospel has given an immeasurable value to the human soul. Nothing Professor Harnack has said on this point brings out this truth more exquisitely than the Catholic doctrine that the soul of the least of God's creatures is of such value in the sight of God, that to save that one soul only, our Divine Lord would willingly have died. Nevertheless it is evident in the Gospels that the value of the human soul

* Lect. IV., p. 67.

is taken in connection with the kingdom, of which that soul is a possible member. Nowhere in the Gospel can the individual soul be said to be considered apart from the visible, objective kingdom. "He that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," is a text quoted by Professor Harnack. But what is here meant by life eternal? It is the antithesis of "this world"; that is, of the kingdom of sense-pleasures and temporal interests; the objective visible life of worldlings. Eternal life, on the other hand, is the objective organic life which the Gospel is to establish. So, too, when our Lord says: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul," the thought again is of the soul in reference to the kingdom. To lose one's soul is to lose one's place in the eternal kingdom. No man can really lose his soul; but he may separate himself from that full human but eternal life in which the soul finds its proper satisfaction and destiny, as a member of the kingdom of God, and thus stultify the life of his soul. In this sense he may be said to lose his soul, and it is in this sense that the phrase is used in the Gospel. Apart from the kingdom, then, the human soul can hardly be said to have a value; its value is derived from the fact that it is destined to have a place in the kingdom.

We come now to the third aspect under which Professor Harnack views the Gospel—as "the commandment of love." The whole Gospel, he says, is contained in this precept. Again we can only reply that this assertion is at once true and false. It is true if one understands it to mean that love is the root-principle and supreme law of the Gospel in regard to our ethical relations with God and man. It is false if by it is meant that the Gospel is nothing else than an ethical system founded in love, or if the commandment of love is regarded as an end in itself.

Professor Harnack assumes that the commandment of love does away with the need of public worship. "Jesus," he says, "freed the moral element from all alien connections, even from its alliance with the public religion. Therefore, to say that the Gospel is a matter of ordinary morality is not to misunderstand Him."* In denying a necessary place to public worship in his scheme of religion, Professor Harnack is, of course, but logically following out his idea of individual communion with

* Lect. IV., p. 72.

God. If the individual stands alone with God, public worship can have no meaning. Public worship is the expression of that social homage which men render to God, not merely as individuals but as members of a divine society; and as such it is a necessary element in a religion which regards man as a social being. Christ therefore, we may take it, could not exclude public worship from the list of the commandments; nor is there any ground in the Gospels to say that he did. Did he not himself frequently attend the service of the synagogue and the Temple? and he went not merely to denounce the unfaithfulness of the Jews, but as a devout participator in their worship. Did he not, too, command respect for the chair of Moses, and send the lepers to the priests to fulfil the law? When, to take the instance quoted by Professor Harnack, our Lord "exhibited an indignant contempt for those who allow their neighbors, nay, even their parents, to starve, and on the other hand send gifts to the Temple,"—his indignation is aroused not because they offer gifts to the Temple, but because they made the offering of these gifts an excuse for neglecting a more urgent duty, and because too the motive which led them to offer their gifts was one of pride and ostentation. Just as a Catholic priest to-day might refuse with indignation a gift of altar-plate offered by a man who under-paid his servants or neglected his home. Unhappily, amongst the Jews at the time of our Lord, as in certain periods of religious degeneracy since, religious observances had become a matter of external form and had lost their inner, truly religious significance. Against this degeneration our Lord was constantly pouring out the vials of his wrath and contempt. But far from destroying public worship, his object was to deepen its spiritual content, to make it the sincere expression of inward worship. Certainly he abolished, or left it to his apostles to abolish, particular Jewish ceremonies which had no further spiritual meaning, and he protested against certain pharisaical exaggerations of ritual, which also were without spiritual sincerity. Yet he maintained certain rites, such as the pasch, and endowed them with a higher symbolism; and may we not see in the discourse on the Light of the world* one of many efforts of our Lord to manifest the symbolism of Jewish worship?

It is impossible, then, to see in the Gospels an abrogation of public worship by the commandment of love. This com-

* John xii., 20-36.

mandment was indeed the supreme commandment; and upon it even the duty of public worship is based. Men are to serve God out of love, as children worshipping a loving parent. So too they are to serve their neighbors, not from desire of personal benefit, as do the heathen, but from simple love of their neighbor, after the example Christ has himself given us. Truly would our Lord have "nothing to do with the purposeful and self-seeking pursuit of good works." That subtle selfishness which infects so many apparently good people, actuating even their "good works" with an intense seeking of their own personal interest, whether in this world or the next, is absolutely opposed to the mind of our Saviour. "To be anathema for the brethren" was St. Paul's desire, and the desire of many a saint, and the phrase does but seek to express by hyperbole the utter unselfishness of Christian love.

There is one other point in Professor Harnack's analysis of the Gospel to which we will call attention, because his treatment of it illustrates his frequent misconception of Catholic teaching. It regards the question of asceticism. "There is a widespread opinion," says Professor Harnack—"it is dominant in the Catholic churches and many Protestants share it nowadays—that in the last resort, and in the most important things which it enjoins, the Gospel is a strictly world-shunning and ascetic creed. Some people proclaim this piece of intelligence with sympathy and admiration; nay, they magnify it into the contention that the whole value and meaning of genuine Christianity, as of Buddhism, lies in its world-denying character. Others emphasize the world-shunning doctrines of the Gospel, in order thereby to expose its incompatibility with modern ethical principles and to prove its uselessness as a religion. The Catholic churches* have found a curious way out of the difficulty, and one which is in reality a product of despair. They recognize, as I have said, the world-denying character of the Gospel, and they teach, accordingly, that it is only in the form of monasticism—that is, in the 'vita religiosa'—that true Christian life finds its expression. But they admit a lower kind of Christianity, without asceticism, as 'sufficient.' We will say nothing about this strange concession now; the Catholic doctrine is that it is only monks who can follow Christ fully."† As opposed to this he goes on to set forth his own

* By "Catholic churches" Professor Harnack means the Roman and the Greek.

† Lecture V., p. 79.

doctrine that this world is given us "to be made the best of within the bounds of its own blessings and its own regulations, and that if Christianity makes any other claim, it thereby shows that it is unnatural. If Christianity has no goal to set before this life, if it transfers everything to a Beyond; if it declares all earthly blessings to be valueless, and points exclusively to a world-shunning and contemplative life, it is an offence to all energetic, nay, ultimately, to all true natures; for such natures are certain that our faculties are given us to be employed and that the earth is assigned us to be cultivated and subdued." *

Evidently from these passages Professor Harnack fails to understand the nature of Catholic asceticism or monasticism. According to his conception of it, Catholic asceticism is founded in the belief that the present world with all its joys and interests is essentially evil, and therefore to be shunned. He dissociates Catholicism from Manicheism only by the admittance of a sort of "lower kind of Christianity" sufficient for salvation, but not the perfect Gospel.

Was there ever a more entire misunderstanding? We must, however, admit that some of the devotional writings with which the Catholic world has been inundated during the past three centuries do lend color to the statement. Too frequently in these writings is the infection of puritanism evident; the world is spoken of as though it were bad in itself, an utterly evil thing. The most noticeable feature about these writings is the absence of the human feeling and of joy, as though to be human and joyous were to be unrighteous. But these writings do not represent Catholic teaching, but are the outcome of peculiar circumstances and the morbid character of the times in which they see the light. Had Professor Harnack observed the history of the monks sympathetically he might have seen how untrue his statement of Catholic monasticism is to the fact. The monk renounces the world not because it is in itself an evil thing, but because he himself is called to a more intimate communion with the unseen world than is possible in the ordinary paths of the world's life. His renouncement is the result of a special vocation. How utterly opposed Catholic asceticism is to Buddhism, or any other form of dehumanizing religion, is surely evident to any one whose eyes are open to

* Lecture V., p. 80-81.

see, in the history of European civilization; for who did more to introduce the arts of civilized life among the modern nations than the Catholic monk? And was it not the mediæval friar—another representative of Catholic asceticism—who rehabilitated society in the nineteenth century, founding hospitals, fostering learning, encouraging marriage, inspiring the arts? If the Catholic monk leaves the world it is only that he might the more freely and forcibly act on the world. His very renouncement is itself an effective discipline to correct the moral abuses of society. His vow of poverty rebukes the inordinate love of personal property so common amongst men; his vows of chastity and obedience are a vivid lesson on the possibility and duty of self-restraint.

The monk's life is, in fact, properly understood when we take it in its relation to the whole Christian society. Not all men are called to be monks; yet all are called to be perfect Christians, even though they be owners of landed estates or living in the marriage state. Each man has to follow the divine vocation, whether it be to the marriage state or to the cloister; and he is made perfect in fulfilling the vocation to which he is called.

Of course to any one who holds by the theory that religion consists wholly and exclusively in individual communion with God, the Catholic monastic ideal can never be wholly intelligible. For the value of the monastic life largely consists in its communion with the wider life of the whole Catholic body. The monk fulfils a function in the organized body of the church: he is not a mere world-shunning ascetic. For though separated from the ordinary life of the world, he yet continues to act on the world, and forms part of the world's life in the church.

And yet there is a sense in which every Catholic—be he monk or layman—must renounce the world if he would be a perfect Christian. Professor Harnack, though he has caricatured Catholic asceticism and wrongly classed it with Buddhism, has truly perceived a vital difference between the Catholic asceticism and the form of self-denial which he himself admits as necessary to a Christian life. As we have seen, his whole conception of religion is present personal communion with God; he practically denies that fuller realization of religion in eternity, to which Catholics look forward as the ultimate goal

of their existence. This fuller and perfect realization is what animates the Catholic; and in view of this eternity he values less the things of time. He does not deny value to temporal things, but he holds them to be of use only as means to the eternal. Even in regard to his knowledge of God, he knows it to be imperfect now, and looks forward to a more perfect vision in the future. True to the Gospel, the Catholic looks beyond this present world for the realization of the Gospel promise. To Professor Harnack this view is heresy. If he believes in a life beyond the grave, he has such vague and shadowy notions about it, that he seeks the complete realization of religion in present earthly communion with God. And this, it seems to me, is what these lectures teach, notwithstanding their high religious fervor—that there is no certainty of a proper human existence beyond this earth; that life here is all we need therefore be concerned with, and that religion is but a subjective consciousness of a Higher Being than ourselves, whose nature is good and all-merciful, and with whom whilst we live we may have some sort of personal communion, but of whom we know nothing save that He must have the highest moral attributes we find in man. Therefore we attribute to this Being the attribute of love—the highest attribute of man. And in doing this we become His children. Such in brief is the teaching of these lectures: a mere shadowy Theism. But what else can man arrive at, once he rejects the divine authority of the Church? And that is why I said in the beginning that these lectures are the last word of Protestantism.

THE STORY OF THE "MORTE INNOCENTE."

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

EVERY visitor to Venice who has come down the Grand Canal disembarks in the Piazzeta, and halts at the foot of the column bearing the winged lion: before you stretch the opalescent waters of the lagoons, with a faint girdle of green islands far away; to your left rises the Ducal Palace, to your right the *loggie* of Sansovino. Memories of all those historic stones have witnessed hold you spellbound, while your eyes feast on the scene which stands alone in its peculiar style. When the sun has gone down in a flood of purple and gold, and the twilight falls, look towards the south-west side of the Church of St. Mark, and just in front of the Madonna in mosaic you will see two little lights suddenly flash out. These lamps are lit at sunset every evening, and burn throughout the night with a steady radiance, like two stars seen from afar, and only go out when the darkness is lost in the full light of day. Any Venetian, high or low, will tell you the reason of their existence—the sad but true story of the "*Morte Innocente*," or the "*Buon anima del Fornaretto*," as he is variously termed, in whose memory they burn; a story of love and death, an example of the fallible nature of human evidence, and the danger of hasty judgment.

On a brilliantly clear March morning of the year 1507, though six o'clock had not yet struck, there were already several customers in the *Ostoria* of the *Cappa d'Oro*, situated in the Campiello dei Pignoli, facing a canal in the Sestiére of St. Marco. This tavern was largely frequented by workmen, gondoliers, and fishermen inhabiting the neighboring narrow *calle*, for, besides opening his doors so early, its host, Bartolo, kept a large assortment of the home-made wines and spirits so popular in those days, in which his customers were wont to indulge before venturing out into the air of the lagoons, keen

enough at that early hour, when the sun had not sufficiently warmed the atmosphere. The tavern, too, was a place of resort where friends met and discussed the news of the day.

On the morning in question the guests present, consisting of a workman and two gondoliers, were carrying on a friendly talk with the genial host, when the door opened to admit a singularly handsome young fellow, carrying a large basket full of freshly baked loaves; he was greeted with cries of "*Evviva Pietro!*"

"Good morning, friends," he replied, putting down his basket. "Bartolo, give me a glass of *malvagia* before I begin my rounds; the cold is piercing this morning."

"You're late, Pietro," observed Giovanni, one of the gondoliers.

"I left home at the usual time," was the answer, "but met a poor old woman carrying such a load of wood that I thought she would be crushed under it; so I just took it to her door, while she watched my basket. To your health, friends!" and Pietro emptied his glass.

"How goes business?" asked Giovanni.

"It could not be better; my father's bread is acknowledged to be the best in Venice, and we can scarcely get through the orders. Have you heard the latest dictum: Wine from Friuli, and bread from Tasca? But now I must be off, and hurry to make up for lost time." As he raised his basket the cloth covering the bread was displaced, and the corner of a beautiful sheath appeared.

"What's that, Pietro?" inquired Vincenzo, the second gondolier; "have you invested in a dagger?"

"I; a dagger! Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Pietro; "do you suppose I would carry about such a weapon for the world? I found this lying on the ground as I came along, and picked it up. See, it is silver, and richly chased."

"Rather! Worth many a *scudo*, I should say," agreed Bartolo, who had approached.

"That's what I guessed," replied Pietro, slipping the sheath into his breast pocket; "and as no one ever claims such an article I shall take it to one of the Jews on the Rialto, and exchange it for a trinket for my Teresa." Nodding to his friends, he shouldered his basket and left the tavern, his merry whistle dying away in the distance.

"What a good fellow he is!" said the workman, looking after him.

"There is not a better in Venice," affirmed Giovanni; "old Marco is indeed fortunate to have such a son!"

"And such a daughter-in-law as Pietro is bringing him!" added Vincenzo.

While these remarks were being exchanged a man, whose face was covered by a black velvet mask, entered, and sat down at an empty table. "Cyprus," was the order, uttered in a short voice.

"*Per Bacco!* he does not waste words," remarked Vincenzo in an undertone to his companions. "What an hour of the morning to go about masked!"

"Perhaps he is returning from a ball," whispered Giovanni; "he's a patrician, I'm sure, judging by his dress."

He of the mask moved uneasily: "What are you staring at me for, you fellows?" he suddenly asked in an angry tone.

"No offence meant, signore," replied Giovanni. At this moment the host set down the wine before him.

"What's the news?" asked the stranger; "were there many guests at the ball at Palazzo Pisani last night?"

"How should I know, *Illustrissimo?*"

"What! you live two steps from the Palazzo Pisani, and pretend not to know what goes on?"

"I am too busy to interest myself in what does not concern me."

"You're an exceptional host then," was the ironical reply. "Have you heard, at least, whether a street brawl took place in this neighborhood last night?"

"Not that I know of," returned Bartolo.

"Why, they say a man was murdered!"

Hearing these words, Giovanni involuntarily exclaimed, "Perhaps the sheath Pietro found . . ."

"What sheath?" inquired the stranger eagerly.

"A silver sheath picked up by chance."

"And who is this Pietro?"

"An excellent youth, surnamed the *Fornaretto*, son of Marco Tasca, the baker. You must know that . . ."

But the stranger had risen, paid his score, and saying, "Such matters do not interest me," hastily departed.

"A rude hound! If I had been in your place, Bartolo, I

would have set him down," exclaimed Giovanni, shaking his fist at the back of the retreating stranger. "I have a presentiment that he is one of those birds of ill omen . . ."

"Hold your tongue, Giovanni," replied Bartolo hastily; "remember that sometimes even the Signori of the Council of Ten go about masked, and one cannot be too careful. In Venice the very walls speak; everywhere ears are listening, eyes watching, hands ready to seize their prey. One can scarcely open one's mouth before the Ten know of it; a lion's mouth is ready in one corner to hold secret denunciations, a box in the wall in another receives anonymous communications. It does not require much to be dragged before the tribunal; laughter may be turned into tears in one moment, and what happens to the humblest of us happens also to the nobles—for instance, the Doge Marino Faliero . . ."

"You 're right, but anyhow, thank God, there is justice in Venice; no one is taken up or condemned without good reason," remarked Vincenzo.

"Rather harsh justice at times, you must allow," put in the workman, and his friends laughed.

Once more the door opened, and admitted a strong-looking, thick-set, elderly man, with a jovial countenance and hearty voice. "Good-day to the company," was his greeting as he waved his hand.

"Welcome, Marco!" the unanimous response.

"A glass of muscat, good Bartolo," ordered the newcomer.

"Your son was here a short while ago," observed the host as he executed the order.

"Was he? Poor boy! he is a good lad. He works for ten, is always good-tempered, only a bit hot-headed at times. I have indeed much to be thankful for. To think my parents came into Venice barefoot, carrying a load on their backs, and now mine is the most flourishing bakery in town, and we have our own house, and a tidy bit of money laid by. And in three weeks' time Pietro's marriage will take place, and he will bring home Teresa, who is as dear to me as if she were my own daughter. When my time comes to go, I shall be able to close my eyes in peace, and bless my boy with my last breath, as I have blessed him every moment of his life up to now"; and Marco paused breathless, his face glowing as he eulogized the son whom he loved so devotedly.

"You 're worthy one of the other; an exemplary father and a model son," replied Giovanni in a tone of sincere conviction.

"Quick; a glass of water for heaven's sake!" cried a young woman, rushing into the room with a distracted countenance.

"What 's the matter, Maria?" inquired the host.

"Oh, if you only knew!" she exclaimed, taking the glass with a trembling hand. "I have just seen the dead body of a patrician lying on the Traghetto di San Samuele; the dagger is still in his breast. Holy Virgin! his face seemed to cry out to heaven for vengeance as he lay there"; and Maria sank trembling into a chair, while all pressed round her.

"And who was it?" they asked.

"None other than Messer Luigi Guoro, secretary to the Illustrissimo Lorenzo Loredano." On hearing this name Marco Tasca turned pale and started. "God have mercy upon his soul, and grant him peace," he murmured, crossing himself, for the murdered man was well known to have led an evil life.

"A good riddance too!" exclaimed Vincenzo.

"For God's sake, do not speak so loud!" urged Bartolo.

"Oh, let me be!" returned Vincenzo. "Messer Luigi, though a patrician, was none the less a scoundrel, and I should not hesitate to say so even in the presence of the Council of Ten."

At this moment the door was thrown open by a boy of fourteen, whose hands, face, and clothes were white with flour, and who ran up to Marco crying: "For the love of God, *paderone*, come home at once; the *sbirri* are looking for your son Pietro."

"For my son Pietro!" exclaimed the old man, turning as pale as death, and starting to his feet.

"Yes, I do not know how I managed to get here, for there are two men posted at the door, while the others are searching the house."

"Impossible! There is some mistake! My son, who is the soul of honor, to be supposed capable of committing any evil action! You all know it is impossible"; and Marco, a prey to deadly fear, hurried out and ran towards his shop, followed by the boy.

Marco Tasca had not exaggerated the praises of his son Pietro, who was indeed a model of youths, an indefatigable worker, honest to a fault, steady, and respected by all who

knew him. He was engaged to be married to Teresa, the valued maid of Elena Loredano, wife of the Senator Lorenzo Loredano, who was one of the members of the dreaded Council of Ten. Teresa was an orphan, the daughter of old retainers of the family in which she sewed. She was now nineteen, and one of the most beautiful girls in Venice; of that rare and delicate type of beauty peculiar to the Venetian daughters of the people, with the red-gold hair Titian loved to paint, and the clear white skin and soft dark eyes which form such a striking contrast, and which turned the heads of many a Venetian gallant of the day. Of a sweet, gentle disposition, she was as good as she was beautiful, and between her and Pietro existed a deep, true love. Her mistress, who held her in high esteem, approved of her choice, and had undertaken to provide her with a handsome dowry.

When, on *festas*, the young pair and old Marco glided in a gondola across the still canals out into the open waters of the lagoons, no happier hearts beat under God's sky; in the translucent atmosphere of a southern spring they moved across the quiet waters, where the great barges with their tawny orange, red, or yellow sails crept slowly by like gigantic butterflies with outspread wings, the fresh salt breeze from the sea fanning them like a caress, till the domes and *campanili* of Venice stood out against the sunset sky resembling the outlines of a dream-city, and they came back under the gleaming starlight hand-in-hand, wrapped in such unalloyed happiness as is rarely vouchsafed here below.

On the morning in question, however, Pietro, having finished his rounds, lingered awhile at the Palazzo Loredano with Teresa, a cloud darkening his handsome face. "Has Messer Luigi dared to offer you any more presents?" he asked.

"He wanted to give me a wedding gift, but I refused even that," replied Teresa.

"The hound! If you knew what that man is! But there are things not fit for your ears to hear. If I thought you listened to his flattering words and honeyed phrases, I should not hesitate to kill him"; and Pietro clenched his hands, and walked up and down the room.

"Pietro," pleaded the girl, laying her hand on his arm, and looking up wistfully at him with her beautiful eyes, "how can you speak like that? How can you doubt your poor Teresa,

whose heart is yours and yours alone"; and a great burning tear dropped on his hand.

In a moment his arms were around her as, full of remorse, he exclaimed: "Forgive me, forgive me, *amore mio;* it is only that I love you so passionately; and to know you are under the same roof as that man maddens me. I know you are mine, mine only, and I have never doubted you."

"And in three weeks," said Teresa shyly, "I shall be with you in our own home, and nothing will part us but death, and death itself cannot divide us, for love such as ours can never die."

Messer Luigi Guoro was secretary to Lorenzo Loredano; a man about thirty years of age; handsome in his way, with a fair beard and blue eyes, but a man of low character and notorious reputation. He admired the pretty serving maid, and would have liked to carry on with her, as was the way with gallants in those days, when "patricians" were allowed much license. Teresa, however, would have nothing to do with him, repulsed all his advances, refused his gifts, and avoided every encounter with him; in spite of which, Pietro was possessed by fierce jealousy towards Messer Luigi, and the only cloud which marred Teresa's perfect happiness was this hatred which Pietro openly expressed against one whom he regarded as a vulture ready to devour his dove. The flame was fanned by the secretary's haughty and contemptuous manner towards Pietro whenever he crossed his path; the fiery young baker had to put a great restraint upon himself not to express his feelings towards his adversary. But after Teresa's words this morning he bitterly reproached himself for ever bringing a shadow over that beloved face; and as he held her close, he murmured: "Never again, no, never again will I distress you by even naming him, Teresa. Sometimes I am frightened by our happiness, and it oppresses me"; then, with a lingering embrace, they parted.

Pietro had only left the palace a few moments when he was seized by the hands of the law, and carried off to prison. His arrest was due to an anonymous letter which one of the Council of Ten had received half an hour previously, and which ran thus:

"Early this morning Messer Luigi Guoro was murdered by a man of the people. In his breast was left the dagger, and

as he had not been robbed of a pin, it seems as though the hand of the assassin was driven by vengeance. The strongest suspicions rest upon Pietro Tasca, surnamed the *Fornaretto*."

To describe the horror and despair of all concerned is beyond words.

"Pietro Tasca? Impossible! He would not hurt a fly," was the verdict of his friends; but alas! evidence was strongly against him; also several nobles and patricians had recently been murdered by plebeians in Venice, in consequence of which the Council of Ten were even less inclined than usual towards leniency in cases where all appearances were against the prisoner. In vain did all who knew him testify to the rectitude of the Fornaretto, to his blameless life, his spotless past; facts remained: he had often incautiously and openly expressed his jealousy of the murdered man, the sheath of the poignard in Messer Luigi's heart had been found upon him. The very evidence of his friends when cross-examined was against him; had he not come into the Osteria of the Cappa d'Oro with the sheath in his possession, while the murdered man's body lay in a *calle* close by transfixed by the dagger? had his friends not commented that he was later than usual that morning in starting on his rounds? had he not often openly avowed his hatred of Messer Luigi? Teresa herself could not deny his jealousy of the dead man, though she affirmed with bitter tears that he was incapable of lifting a hand against his worst enemy.

He had nothing to bring forward in his defence but the simple fact of his innocence, and that he had picked up the sheath which accidentally lay in his path. There seemed no doubt that in a moment of anger, carried away by jealousy, he had drawn the dagger and stabbed Luigi Guoro. The Council of Ten were short and prompt in their decisions: in this case they had no hesitation; even Lorenzo Loredano could but sadly acquiesce in the apparently overwhelming evidence, and Pietro was condemned to death within three days of his arrest.

At first his despair was terrible; not that he feared death, but, strong in the sense of his innocence, full of health, youth, and strength, with everything that made life sweet within his grasp, he felt as though such a fate were harder than he could bear; every nerve and fibre, every pulse and heart-beat cried out and protested against the injustice. But, like so many of the children of the South, he was deeply religious at heart,

with a simple, childlike faith, and he soon ceased to kick against the pricks and resigned himself to the Divine Will. The sight of his poor father's despair, of Teresa's speechless anguish, made him forget himself in trying to comfort them.

It is useless to linger over the grief and agony compressed into those days; mercifully they were not prolonged. Pietro walked bravely to the scaffold on the last morning, and met his doom without faltering, commending his soul to God. His last words were: "God is my Judge; I die innocent of the charge brought against me, but in that I felt hatred in my heart against Messer Luigi I sinned, and for this I repent."

Marco Tasca almost lost his reason, and did not long survive his son, literally dying of a broken heart; lovingly tended by Teresa to the last. She soon after fell into a decline, and passed away in the house of Loredano, surrounded by care and affection. Thus were three lives sacrificed to the fallacy of human judgment; but before this happened Marco and Teresa had the sad satisfaction of knowing that Pietro's name had been cleared of the crime unjustly laid to his charge; for, shortly after he had suffered the death penalty, a member of the Council of Ten received a visit from the rector of the parish of St. Eufemia in Verona, who came to announce that he had a day or two before received the death-bed confession of the real murderer of Luigi Guoro, who was none other than the masked noble who had entered the tavern of the Cappa d'Oro on the fateful morning. He had killed Guoro in revenge for personal slights, and when he casually heard that the Fornaretto had picked up the sheath, had added to his iniquity by writing the anonymous letter, denouncing him to the Council, thinking, since fate had thus played into his hands, to evade any suspicion which might fall upon himself; but after Pietro's death, he had fled to Verona, tortured by remorse, and had soon after, by a strange coincidence, fallen a victim to an assassin's knife. On his deathbed he made the only reparation left to him, by freely confessing his guilt.

The Council of Ten instantly met, and determined to render public justice to the innocence of Pietro Tasca, by commanding that thenceforth no death sentence should be pronounced without a reminder being first made by the prisoner to the judge of the fate of the poor Fornaretto. They further ordered that two lamps should be placed on the outside of the

Church of St. Mark and lit every night in his memory. In an old register of the Republic of Venice, the following document still exists:

"Monday, March 20, 1507.

"Pietro Tasca, baker, having been found by the law, while he went to deliver his bread, not far from a murdered man, with the sheath of a bloody knife, which corresponded exactly to the knife left in the wound, was taken to prison as guilty of murder, and witnesses not having been found to prove the contrary, he was condemned by the Guarantia to be hung as guilty of the said crime. But not much time had passed before he was recognized as having been innocent, and hence arose the saying: *Recordeve del pover Forner.*"

And so it was, for from the time of his death till the fall of the republic in May, 1797, every prisoner condemned to death, turning to the president of the tribunal, recommended himself to mercy with the words: "*Eccellenza, la si ricordi del povero Forner* (Excellency, remember the poor baker)."

The two lights put up to commemorate this incident still burn every night in their niches against the Church of St. Mark, as every visitor to Venice may see for himself.

"PARSIFAL" AND A GREAT LITERARY CENTURY.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

"PARSIFAL" is the watchword of the hour, and every one is interested in the intimate details of Wagner's great musical creation and its rendition. Of the great poet Wolfram von Eschenbach, however, who first put the Graal Legend in a worthy setting in the great master-song, entirely too little has been heard. It is wonderful to think that an unlettered man, who could neither read nor write, should have composed, at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a poem so full of human sympathy, so thrilling with human aspirations, and so complete an expression of the highest human ideals, that seven centuries after his work was accomplished men still find in it the pre-eminent satisfaction of all that they ask of great poetry.

Very few people realize, however, that the great Meistersinger Wolfram, far from being a solitary poetic personality in the midst of a period arid in literary growth, was only one of a series of supreme poets—makers or creators in the true sense of the Greek original—whose work has had more influence on mankind, with the exception, of course, of the great Greek poets, than those of any other literary period in history. The poem of the Cid in Spain; the Arthur Legends in Britain; the legendary epic poetry of North France, and the Trouvères of Picardy; the Master-songs of South Germany, with the Minnesingers of the time; the Troubadours of South France, and finally Dante, who, it will be remembered, was thirty-five before the thirteenth century closed, have an interest not only as the beginnings, but what may very properly be called the sublime origins of our modern literature.

It will not be so surprising to realize this, if we only recall what this period represents in art accomplishment and æsthetic endeavor in other lines. The great Gothic cathedrals are the most glorious and enduring monuments of the art genius of an epoch that have ever been raised. Every minutest detail of their construction and decoration was completed with a loving

attention, and with a sublime devotion and faith that were only equalled by the wonderful success that greeted the efforts of the artists of the time in finding adequate expression for their artistic ideals in every department of art. The stained glass, the statuary, the wood and iron work, the lines of interior and exterior decoration, their beautiful illuminated mass and office books, their vestments with the finest needlework that was ever made, their wonderful bells, and, finally, the Gregorian Chant, which was brought to its perfection for them, and the part-music, invented so as to fill them with harmony, are all examples of human artistic effort reaching as near perfection as possible in its striving after the externalization of its ideas. It would be impossible to conceive that men who in every other mode of æsthetics reached so high a plane of excellence should fail to have made a literature worthy of their generations. There has never been any presumption that they were without interest in literature, in the widest sense of the word at least, since it is to this same century that we owe the rise of the great universities of Europe.

Until recent years, however, there has been almost universal neglect of the precious literary treasures that come to us from this period. The veil is lifting, however, and critical authorities all over the world are pointing out the value of the sublime poetry of the time. Naïve it is of course, and crude in its expression at times, since it comes at a period when the great modern languages are not as yet fully developed, but are only in course of formation from the older Latin or Teutonic tongues. Now that popular notice has been directed particularly to Wolfram von Eschenbach, the author of "Percival" or "Parsifal," it seems worth while to call attention to the work of some of his contemporaries, and his immediate predecessors and successors in that wonderful literary era of the thirteenth century.

Wolfram von Eschenbach was, as Scherer says in his *History of German Literature*, the greatest German poet of the Middle Ages, and was also recognized as such. "No lay mouth ever spake better," said a poet of the time, who gazed with wonder on the rising star of Wolfram von Eschenbach's genius, and succeeding centuries concurred in his judgment. It is an interesting, and not at all depreciative, commentary on the critical capacity of

his age that he was considered only inferior to the Bible and to the great religious teachers.

The poet is a great contradiction of certain modern notions as to the necessity for book-learning in properly educating, that is, in drawing out the intellectual faculties. He seems to have been almost entirely without even the elements of literary culture. According to tradition, he could neither read nor write. He had many things read to him, and occasionally he seems to have had recourse to the labor-saving device of the modern writer, dictation. He was, however, a man of an immense power of memory, and, like the popular poets of the ages before culture was common, could easily carry many thousands of verses in his memory. Scherer remarks, in his *History of German Literature*, that his very illiterateness gave him an incomparable force and independence, for reading always lays certain shackles on the imagination.

The most distinguished of Wolfram's German contemporaries was Hartmann von Aue. He seems to have been both valiant knight and charming poet. One of the old chronicles says of him that he was a knight so learned that he could read in books whatever he found written there. It is from Hartmann's "Der Arme Heinrich" (Poor Henry) that Longfellow has taken the beautiful story of love and sacrifice which he has embodied in his "Golden Legend." No more sympathetically human story of human faults, of trials that lead to higher things, and of the final triumph of what is best in man's nature under the influence of a kindly feminine spirit, has ever been written.

It is to Hartmann that we owe one of the most beautiful and most complete expressions of woman's place as the true helpmeet of man in everything that he does, even the distant fighting, in which apparently she has no part:

> "Glory be unto her whose word
> Sends her dear lord to bitter fight;
> Although he conquer by his sword,
> She to the praise has equal right;
> He with his sword in battle, she at home with prayer,
> Both win the victory, and both the glory share."

To another, perhaps to others, of the Meistersingers—for like Homer, the single authorship has been denied—we owe the

Nibelungen Lied, which Professor Lachmann, the distinguished German critic, has traced to its origin. According to him, scarcely a stanza of that poem as we have it now is older than 1190, and the latest additions to it were made some time before the end of the first quarter of the thirteenth century. This wonderful poem, which contains in itself some of the most powerful poetic elements, and though cast in a form that smacks of the crudity of its age, lives on without the influence of the more developed literary qualities it might be supposed to need for immortality. Its power, in spite of the lack of nicety of expression, is the best index of the wonderful genius of the generation to which we owe it. It was, however, only another sign of the necessity for expression that came over the poets of that generation, the inevitableness of great thoughts; and as we have seen, all over Germany similar forces were at work finding symbols for like irrepressible feelings out of the necessity of the time spirit's influence that was breathing so irresistibly where it would.

Just after the Meistersingers came the Minnesingers in Germany. This lyrical poetry marks an epoch in rhythm and versification, as well as in the expression of beautiful thoughts by beautiful sounds. Such names as that of Walther von der Vogelweide, of Heinrich von Veldeke and Ekkehard, are no longer so unknown as they used to be. Walther's famous definition of Minne, or love, is as enduring as the pretty verses in which it was written:

> "The bliss of two hearts, if both share equally,
> Then Minne is there;
> One heart alone cannot hold her."

It is to Walther, too, that we owe the significant expression: "Woman is woman's fairest name, and far above that of lady. Many a lady is far from being a woman, but a woman is always womanly."

In Britain the Arthur Legends reached an acme of sublime poetic expression in the Lancelot story, invented just at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries. It is not certain to whom we owe the conception of Lancelot as a hero. His probable creator was Walter Map, or Mapes, who wrote the story originally in Latin. How great this invention was may be gathered from the words of the distinguished

modern critic, Mr. George Saintsbury, who, in his volume on the literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, one of the volumes of the series "Periods of European Literature," says: "Perhaps the great artistic stroke in the whole Legend, and one of the greatest in all literature, is the concoction of a hero who should be not only

'Like Paris handsome, and like Hector brave,'

but more heroic than Paris and more interesting than Hector, —not only a 'greatest knight,' but at once the lover of his queen and the champion who should himself all but achieve, and in the person of his son actually achieve, the sacred adventure of the Holy Graal. If, as there seems no valid reason to disbelieve, the hitting upon this idea, and the invention or adoption of Lancelot to carry it out, be the work of Walter Mapes, then Walter Mapes is one of the great novelists of the world, and one of the greatest of them. If it was some unknown person (it could hardly be Chrestien de Troyes, for in Chrestien's form the Graal interest belongs to Percevale, not to Lancelot or Galahad), then the same compliment must be paid to that person unknown. Meanwhile the conception and execution of Lancelot, to whomsoever they may be due, are things most happy. Entirely free from the faultlessness which is the curse of the classical hero; his unequalled valor not seldom rewarded only by reverses; his merits redeemed from mawkishness by his one great fault, yet including all virtues that are themselves most amiable, and deformed by no vice that is actually loathsome; the soul of goodness in him always warring with his human frailty,—Sir Lancelot fully deserves the noble funeral eulogy pronounced over his grave, and felt by all the elect to be, in both senses, one of the first of all extant pieces of perfect English prose."

The poets of France at the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries were scarcely less great than their German and English contemporaries, though by a curious fate, which they owe to the neglect of their fellow-countrymen, they have been until recent years much less known. It seems easy to trace the national characteristics of France and Germany in the poetry of the two races even at that time. Troubadour and trouvère poetry is more trivial in its subject matter; is less broad in its appeal to human sympathy,

less representative of the high aspirations of the human heart; but expressed with more attention to detail, with more graceful elegance, with more studied solicitude for effect, and consequently with more of the elements that make for passing popularity. The lyric poetry of troubadour and trouvère, however, is at least as great as that which has been accepted by any generation since as representative of its lyric spirit, and, at the end of seven centuries, it still has a more than antiquarian interest and appeals to the world-soul with probably greater power than the lyric poetry of any other epoch, with the possible exception of the sympathetic lighter verse of the Elizabethan times in English and the Renaissance period in French.

The great epic writer in France, Chrestien of Troyes, who first sang the romance of Erec and his wandering with the faithful Enid, well deserves a place beside his great German contemporaries, the Meistersingers and the Minnesingers. There seems to be evidence that this romance of Erec was the first work done by Chrestien, which of itself is the best possible testimony of his greatness as a poetic genius. Indeed, so much did his work influence his generation, that for many of the critics he is supposed to be the originator of many other of the Arthurian legends, and even of phases of the story of the Holy Grail, as these were developed by his German contemporaries. There is a metrical tale of Lancelot called the "Chevalier de la Charette," and a metrical version of the Graal story bearing the title "Percival le Gallois," which, if not entirely original, contains elements to be found in no other versions, and of themselves sufficient to stamp their inventor as one of the genial productive minds of all times.

Of the Troubadours perhaps more is known than of any other poets of this thirteenth century. Kings did not disdain to be poets in this new mode—La Gaya Ciència—and Richard Cœur de Lion is almost as famous as a poet as crusader, king, and warrior. The names of such men as Peyrols, of Pierre Cardinale, of Bertrand of Born, of Bernard de Ventadour are well remembered, and attest the greatness of the new school of poetry. In lyric grace and beauty, and in the simple power of rhythmic poetic expression, few poets of any time have excelled these Troubadours of the ending twelfth and beginning thirteenth century.

Peyrols'

"So full of pleasure is my pain,
To me my sorrow is so dear,
That not the universe to gain,
Would I exchange a single tear";

or some of Bernard de Ventadour's love lyrics, or Bertrand de Born's:

"She cannot be mine! Her star is too bright,
It beams too gloriously;
She is radiant with majesty, beauty, and light,
And I unmarked must die!"—

though both of the latter became monks towards the end of their lives, are examples of lyric poetry of the highest order.

To this century in France we owe the most popular satire that has ever been written, the famous romance of "Reynard the Fox." Of course the antiquity of the Reynard story goes in certain ways far beyond the thirteenth century. It seems likely that the original language of the epic in the form in which we know it is the French of a Walloon or Picard dialect, and that it was written somewhere between the Seine and the Rhine. The popularity that this poem has maintained in every language since, and our own precious Brer Rabbit stories, with all due honor to our poet who has popularized them once more, and the fact that so great a genius as Goethe has taken advantage of them for his own purpose, shows how close to the heart of nature went this old poet, of the early thirteenth century in France, for the materials for his satire of human beings in the display of their qualities in animals.

Another great poem of the century, also from France, that, at least to the literary minds of many generations, has been a source of pleasure and inspiration, as well as another means of understanding the later Middle Ages, is "The Romance of the Rose." Of the first four thousand lines of this, particularly, as they were written by William of Lorris, there is no doubt that it is one of the most striking poems of all time. Of its author, one of the most judicious and conservative critics of our time does not hesitate to say, that "though William of Lorris may receive but contemptuous treatment from persons who demand 'messages,' 'meanings,' and so forth,

others will find message and meaning enough in his allegorical presentation of the perennial quest, of 'the way of a man with a maid,' and more than enough beauty in the pictures with which he has adorned it. He is indeed the first great word-painter of the Middle Ages, and for long—almost to the close of them—most poets simply copied him, while even the greatest used him as a starting-point and source of hints. Also, besides pictures he has music—music not very brilliant or varied, but admirably matching his painting; soft, dreamy, not so much monotonous as uniform with a soothing uniformity. Few poets deserve better than William of Lorris the famous hyperbole which Greek furnished in turn to Latin and to English. He is indeed 'softer than sleep,' and, as soft sleep is, laden with gracious and various visions."

How thoroughly human in their sympathies were the French writers of this period even in literature that is not of the supreme importance of the great folk stories, can be best judged from the romance of "Aucassin et Nicolette." Few writers of romance have ever "seized the virgin jets of feeling in young and innocent hearts," or marked the tone and flow of familiar intercourse, with the success of this earliest of modern fiction writers. There is a surprisingly simple yet deliciously delicate art and a truth to nature, with a charm of manner that will make the book a favorite for all coming generations, now that its discovery has made it once more a precious possession. It is the only one of these romances that has been preserved for us, but we can readily understand that there must have been many others constructed after this model. A single manuscript copy of it remained to preserve it for us, and it is possible, but not probable, that it was the greatest of these romantic song stories; but it is much more likely that the youth of the generations of the thirteenth century found many such at hand to while away the hours in lonely castle and fortress in long wintry seclusions.

No European country escaped the vivifying inspiration of the time spirit. Just before the thirteenth century began, the national genius of Spain brought forth a genius capable of worthily expressing the chivalric ideals of the time, the famous "Poema del Cid"—The Poem of the Cid. In a metre that is rough and irregular, with many signs of the literary crudeness of the time in which it originated, with childish, almost

trivial, repetitions at times to mar its interest and its effectiveness, "The Cid" still remains, by the wonderful humanly, sympathetic quality of its characters, one of the great poems of all time. It is a curious reflection on the more refined, artistic methods of later literatures, that with all their literary excellences, they have failed to produce such adequately human expressions of what is closest to the heart of man as have these old, simple, apparently inelegant poems. It is this which gives to them, as to Homer, immortality of interest and enduring life.

Even distant Iceland did not miss the influence of the spirit that breathed all over civilized Europe. Many of the famous Sagas were written during the thirteenth century. Saxo Grammaticus wrote his famous history of Denmark at this time, from which so many historical folk stories have been gleaned. Saxo seems to have died about the end of the first decade of the thirteenth century. Shakspere's scholars will recall that it is to him that our great English poet owes the story he dramatized as "Hamlet." In his "Saga Time" Mr. John Fulford Vicary * records the fact that Snorri Sturlasson, the writer of the "Younger Edda," flourished during the earlier part of the thirteenth century; while the "Sturlunga Saga," written by Sturla Thorgasson, received its literary form towards the end of the century. The skalds, or poets, of that time were marvellous men, who did and wrote amidst stirring events of a lifetime of struggle and hardship. They were not only able to accomplish much, but to record it with a striking imagery and pathos that have made their literary work of interest to far distant generations. It must not be forgotten that when in the last generation William Morris, with his zeal for bringing the English-speaking people back to nature, wished to find subjects for his own poetry, he went to these Sagas of the Northland. There is no doubt about the closeness to nature which these northern skalds ever secured. As the study of comparative literature becomes more common, there is ever a better realization of how much the untutored generations, even of distant lands, succeeded in finding proper artistic expression for the inmost feelings of their generation.

To this same thirteenth century, in several countries, we owe some of the greatest of the old Latin hymns. Among

* London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1887.

them, especially, the "Dies Iræ," the "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," and Bernard of Morlaix's great hymn, most familiar to English readers under the name of "Jerusalem the Golden," have been the subject of admiring study on the part of the hymn-makers of all ages. It is very generally recognized now by the best literary critics of all periods of European literature that no greater poems have ever been written than some of these Latin hymns. The "Dies Iræ," for instance, has been the favorite poem of such very different literary characters, most of them great poets themselves, as Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Johnson, Dryden, Byron, Friedrich Schlegel, Dean Milman, Archbishop Trench, and Jeremiah Taylor. Goethe introduces it, it will be remembered, into "Faust," Scott into the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," Mozart and Haydn both set themselves the loving labor of giving it adequate musical accompaniment. It is the sublimest of all uninspired hymns.

Generally, when the Latin hymns are spoken of as poetry, there is heard the remark: "Oh! rhymed, mediæval Latin." As if their poetic form were utterly in disaccord with the spirit of the language. As a matter of fact these old Latin hymn writers of the thirteenth century did two very wonderful things. One was, that for the first time in its history they made the Latin language an original vehicle for the expression of poetic thought according to its own genius. Second, they brought rhyme to such perfection that the developing modern languages, which during this century for the first time began to be used in literary fashion, took up this mode of expression in a perfection that followed the sublimely beautiful models so often resounding in their ears in the church services of the time.

It may seem surprising to speak of these hymns as the first original use of the Latin language in poetry. It must not be forgotten, however, that the classical Latin poets were confessed imitators of the Greek, and adopted Greek metres without always succeeding in adapting them to the genius of the Latin language. There are very few scholars, versed in both Greek and Latin, who do not feel that even in the greatest of the classical Latin poetry they are listening to an echo of the older Greek poets which, of course, when it resounds from such geniuses as Virgil, or Ovid, or Horace (how much one

hesitates even to seem to impugn Horace's originality!) has a distinct and even distinguished value of its own and some notes of essential nationality, but lacks true native power.

Professor March, of Lafayette College, in his edition of the Latin hymns, has stated this position very well: "These hymns were the first original poetry of the people in the Latin language, unless perhaps those critics may be right who think they find in Livy a prose rendering of earlier ballads. The so-called classic poetry was an echo of Greek both in substance and form, the matters and metres were both imitated, and the poems were composed for the lovers of Grecian art in the Roman court. It did not spring from the people, and it never moved the people. But the Christian hymns were proper folk poetry, the 'Bible of the People'—their Homeric poems. Their making was not so much speech as action. Legends described some of the best of them as the inspired acts of Christian heroes. They were in substance festive prayers, the simplest rhythmic offering of thanks and praise to the Giver of light and of rest, both natural and spiritual, at morning and evening, and at other seasons suited to the remembrance and rhythmical rehearsal of the truths of the Bible."

The other great accomplishment of the Latin hymns was their training of the ear of the people for the appreciation of rhyme and rhythm in poetry, and awakening the feeling for similar appropriate poetic expression in the vulgar tongue. During the century the modern languages, especially the Latin tongues, were taking shape. Dante at the end of the thirteenth century represents the first great poet who wrote in a Latin tongue of the common people. During the church ceremonies the people heard over and over again, in the singing of these beautiful hymns, the sublimest vocal harmony. All of the people attended church, and owing to the number of church festivals observed they were required to be at services at least a hundred times a year. We owe to the influence on the minds of the people who were then developing our modern languages in this frequent hearing of the Latin hymns, whatever possibilities for their harmonious poetic expression those languages contain.

How great the influence of these hymns must have been in this respect can be appreciated very well from the expressions recently used with regard to one of them, at least, by perhaps

the greatest living critic of European literature. In his recent volume on twelfth and thirteenth century literature, *The Flourishing of Romance*, Professor Saintsbury, of the University of Edinburgh, says with regard to one of these hymns:

"And from this time comes the greatest of all hymns, and one of the greatest of all poems, the 'Dies Iræ.' There have been attempts—more than one of them—to make out that the 'Dies Iræ' is no such wonderful thing after all: attempts which are, perhaps, the extreme examples of that cheap and despicable paradox which thinks to escape the charge of blind docility by the affectation of heterodox independence. The judgment of the greatest (and not always of the most pious) men of letters of modern times may confirm those who are uncomfortable without authority in a different opinion. Fortunately, there is not likely ever to be lack of those who, authority or no authority, in youth and in age, after much reading or without much, in all time of their tribulation and in all time of their wealth, will hold these wonderful triplets, be they Thomas of Celano's or another's, as nearly or quite the most perfect wedding of sound to sense that they know.

"It would be possible, indeed, to illustrate a complete dissertation on the methods of expression in serious poetry from the fifty-one lines of the 'Dies Iræ.' Rhyme, alliteration, cadence, and adjustment of vowel and consonant values—all these things receive perfect expression in it, or, at least, in the first thirteen stanzas, for the last four are a little inferior. It is quite astonishing to reflect upon the careful art or the felicitous accident of such a line as

"'Tuba mirum spargens sonum,'

with the thud of the trochee falling in each instance in a different vowel, and still more on the continuous sequence of five stanzas, from "Judex ergo" to "non sit cassus," in which not a word could be displaced or replaced by another without loss. The climax of verbal harmony, corresponding to and expressing religious passion and religious awe, is reached in the last—

"'Quærens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!'

where the sudden change from the dominant *e* sounds (except

in the rhyme foot) of the first two lines to the *a*'s of the last is simply miraculous, and miraculously assisted by what may be called the internal sub-rhyme of sedisti and redemisti. This latter effect can rarely be attempted without a jingle; there is no jingle here, only an ineffable melody.

"After the 'Dies Iræ,' no poet could say that any effect of poetry was, as far as sound goes, unattainable, though few could have hoped to equal it, and perhaps no one except Dante and Shakspere has fully done so."

At the end of the thirteenth century came Dante, the greatest of all the literary geniuses of the time, perhaps even of all time. John Ruskin, in his *Stones of Venice*, says of him: "I think that the central man of all the world is represented in perfect balance, the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties all at their highest, in Dante." According to the first line of his "Divine Comedy"—

"When our life's cares with me had half way sped"—

he was just thirty-five when the thirteenth century closed. Whatever of influence his environment had on his education, his intellectual development, as far as the intellectual development of a genius depends on his contemporaries, the refinement of his taste, were all due to the thirteenth century. At the beginning of the twentieth century we are beginning to appreciate him better than ever before. There are only two other names that we now mention in the same breath with his, Homer and Shakspere.

He is not nearly so distant nor unsympathetic to our generation as it has sometimes been the custom to think. Carlyle never said anything truer than the sentence in which he insists upon this: "True souls in all generations of the world who look on this Dante will find a brotherhood in him; the deep sincerity of his thoughts, his woes, and hopes will speak likewise to their sincerity; they will feel that this Dante, too, was a brother."

People have sometimes spoken of Dante as a solitary phenomenon coming in the midst of the Middle Ages as a being quite apart from and far above the times in which he lived. Victor Hugo said that genius was a "a promontory jutting out into the infinite," and Dante is often supposed to be a precipitous promontory whose peak is hidden in the clouds, at

least from his contemporaries. Nothing could well be more false than this, and I think that my readers can at least now be well aware of this falsity. There is not a single decade of the thirteenth century that is not represented by some poet whose works have been worthy to live for nearly seven centuries. Of how many other centuries can anything like this be said? Dante is only the topmost summit of literary and artistic expression in the wonderful hundred years of human endeavor, unequalled for its accomplishment in the expression of great human thoughts by worthy symbols. He is only the most exquisite product of the most original environment that the world has ever known, that has left undying traces on the civilization of every country of Europe.

Longfellow, in the introduction to his translations of a part of the "Divine Comedy," has compared Dante's great poem to a Gothic cathedral, and the comparison is eminently fitting and shows how well our great American poet, whose "Golden Legend" is itself an unsurpassed tribute to these times, entered the very heart of the environment of which Dante is the supreme literary exponent. Dante was only doing in literature what the men who designed and built those magnificent architectural monuments to the faith, and the love of the beautiful and the artistic genius of a great generation. To think of him as standing alone or far above his contemporaries is utterly to ignore all that was accomplished for art and literature in Europe in this century.

How much Dante has been thought of by subsequent generations can be best judged from the number of books published with regard to him. The catalogue of the Dante library at Cornell is itself a large work, and more has been written about him than any other man that ever lived, except Him who was more than man. James Russell Lowell, in his wonderful essay on Dante, which many have considered the most illuminating estimate of him ever written, says: "The man behind the verse is far greater than the verse itself, and the impulse he gives to what is deepest and most sacred in us, though we cannot always explain it, is none the less real and lasting. Some men always remain outside their work, others make their individuality felt in every part of it—their very life vibrates in every verse, and we do not wonder that it has made them 'lean for years.' The virtue that has gone out of

them abides in what they do." And so it was with Dante, who above all men who have ever lived found supremely suitable expression for the feelings within him, at a time when there are those who would have us believe men had scarcely risen at all to the heights of human expression.

Perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to all the art and literature in this century is its supreme originality. Classic ideas and ideals could scarcely help to affect to some degree the mediæval mind; but this was but very slightly the case, and the triumphant transformation of these traces of the old into supremely original work is strikingly indicative of the independent genius of the time. As Taylor, in *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages*, says:* "Between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries mediæval art culminates in styles organic in their growth and novel and original. This art being no copy, has mastered and transformed the suggestions from the past which it has used. Its growth and greatness spring rather from faculties and capacities, tastes, conceptions, and ideals, evolved and matured in the course of mediæval progress and development, from which the general educational and evolutionary influence of the antique was never absent."

It is a matter for never-ending felicitation that at last these ages are coming to their deserved meed of appreciation. We shall get away from the conventionality that has wrapped us round, binding minds as well as hands, just to the extent that we come into admiration and emulation of our wonderful Christian forefathers.

* The Columbia University Press, 1901.

THE YOUNG HERO OF THE SIOUX.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY,

Author of "A Daughter of New France."

FOR a week the bill-boards had been aflame with red and yellow posters announcing that, on the twenty-eighth of July, "Pawnee Bill's great and, since the retirement of Mr. Cody, the only genuine Wild West Show, would appear at Detroit in two performances solely."

On the evening before that day of days the old circus-grounds were but a field of stubble and bare spots amid the well-kept lawns of the neighborhood and the luxuriant foliage of the broad avenues.

The boys played base-ball there and sailed boats in the little pond made by the rains, but even the most enthusiastic among them would not have called it a place of beauty. Then, all at once—Presto, what a change! Silently during the night came an army of workers. In the light of the early morning the fallow field blossomed with white tents and Indian tepees of mats and skins, and from the top of each floated a red or blue or gold-colored pennon.

Before long every idle man and lad in the vicinity found an excuse for loitering about the roped-off space that surrounded the nomads' village. The champing of unseen horses and, now and again, the shrill neigh of some sociable broncho, were sounds that made them impatient for what was to follow.

The appearance at the entrance to one and another of the tents of the dark figure of a redskin chief, solemn, and seemingly oblivious of the presence of the hangers-on, or a copper-hued boy, lithe and agile as a roebuck, still further piqued the curiosity and interest of the rapidly-increasing throngs.

As nine o'clock, the hour of the street parade, approached they were vouchsafed glimpses of the wonderful ponies from the plains, and of their clever Sioux riders.

At last, at the sound of a gong, the bewildering mass of moving color fell into line and the cavalcade started.

What a picture it was!—the long procession of cowboys in

costume with their flat sombreros, their high boots and spurs; Indian warriors clad in deerskins, their faces painted in vermilion and ochre, their heads crowned with feathers that extended in a bristling streamer down upon their shoulders, like the quills of a porcupine upon a gigantic scale; the splendid horses with arching necks and prancing pace, their glossy manes decorated with ribbons. How spirited they were, and how they cavorted! their riders sitting firm as graven images the while, and guiding them with the lightest of reins.

Of all the braves who rode that day no one bore himself more proudly or sat his broncho with greater ease or freedom than the child José, son of Blue Horse, the full-blooded Sioux, and his wife, Yellow Bird.

"See the little fellow! See the little fellow! He rides as well as the big chief," cried the gamins in the streets as he passed.

José did not understand what they said, for he knew only the language of his people, and spoke that but haltingly. He had had many things to do in his short life of four years without giving over-much time to learning to talk.

But there was no mistaking the meaning of the cheers of the "paleface boys" and men; the admiring glances and the waving of white handkerchiefs by the kind-looking, gaily-dressed women among the crowds that bordered the route of the parade, pressing so close to the curbstone of the walks that the police had to order and press the people back with threatening club, lest they be trampled under the feet of the horses.

"The little fellow! The little fellow!"

José knew all eyes were upon him. And so he rode his best, holding himself straight as an arrow like the chief his father; looking down like a little king upon the populace and the sights of the white man's city. For the saddle was his throne; he was born to it; born to ride in freedom over the prairie on Swift Hoofs, his beautiful pony; born to be the sachem of his tribe, his mother told him.

Therefore, he must show himself to be like a great warrior, and neither look to the right nor left, nor smile at the white boys who laughed and shouted to attract his attention.

But, more than all, he must ride well so that his father might be proud of him; and his mother, catching him to her heart when the parade was over, might tell him he had done bravely.

What did it matter that his hands and head were hot, that when last he rode it had been in a pelting shower?

"Mahingan," he said to his cousin the young Sioux who rode just behind him, "José has a stinging arrow in his breast; so it must be when a warrior is shot in battle."

"The papoose is sick; he should have stayed behind in the tepee," said Mahingan anxiously.

"It was my father's will that I should ride; a warrior must endure such things," answered little José proudly. "José will think of the Fire and Ghost dances and the tortures that make a man strong to suffer. Go soft, Swift Hoofs; go soft."

How long the way was! A mist came before the eyes of the papoose; he felt queer, as if, in spite of himself, he was going to fall from the saddle. But he clung on. Swift Hoofs seemed to understand and was very gentle. José thought of the plains now and hardly saw the people in the streets.

When he left the reservation the Black Robe had laid a gentle hand upon his head and bade him obey his father and mother, and thus he would gain the blessing of the "Breath Master." Well, was not that what he was doing?

But ah, at last, at last, the parade was over; the cavalcade rode in again to the circus-grounds; the canvas walls of one of the white tents hid Swift Hoofs and the wonderful little Sioux rider from view.

Then it was that little José broke into a shout of triumph more startling than would have been the war-whoop of an enemy. His eyes shone like the stars above the prairie, a deeper red glowed beneath his dark skin, and when Mahingan lifted him from his pony he struggled to be free like some wild little creature of the hunting-grounds.

His mother hastened to catch him to her heart, indeed, but it was with a sharp exclamation of sorrow.

The youngest Sioux warrior was raving with the fever of pneumonia, and would never ride again.

By the next morning it was over. The Breath Master had blessed little José with the blessing that would last for ever.

Nevertheless, the Indian mother wailed and tore her hair. For, stoical as her race might be, a mother's grief must have its way.

"Ehu, Ehu!" she cried. "Never was there a better

papoose! He was like a little squirrel; he was like a robin, bravest of the birds!"

"He would have been a brave chief," said Blue Horse. Ah, if little José could have heard him!

Mahingan said nothing; he could find no words to tell of his love for the papoose who had daily ridden before him in the parade.

"I am sorry, but the troop must go on," said Pawnee Bill, alias William Markham, manager of the show.

"Blue Horse will stay behind," replied the big Sioux, gruffly.

But it could not be; Blue Horse had given his word to ride in the next town. The word of a chief was not to be broken; he and Yellow Bird must go, as he had promised. Mahingan would stay.

So it happened that when the tents of the Wild West Show were folded and packed; when, in the early morning, the train of cowboys and Indians rode silently away ere the city was awake, there still remained on the circus-grounds a solitary tepee stripped of its gay festoons of colored cloth, its fluttering pennons; with no adornment save the rude figures of bird and beast drawn upon its sides, the figures of the tribe totem. A closed tepee, into whose seclusion the boys and other idlers who lingered about the grounds dared not penetrate. Inside, upon a bed of branches torn from the neighboring trees and covered with an Indian blanket, lay little José, more beautiful than was ever a statue of bronze.

He wore the war costume of a warrior, and on his feet were moccasins richly embroidered with beads and porcupine quills.

Beside him, and almost as motionless, sat Mahingan, with bowed head and face concealed in the folds of his blanket, which he wore with pathetic dignity.

So the hours passed. At last, when it was afternoon, a white man raised the curtain that hung before the tepee, and entering, stood speechless before the Indian's sorrow.

Mahingan glanced half defiantly at the intruder. Then he rose without speaking, crossed the further side of the tepee and plucked several feathers from his head-dress that hung upon the wall.

Returning, he placed the quills in the moccasins of the papoose. It must needs be that little José should rest among

the children of the palefaces, at least his spirit must be provided with pinions on which to fly away to the plains, the haunts of his own people, or it might be to wing its way to the home of the Great Spirit.

But though Mahingan clung to the traditions of his tribe, he was a Christian. In place of the wampum necklace of his fathers he wore a chaplet that had been given him by the Black Robe at the reservation.

Silently he took it from his neck and wound it around the chubby hands that but the day before yesterday had so cleverly guided the reins of Swift Hoofs.

Still the white man lingered.

"Give me awhile longer," said the Indian, and forthwith thrust him from the tepee.

The white man was patient. As he waited from the tent arose the sound of music. Mahingan was singing a magnificent dirge for his little friend and comrade. Its soulful beauty, its over-powering sadness, were familiar to the listener.

To his astonishment, he recognized the music; it was Chopin's Funeral March, rendered as in a civilized community it had certainly never been rendered before.

No doubt the Sioux had learned the air from having heard it played by the military band of the agency from which he came, the Rosebud Agency, in far South Dakota.

The wild, solemn song died away, and Mahingan began to pray in his own language.

At length the prayer also ceased, and Mahingan came out of the tepee.

"Here is money," he said to the white man, as he emptied his pouch of all the silver and the golden eagle it contained; "lay the papoose to sleep as becomes the son of a chief. I will come again, and if all is not well done, you shall answer for it. Remember! Plant a cross where he rests, as the Black Robe has taught us."

Such is the story of little José, the fearless papoose. This is the reason why, all during the rest of the long, bright summer, Swift Hoofs, the handsomest of the ponies, was led in the street parade without a rider. For not a Sioux of the Wild West Show would permit either an Indian or a white boy to ride the pony of little José.

CHRISTINE DE PISAN: HER LIFE AND WRITINGS.

BY FREDERICK P. HENRY, A.M., M.D.

CHRISTINE DE PISAN was the daughter of Thomas, variously styled De Pezzano, De Pizzano. De Pezano, De Boulogne, and De Pisan. Shortly after her birth in 1364 Thomas was obliged to visit Bologna, where his property was situated, in order to transact certain affairs of business; and while there he was invited by two kings, viz., those of France and Hungary, to take up his residence at their courts. The great personal merit of Charles the Wise, the magnificence of the court of France, the University of Paris, were enough to determine his choice.

The intention of Thomas was to return to Italy after passing a year in France; but at the end of this period, the king was unwilling to part with his astrologer. He insisted upon his bringing his family to France and becoming a permanent resident of that country.

During the next eleven years very little is recorded of Christine. We know that she was brought up at the court, "en fille de qualité," and that she early gave evidence of a studious disposition, which her father did his best to cultivate, the astrologer being far ahead of his time in his advocacy of the higher education of women. Among her studies was Latin, in which, judging from her subsequent researches, she must have been thoroughly grounded.

She was wooed by numerous young men of distinction, "de robe et d'épée"; but her choice, or rather, that of her father, fell upon a young man of Picardy, Étienne du Castel, who was endowed with the advantages of lineage, probity, and knowledge,* but was deficient in more worldly possessions. He married Christine when she was but fifteen years old (1379), and the union was a most happy one.

The young couple took up their abode with the astrologer, whose establishment was already an extensive one. The enormous pensions he received from the king were consumed by his magnificent mode of living and his liberality to the poor.

* "Qui avait de la naissance, de la probité et du sçavoir."

Charles V. died in 1380 at the age of forty-four, after reigning sixteen years. Thomas of Pisa fell into disfavor with, or, rather, was neglected by, the new *régime*. A portion of his emoluments was withdrawn and the remainder was poorly paid. Old age, chronic disease, and perhaps also grief and disappointment, brought him to the grave a few years after the death of the king, his benefactor. "Thus," says Boivin, "ended the life of this philosopher, the most celebrated and, apparently, the most skilful of the fourteenth century."

Christine, who was devoted to her father's memory and most emphatic in his praise, tells us that he died in the Catholic faith.

On the death of Thomas, Étienne du Castel became the head of the family, but in 1389 Christine became a widow at the age of twenty-five, with three young children and a large establishment to maintain. She was left utterly destitute. The first years of her widowhood were embittered by lawsuits which she was obliged to bring against delinquent debtors or to sustain against fraudulent creditors, but in the fourteenth century there was as little justice for the poor in purse as there was of so-called honor for the poor in spirit. She prints a striking picture of these sorrowful years during which she haunted the palace from morning till evening, waylaying the judges, pursuing the advocates, flattering the "huissiers," and almost dying of cold in the huge law courts. She was also a prey to the impertinence of so-called gallantry, and many an insult she ignored which, if resented, would have injured her cause, which was that of her little children. In her destitution she restrained her pride and concealed her sufferings.

At last she resolved to retire to her study and seek consolation in the books which she had inherited from her father and her husband. The method of her study was systematic. As the child begins with the alphabet, so, she tells us, she began with the most ancient histories, viz., those of the Hebrews, the Assyrians, and the origins of government; thence descending to the Romans, the French and Bretons, and later to works of science. In addition, incredible as it may seem, she read the works of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Galen, Avicenna, Chrysostom, Democritus, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Catullus, Juvenal, Boëtius, Apuleius, Vegetius, Frontinus, Trojus Pompeius, Lucan, Cicero, Valerius Maximus, Suetonius, Seneca, Hyeronimus, Augustinus. Whether she read these in the

original or not, is little to the purpose, for she was in search of facts rather than graces of style.

It is next to impossible that such a mass of reading, necessarily devoured with haste, could have been thoroughly digested, and yet Christine, in her quotations and references, is remarkably accurate. A glaring mistake is to be found in the twenty-fourth chapter of her history of Charles V., where she confounds Scipio, the conqueror of Hannibal, with Pompey, the conqueror of Mithridates.

In 1399, when thirty-five years of age, she began to write systematically. Six years later (1405) she published one of her best known and most interesting works, *La Vision de Christine;* one of the most interesting, because from it and from *Le Livre de Mutacion de Fortune* has been obtained most of the materials of her biography. For example, in the Vision she tells us that from 1399, when, as above stated, she began to write, until 1405, the date of the publication of the Vision, she had written fifteen volumes, not counting many small ditties.

Her fame did not remain confined to France, but, through the medium of the Earl of Salisbury, extended to England. This nobleman, who was not only a lover of poetry but a poet as well,* is said to have visited Paris several times on business for Richard II., and especially in connection with the negotiations for the hand of Isabella, the daughter of Charles VI., and to have sought out Christine, whose poems had attracted his notice and excited his admiration. The relations between the Earl of Salisbury and Christine of Pisa, while free from the breath of scandal, must have been intimate, for she permitted him to take back with him to England her son, Jean du Castel, "assez abille et bien chantant enfant," then aged thirteen, the earl promising to educate him with his own son, who was of like age, and to provide for his future career. Christine expressly states that her son accompanied Salisbury to England at the time of Richard's marriage with his child-queen Isabella, which took place at the church of St. Nicholas of Calais on All-Saints day (October 31), 1396.†

* "Gracieux chevalier," says Christine, "et luy-mesme gracieux dicteur."

† Dr. Friedrich Koch, in his excellent memoir *(Leben und Werke der Christine de Pizan)*, states that this event took place in 1397, and that, therefore, Jean du Castel, who was thirteen years old when taken to England, was born in 1384. Turner, Lingard, Hume, Keightley, and Agnes Strickland all agree, however, in assigning the date of this royal marriage to the year 1396.

Christine did not long enjoy the friendship and favor of the Earl of Salisbury. Salisbury was executed early in 1400.

Jean du Castel was about seventeen years old at the time of his patron's death. It is recorded by Christine herself that, after Salisbury's death, Henry IV. took charge of her son and treated him with great kindness. The royal favor enjoyed by Jean du Castel was due, not to any personal merit of his own but to his mother's reputation, which, as above stated, had extended to England through the medium of the Earl of Salisbury. In fact, it is a question whether at this period Christine's reputation was not greater in England than in France. That this was the case may be inferred from the fact that she found it more difficult to *place* her son in France than in England. Among the effects of the Earl of Salisbury were several collections of Christine's poems, which came into Henry's possession and interested him to such an extent that he urgently invited their author to come to his court. By her own confession she practised considerable dissimulation with regard to this invitation, in order that she might regain possession of her son, who was still in England and whom Henry might have held as hostage until her arrival at his court.

After much temporizing and the expenditure of some of her choicest possessions, her books, in gifts, or rather in bribes,* Christine obtained permission for her son to come to France, the understanding evidently being that Jean du Castel was to return to England with his mother. No sooner had Christine regained possession of her son than she flatly refused the King of England's invitation.

Christine first attempted to place him in the service of the Duke of Orleans, her application taking the form of a poem, which is included in the list of her ballads.

The ballad, which was written in 1400 or 1401, was a failure so far as the object of its author was concerned. Jean du Castel was not employed by the Duke of Orleans, but soon afterward was taken into the service of his brother, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, with whom he remained until the death of the latter on April 27, 1404. This only remaining son of Christine is said by Martin Franc, in his *Champion des Dames* (1440), to have become a distinguished poet. He has been confounded with another Jean Castel or Du Castel, a chroni-

*". . . de mes livres me cousta que congié ot mon dit fils de me venir querir" . . .

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT WITH PORTRAIT OF CHRISTINE DE PISAN.

cler of Louis XI. The latter may have been a grandson of Christine.

The history of Thomas of Pisa, so far as concerns his invitations to foreign courts, was repeated about this time (1400 or 1401) in that of his daughter.

Christine's refusal of this invitation was certainly wise, for the Duke of Milan died suddenly of the plague at Melegnano in 1402. Turbulent times immediately followed his death.

"Gian 'Galeazzo's duchy was a masterpiece of mechanical contrivance, the creation of a scheming intellect and lawless will. When the mind which had planned it was withdrawn, it fell to pieces, and the very hands which had been used to build it helped to scatter its fragments." *

It can well be imagined that, while the invitations of Henry IV. and the Duke of Milan were under consideration, Christine's ability for work was seriously impaired. Be this as it may, the period of her greatest literary activity immediately followed her decision to spend the rest of her days in France. Her most important works in prose and verse appeared in rapid succession between the years 1403 and 1406. *Le Livre du Chemin de long estude* was completed on March 20, 1403, and dedicated to the Duke de Berry. It is an allegorical poem of more than 6,000 stanzas, and is essentially a panegyric upon the wisdom of the lunatic, Charles VI. Its chief interest to-day is found in the lines which contain references to Christine's happy marriage, the death of her husband, and other autobiographical facts.

On November 14 of the same year (1403) *Le Livre de la Mutacion de Fortune* was finished, and on January 1, 1404, it was presented as a new year's gift to Philip, Duke of Burgundy. This extraordinary allegory, the chief design of which seems to have been to disclose Christine's historical and classical learning, closes with a reference to events and persons of contemporary interest, among which are the misfortunes of the late King John, and the malady of his grandson, Charles VI., the reigning monarch.

It was the perusal of this work that induced Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, to entrust Christine with the most honorable commission of writing the life of his brother, the late King of France, Charles V.

Christine lost no time in beginning her history of Charles V., a work which, both from the nature of its subject and the original manner in which it is composed, deservedly ranks as a French classic. It is published in the fifth volume of the "Collection Universelle des Mémoires particuliers relatifs à l'histoire de France," under its original title: *Le Livre des Faits et Bonnes Mœurs du sage Roy, Charles V.* It is the first of Christine's prose compositions, and probably the best known of

* John Addington Symonds. Article "Italy," in *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

all her works. It is divided into three parts, of which the first was completed in less than four months from the time of its inception.

Christine's history of Charles V. is rather a eulogium than a history. She can scarcely be said to have fulfilled the duty of the historian as defined by Cicero in his famous epigrammatic sentence: "Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat." Nevertheless her work is of the greatest value and interest to students of the reign of Charles the Wise. As he was a good king and his reign a great one, Christine, in praising both, does not depart to any great extent from the path of truth. She possessed a great advantage over most biographers of kings in that she was well acquainted with Charles and his court. According to the criticism of to-day, the work is marred by long digressions which display, as they were doubtless intended to do, her acquaintance with classical writers such as Aristotle, Vegetius, and many others. Yet as De Julleville remarks, no one has better described the attractive grace of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Charles VI., or depicted more clearly the appearance and manners of his father, Charles V.

This history of Charles V. was the first of a series of prose compositions of which *La Vision de Christine*, written in 1405, was the second. This remarkable work is in the form of an allegory, the characters being personified abstractions, such as Chaos, Fortune, Opinion, Fraud, and Philosophy. France is prominent among them under the name of Libera. Apart from the autobiographical fragments, which are to us of the greatest importance, there are two passages which seem to the writer worthy of special mention. The first is that in which Christine traces the origin of the French nation through Pharamond to Priam, King of Troy. This genealogical descent was generally accepted in Christine's day and continued so to be until the early part of the eighteenth century, when it was completely refuted by Fréret. What penalty Christine would have undergone for supporting a different opinion it is impossible to conjecture, but it would probably have been severe; for Fréret, in what we regard as a much more enlightened age, was immured in the Bastile for about four months for destroying this historical delusion.*

*Fréret also maintained that the word "franc," instead of meaning free, is really a corruption, through different Germanic dialects, of the Latin *ferox*!

The second passage above referred to is that in which Christine predicts her posthumous fame. "Opinion" tells her that she (Christine) was born at an unpropitious time; *i.e.*, at a time when the sciences were like things out of season; but that at a later period, "ceulx qui l'entendront en diront bien et le temps avenir plus en sera parlé que à ton vivant." The date of this posthumous fame was vastly more distant than Christine supposed, for it is only now, after the lapse of five hundred years, that full recognition is being accorded to her remarkable merit.

The next two works of Christine were written between 1405 and 1407, and are complementary to each other. They are *Le Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie* and *Le Livre du Corps de Pollicie.* The first of these is probably the most extraordinary book ever written by a woman. It is a treatise, so to speak, upon the jurisprudence of war and the manner of conducting it. The work is a complete manual for the officer and soldier, and is chiefly derived from the writings of Vegetius and Frontinus. The writer enters into the minutest details concerning the provisioning and defence of a garrison, the overcoming of obstacles to the march of an army, and lays great stress upon the importance of maps of the country which it is traversing. In the fourth and last part of the work truces, safe-conducts, and letters of marque are discussed, and the question is raised whether a safe-conduct given by a Christian prince to a Saracen should be respected by other Christian princes. To this Christine replies "no," and "because the Saracens are enemies of all Christians." This opinion is in complete accord with the prevalent views of the period, but in condemning letters of marque she was many centuries ahead of her time.

The literary style of this work is inferior to Christine's other prose compositions. As she herself confesses, its subject was distasteful to her. Nevertheless, it was a most timely publication, for the French were demoralized by dissensions and civil strife, and their army was in urgent need of the discipline she inculcates. Had her precepts been put into immediate practice, it is possible that France might have been spared the disgraceful and disastrous defeat of Agincourt.

Le Livre du Corps de Pollicie, which was written immediately after the last-mentioned work, is a treatise on morals

addressed to the three great classes into which the French nation was then divided, namely, the princes, the nobles, and the people at large. In this treatise Christine has, through her precepts, inferentially described the internal life, the life of the mind and soul, of the people of her day. It may, therefore, be regarded, as far as it goes, as the antithesis, or, rather, the complement, of the work of Froissart, who concerned himself almost exclusively with the external world, its fêtes, tournaments, and battles. Froissart is objective, Christine subjective.

The two most striking features of this treatise are, first, a scathing denunciation of the disorders of the secular clergy; and, secondly, the suggestion that taxation should not be limited to those least able to endure it. This last suggestion was truly revolutionary, and must have been highly displeasing to the governing classes.

One cannot estimate too highly the courage which inspired Christine to strike such a blow at the very root of the feudal system. It was ineffective, it is true, and could only have recoiled upon herself, for the people whom she befriended were blind and deaf, so far as her writings were concerned.

There is a sequence in the works of Christine, the clew to which is to be found in the fact that she had ever in mind the uplifting of her sex and its vindication from the aspersions which, during the reign and through the example of Isabel de Bavière, were only too well merited. This statement as to the design of her work applies particularly to her poems, although it attains its highest development in the two prose compositions: *La Cité des Dames* and *Le Livre des Trois Vertus*, or, as it is also called, *Le Trésor de la Cité des Dames*. Just as *Le Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie* and *Le Livre du Corps de Pollicie* were inspired by and complementary to the history of Charles V., so were *La Cité des Dames* and *Le Livre des Trois Vertus* inspired by and complementary to the poems called *l'Épitre au Dieu d'Amour* (1399) and *Le Dit de la Rose* (1402).

La Cité des Dames and *Le Livre des Trois Vertus* are addressed particularly to women, and both, in accordance with the taste of the age, are allegorical. The first is, for the most part, a compilation of the heroic deeds of women recorded in fable and history, whether these deeds relate to bravery, virtue,

patience, or self-abnegation. The heroines of antiquity are too well known at the present day to excite the interest which they doubtless aroused in the earliest readers of the work. It is in Christine's contemporaries that we are most interested, and, fortunately, she refers to many of them. She does not limit her praises to the princesses of the court and to other women of rank, but takes account of the heroism and talent of the lowly. For example, she extols the talent of a skilful female artist named Anastaise, who could illustrate a book better than any living man and to whom we are doubtless indebted for some of the superb manuscripts of Christine's compositions.

The *Trésor de la Cité des Dames* is a treatise upon the duties of women in all stations of life. The work abounds in valuable information concerning the domestic life and the morality of the time, and contains numerous details which are scarcely to be found elsewhere, and are conspicuously absent from the chronicles of Froissart. The morality of the book is pure, its counsels wise and practical. The ideal which Christine sets before women is not an impossible, or even a discouraging one. It is to maintain, outside of the household, the spirit of peace, sweetness, and indulgence, and, within it, good order, harmony, dignity of manner, and wise economy. Christine, herself a student, advises women to study, but with the object of developing their intelligence and elevating their sentiments; not with the ambitious and absurd idea of dethroning man and reigning in his place.

Just after the two last-mentioned works were completed Christine, in the name of her sex, made a passionate assault upon *Le Roman de la Rose* of Jean de Meun, which was also attacked at the same time by the celebrated Gerson,* chancellor of Notre Dame, because of its abuse of the clergy.

The civil war, which continued without intermission after the assassination of the Duke of Orleans (1407), seems to have suppressed Christine's literary enthusiasm. Nevertheless, in the midst of this uproar Christine endeavored to make herself heard. She wrote a lamentation upon the evils of the civil war (1410) and *Le Livre de la Paix*, a pathetic pleading for peace (1412–13). Then France became engulfed in a sea of troubles, and, after the publication of a poem entitled *l'Oraison Notre*

* Whom Michelet calls the greatest man of the fifteenth century.

Dame (1414),* which is virtually a farewell to the world, Christine was no more heard until after the lapse of fifteen years. The invasion of the English, the defeat of Agincourt (October 25, 1415), the occupation of Paris by the English and Burgundians, and the massacre or flight of all her friends and protectors, were enough misfortunes to discourage a much greater genius than she possessed. She fled from Paris and took refuge in a convent—probably that of Poissy, which her daughter had entered many years before, and the year of Christine's admission was 1418. This is established beyond a doubt by one of those autobiographical references which are so frequent in her works, whether in prose or verse. The one now alluded to occurs in a poem dated July 31, 1429. It is a song of triumph over the successes of the immortal Maid who, about two months before, had compelled the English to abandon the siege of Orleans. The news of the reviving fortunes of the French and their miraculous deliverance reached Christine in her cloister and inspired her last poem.

Whatever may be the exact date of our poet's death, it is certain that she attained a good old age, for if she died in 1429, the earliest possible date of her death, she was sixty-five years old; for she was born in 1364.

At no period since her death has her name been quite forgotten. For many centuries, however, it was known only to the learned few, and even with them this knowledge was by no means precise. Her writings being, for the most part, unprinted, were soon forgotten. It was reserved for the end of the nineteenth century to reproduce her poetical works, which, in the opinion of De Julleville, are inferior to her prose compositions.

That she was highly esteemed by contemporary opinion is proved, not by that lowest of all standards, the monetary value of her compositions,† but by her invitations to foreign courts and the admiration of such a competent judge as the Earl of Salisbury. In addition we have the testimony of Eustache Deschamps, a contemporary poet and the satirist of his time, who addressed laudatory lines to Christine.

* I have followed Robineau and Koch in assigning this poem to the year 1414. Paul Meyer, in the introduction to the third volume of the *Œuvres Poétiques de Christine de Pisan*, contends that it was written at a much earlier period, viz., in 1402 or 1403.

† In the catalogue of the library of the Duc de Berry, compiled in 1416, the history of Charles is appraised at "60 sols parisis"! Vide *Bibliothéque Protypographique*, Paris, 1830.

About a century after her death the celebrated poet, Clément Marot (1495–1544), in a rondeau addressed to Madame Jehanne Gaillard, "femme de bon sçavoir," thus speaks of Christine:

> "D'avoir le prix en science et doctrine
> Bien mérita de Pisan la Christine
> Durant ses jours. Mais ta plume dorée
> D'elle seroit à présent adorée." *

The last and most important proof of the contemporary estimate of Christine is the fact that one of her works, *Le Livre des Faits d'Armes et de Chevalerie*, was translated into English and printed by Caxton, at the command of Henry VII.

The latter-day critics of the works of Christine de Pisan are practically in accord with regard to her standing among the writers of her time. Robineau assigns her a place, as poet, between Charles d'Orleans and Eustache Deschamps, and side by side with Froissart. He draws a striking analogy between her poems and those of the great French chronicler. In both there is the same tendency to allegory, but Christine, while displaying less of art in the form of her poems, is more simple in style than Froissart, more tender and elevated in her sentiments. As historians these two writers are rather to be contrasted than compared. Froissart is an inimitable narrator of facts, whether obtained directly or at second-hand, while with Christine facts are subordinate to the morals to be drawn from them. She is first and foremost a moralist, the first of her own, and one of the most remarkable of any age. She was a writer with a purpose—that of reproving, exhorting, and elevating the people, high and low. If Froissart had any moral purpose in his writings, he sedulously kept it subordinate to the entertainment of his readers, whom he leaves to draw their own conclusions from the facts he narrates. This is perhaps one of the reasons of his continued popularity and, conversely, explains the neglect of the more pedagogical writer. Another reason for the latter fact may be found in the more complicated style of Christine's prose compositions. Simpler in her poetry, she is much more complex than Froissart in her prose. Her more studied works abound in learned and involved phrases which

* This statement may be found in the Voyage d'Allemagne of Dom Mabillon, the celebrated scholar ("diplomatiste") of the seventeenth century.—See *Collection Universelle des Mémoires particuliers relatifs à l'Histoire de France*, tome v., p. 97.

CHRISTINE DE PISAN AND ISABELLA OF BAVARIA.

are apparently imitations of the Ciceronian style of eloquence. It has been wrongly supposed, says De Julleville, and still is by some, that this latinistic mode of expression which Rabelais ridicules, while not wholly free from it himself, was not introduced until the Renaissance—*i. e.*, during the second half of the fifteenth century. It is forgotten by these critics that there was a first renaissance which began in France during the reign of Charles V., when the first translators of the classics, among whom were Bersuire and Oresme, had already made current in the vocabulary of literary men a great number of learned neologisms. From that time every one conversant with Latin was anxious to display his learning by the employment, in his vernacular, of the words and phrases alluded to above.* Christine is somewhat dominated by this pedantry. As already stated, she is at her best in her most spontaneous compositions, such as the ballads in which she deplores her unhappy fate and bewails her misfortunes.

* *Hist. de la Langue et de la Littérature Française*, tome ii., pp. 357-366.

The portraits of Christine are contained in the illuminated manuscripts which were doubtless compiled under her direction. They confirm the description she gives of herself when, thanking her Creator for his benefits, she mentions that of endowing her with a body free from all deformity, a pleasant appearance and a good complexion,* and they do much more. They exhibit a charming young woman of graceful figure, and with a beautiful and thoughtful countenance. There can be no doubt that these representations of Christine are genuine portraits. Of the two illustrating this memoir, one (Plate 1) is taken from the MS. of the *Cent Ballades*,† the other (Plate 2) from *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*, by Henry Shaw, F.S.A.

"The accompanying plate," says Shaw, "is taken from MS. Harl. No. 6431, a splendid volume, written in the earlier years of the fifteenth century, filled with illuminations, and containing a large collection of the writings in prose and verse of Christine de Pisan. The illumination represented in our plate is a remarkably interesting representation of the interior of a room in a royal palace of the fifteenth century; the ceiling supported by elegant rafters of wood, the couch (of which we have few specimens at this early period), the carpet thrown over the floor, and several other articles, are worthy of notice. But the picture is valuable in another point of view: it contains portraits of two celebrated women, Christine de Pisan the poetess, and Isabella of Bavaria, the Queen of France, to whom Christine is presenting this identical volume."

Four of Christine's books were printed in the fifteenth century, and are, therefore, classified as *Incunabula;* viz., (1) *Les cent histoires de Troyes, ou l'épistre d'Othéa, déesse de prudence, envoyée à l'esprit chevalereux Hector.* This book, although, without name or date, is included by Hain in his list of Incunabula. (2) *Le trésor de la cité des dames . . . selon dame Christine . . . imprimé à Paris le VIII jour d'Aoust mil quatre cens quattre vingtz et XVII pour Antoine Verard.* (3) *The Morale Proverbes.* Caxton, 1478. (4) *The Fayt of Armes and Chyvalrye. In fine:* "Thus endeth this book which Christian of Pise made and drew out of the book named *Vegecius de re Militari* and out of the *Arbre of Battles*, with

* "Celuy d'avoir le corps sans nulle difformité et assez plaisant et non maladis; mais bien complexionné."

† Indirectly through *l'Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française*, tome ii.

many other things set in to the same, requisite to war and battles, which book, being in French, was delivered to me, William Caxton, by the most Christian king, and undoubted prince, my natural and sovereign lord, King Henry the VII, King of England and of France, in his palace of Westminster the XXIII day of January, the III year of his reign; and desired and willed me to translate the said book, and reduce it in to our English and natural tongue, and to put it in imprint, etc. etc. Whyche translacyon was fynysshed the VIII day of Juyll the said year (*i. e.*, 1489) and emprynted the XIII day of Juyll the next following, and ful fynysshed."

It is interesting to note the factitious value which time has imparted to the early editions of Christine's works, as well as the fluctuations in that value. At the Didot sale a copy of *Les cent Histoires de Troye*, Paris, 1522, 4°, "in a beautiful binding by Hagué," brought 1,400 francs. At the Téchener sale, in 1865, a copy bound in calf sold for 700 frcs. In a sale which took place in 1836, under the name of Van Berghem, an ordinary copy bound in calf brought 1,150 frcs; but, at a period very unpropitious for possessors of books, in 1849, another copy, bound in morocco, did not bring more than sixty-four francs at the Turner sale." *

* *Bibliomania at the present day in France and England, etc.* New York: J. W. Bouton, 1880.

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

BY ALBERT REYNAUD.

ETERNITY.

" If no one asks, I know.
If asked to explain, I do not know."—*St. Augustine.*

I.

OH! infinite variety of life's conjugations. Especially as with most of us that life is a somewhat irregular verb. The unity, consistency, and presiding sense of an ever abiding *Now* is the rare acquisition of some choice souls. And even then, so easily affected by deflections in intensity; by our varying moods and our time-colored tenses.

Dreaming, we would set our chronology by the standard of eternity. Streaming upon us between chinks of thought, we had almost deemed to have caught some of its beams or something of its glow; when the most prosaic happening at our feet disturbs us and again discloses our temporal connection with the time-turned sphere on which we whirl along amid its dust and weather changes.

II.

Man is a parenthesis which is not closed in this life. Again, our statements are incomplete parentheses. We are never able to make our utterance final; to get through without qualifications, if we would be fully understood. Still more; as our own thought develops into statement, we ourselves discover new modifications, clauses, meanings, aspects, tints, and foreshadowings—new lights afar, across the great ocean of truth on which we have just embarked.

Just embarked! Yes, although we may have seemingly proceeded somewhat upon the journey. For the further we reach away, the more we realize the illimitable stretches beyond. And only then, only when loosed from the anchorages of the shore, rocked upon the deeps and girdled by receding horizons, we begin to learn that we have but started. We feel back with many a misgiving for the nearer land behind; and the pride

of our undertaking palsies and turns pale, until there dawns upon us a little of the mighty meaning that at best we are only "some beginning of God's creature."

III.

He scarce has thought to any purpose who has not thought beyond words; who has not thought long enough, deep enough, fruitfully enough, to encounter sometimes, somewhere, glimmerings of truth and reality untranslatable into mere vocables.

Who is it has not experienced the delights, the ecstasy, the startling apparition to his mind, of some truth, realized as never before; seen as between two lightning flashes—leaving us with an experience which any attempt to repeat mocks by its futility.

But we *did* feel, we did know, we saw, something true and real, though beyond our power to express again even to ourselves.

How strikingly great in his reticence is St. Paul when he speaks of a "third heaven." Any less than he would have used a higher multiplier in the very ecstasy of the thing. For we have all at some time been transported to a third heaven—or the pity of it. True beyond question of our affections and emotions—*crises* in our loves and sorrows—it is also true, if in a less conscious way, of our intellectuations and our attempted appropriations of truth in any department of inquiry and knowledge.

IV.

Profound indeed are the psychological facts underlying mysterious phrases in which the mystics seek to hint, or attempt to explain, the *situs* of these soul-abilities; the where or how of this higher cognizance—this light in darkness; this espousal of mind and truth; this "union" of realities—to which the scholastic definition of truth might well apply: "adequatio intellectus et rei," a real equation between the mind and its object.

Is there an apex of the mind; an innermost centre or foundation of the soul; a more spiritual part of our spirit, where we can possibly know and adore in spirit and in truth? Or is it a temporary unshrouding from our intellect of the categories of time and space?

V.

"I Am"—wonderful name of God! With all its senses outreaching any relations to a before or an after, and implying the plenitude of being.

Strongly as it strikes us when we encounter it in its sublime simplicity and majesty in the Scriptures, and at once recognize it as divine; familiar, on the other hand, as we are with its small, restricted meaning in relation to ourselves—the thought of its application to ourselves in the broader sense of unchanging permanence, the image arising before our eyes of its everlasting sameness, the possibility of such a state for us, almost blanches us with dismay. We feel somewhat as we would before a hideous idol in a Hindu temple—an immutable grimace of stone or metal, alongside of which an Egyptian mummy that had once been a man were a thing of life and a creature of delight.

Is this for us eternity and Heaven? Forbid the fates!

No change; no something new; no something else; no variety? No; that is not the Heaven for the little "I ams" that we are. Time is such an essential category of our mind, that where the tenses are banished we are banished too. We cannot understand variety without succession any more than we can imagine life without change.

VI.

It will not do in a freak of fancy to picture change keeping on—for our benefit—as it were *outside of us.* It is not alone the "*tempora mutantur,*" but the "*nos mutamur in illis*" that we crave. It is our own varying experience of them; the glowing and the dimming; the wishing and the getting; the ebb and the flow; the irradiance and the rest; the new and the more—and perhaps above all, the sense of motion; their coming to us and our going to them, and our travelling along together—an eternal *fieri* (becoming), instead of an eternal *esse* (being).

For life to us, beyond all, means motion and becoming; perennial immobility to us means death.

Transcendent equations in our mind between Time, Motion, and Life.

VII.

Yes, the equation seems transcendental; and it must have for its basis, not some artificial, make-believe arrangement, but

some deeper and truer reality. There are no fictions, there are no lying devices in God's creation, save those of man's own making. And to achieve them the logical phenomenalist is also obliged to abolish God.

The equivalences which we discern between time and motion, in our senses of the latter, may help us, though imperfect, to reconcile the seeming antinomies which confront us when juxtaposing the idea of eternity to our experiences of life.

VIII.

It is no fiction, no artifice of the mind that there is such a thing as time—though that phrase be also true, a time cometh when time shall be no more; and though there be even now an encircling reality which surpasses all time. It is no fiction and no artifice that time has relations to motion as we know it in its human accompaniment of succession; for time is succession. And again that motion to us is life. Though it be also true that there are senses of motion, an immutability of being, yet an exercise of life, which transcend our common notions of motion and of time.

But when we dimly almost deem to put our finger on those senses, they escape our grasp and leave us floundering as before in our categorical imperatives of time and space.

Oh! wonderful things of the human intellect. Should they not prepare us to receive and accept the wonderful things of God?

IX.

But to return. If to exercise the powers of intellect and will means motion, then there is motion in eternity and eternal life. For there is no life in the absence of the essential acts of life. Life implies act. God knows and wills; or He were not God. Let the pantheist arrange things otherwise, if he can. And so the Scholastics call God, *Actus purus*—all act and thereby life absolute; essentially, wholly and purely life without a flaw; without anything that ceases or decreases to be life in its fullest, and most perfect intensity and totality. And again: *Motus primus*—the originator and first cause of all motion and life.

But what transcendental senses of that word motion! For to us who are not pure act, all act, there is a modification in ourselves accompanying our action; a loss as it were as we

give out force, as we part with energy. To us motion means our own passing and going and undergoing, in the very exercise of life, from one act to another, from one object to another, with a real change and effect suffered by us, as patient as well as actor in the result.

Something like the flush and the paling of our emotions; and again, much in the way that we pass and move in space, bound by space ourselves and affected by the things we encounter in it and which we reach only by fractions and in terms of space, since we are not infinite and omnipresent, any more than we are Act and Life in the absolute without any element of passivity.

X.

So it would seem we cannot become and be wholly as though there were no space, nor wholly as though there were no motion, in something of our senses, or some real analogy to them; since we must remain for ever finite, limited and mixed with imperfection in our possession and exercise of life. And so likewise it would seem that we are in a measure justified in our difficulty to discard absolutely from our conception of the future life something for us analogous to what we here know as the relation of time.

But we have also dimly perceived that in the perfection of being—as in God—there can be transcendental senses in life and motion which do not imply the necessity of subjective passing from one thing to another in either terms of space or time. Like the light which might be imagined immovable and permanent, and yet lighting up objects moving up and down through it. And again, while conceiving the light so remaining immovable, we can imagine the presentation of many objects to it to be *simultaneous*. That is, so far as the light itself is concerned, that there was no succession, no flare or flicker, no reaching out or receding, but that it embraced all these objects in and by one simultaneous effulgence.

XI.

Oh! that wondrous particle—*simul!* Yet essential to the very first principle of thought—the principle of contradiction. What a flood of light we experience in our reflections when we first encounter and peer into it! We conceive it, indeed, of God with His omnipresence, omniscience and His infinity of Being.

Our breaking-off place is to dream of it in relation to our-

selves. And yet, if in a finite, limited way, we can imagine it in relation to some number of objects together—any quantity of the things of thought—as we do unconsciously in regard to a certain number and extension of objects,—in our complex concepts which we call one thought, one truth, one object, as we also do with some moments of solar time which we call *now*—if we do so at all, no matter how small or limited the number, the extension, the size or the period, of objects, truths and realities, have we not so far discarded, or perhaps better, transcendentalized, our notion of space and time?

Now, in that higher and fuller life towards which we are casting these distant glances, when Being and no longer Becoming shall be the reward of our fluctuating efforts here—that spiritualized existence, in which the Almighty further holds out to us some participation in His divinity—is it then so meaningless a concept, so bare of allurement, so difficult of acceptance, to hold out before our eyes the illuminating torch of Eternity?

HEAVEN.

I.

Heaven is Home. While outside the gate we feel the sense of *otherness*. On the other side of home, whoever be the friends or associates, whatever the tasks or occupations, even on the easiest lines of life and its pleasantest places—it is *others* we meet, and others we must deal with.

Cross the threshold and close the door, and the sense is that of oneness—we are at home. One flesh, one heart, one spirit; I had dared say, trite as the truth has vulgarized it—one soul.

"Thy God shall be my God." Could Prophet dare say more? Is not an identity of each one's God greater and bolder a figure, in its way, than an identity of soul?

II.

Perhaps the most undefinable and amazing tendency of the human mind is this tendency to unity. Its concepts, its science, its effort and its aspiration, are governed by an uncontrollable gravitation to unity. Its transcendentals in the highest realms of speculations—the Science of Being, Ontology—read, and in that order:

Unum, *verum*, *bonum*—one, true, and good.

If we leave out Love, it is because in its perfect and transcendent sense that is a divine word which embraces them all, and is only fully spelt in Heaven. It is the unifying force; and in possession, the achieved and actualized synthesis.

III.

Not that we wish to lose our sense of self. As stated, it is the feeling of otherness that we would eliminate or appropriate. Love is possessive in its objectivity. And that objectivity, however, saves it from being selfish.

There is the miracle which Omnipotence alone could accomplish. To effect the union and yet preserve the individuality. To be our origin and end, and still to maintain us in our distinct personality. To draw us to itself by its own desire; and when known and seen, by ours; and yet to preserve our being, our nature and ourself in the bliss of the vision and of the union. Love does not destroy the loved one.

IV.

Pantheism and atheism, both, deny and attempt to destroy this supernatural and enthralling fact. Both, in order to achieve their purpose of denying God, the personal God, the infinitely perfect God,—which they know we are not and cannot be—both prefer in the end to *annihilate* us. Both close the door of Heaven, the Heaven which God made, under pretence of making a heaven of their own here. And so they turn the universe for each of us individually into a final graveyard of our beliefs, our hopes, our loves, and of ourselves.

V.

Not so the Christian soul, the Christian heart, the Christian mind. It seeks and it follows the law of self-preservation—which is the law of Being—while hearkening to the heavenly law of supernatural love and unity.

It believes in Heaven as it believes in Home. *There* will be unity with distinction, love without selfishness, otherness disarmed of antagonism; oneness preserved in survival and distinctness of personality. And all the better, nobler, and more loving beliefs, hopes and efforts of personal Life, its consciousness, energies, and final enjoyment, conserved, realized, and made *at Home.*

Views and Reviews.

THE MODERN AGE.
By Myers.

HIS MISTAKES.
By Father Randall.

We were, for a moment, extremely perplexed over this pair of books.* We picked up Professor Myers' *Modern Age*, read it rather fully, and found it, all in all, about as just and as tolerant a manual of history as we have ever seen. Then we turned to Father Randall's work, and found the savagest, and perhaps the most virulent, piece of criticism it has ever been our unhappiness to be obliged to read. Then we put the two books side by side, and compared, word for word, a few score of the passages in the one which seemed to purport to be quoted from the other, and in scarcely one instance was there any coincidence. Then suddenly we recalled that the present volume of Myers is a second edition and a revision, and that Father Randall's criticism must apply, if at all, to an almost completely different first edition. If Father Randall's quotations are from the earlier edition, then Professor Myers has forestalled the criticism by an entire renovation and correction of his original text. Yet—and here is another part of the puzzle—the professor could not, apparently, have profited by the priest's criticism, for the criticism was published later than the history. None the less, one would imagine that Mr. Myers had gone over his own work with Father Randall's book in hand, and had completely expunged, or corrected, almost every one of the passages declared objectionable. And consequently, he has made the publication of the criticism quite superfluous; yet it appears on the market a month later than the work it criticises. There is need, then, of caution in reading Father Randall, and of honesty in dealing with Professor Myers.

Unfortunately, we have not at hand a copy of the first (1885) edition of this *Modern Age* of Professor Myers, and so we cannot pass judgment on that; but for this present edition we can say that it is as fair and as just, and to all intents and

* *The Modern Age.* By Philip Van Ness Myers. Boston: Ginn & Co.——*Mistakes and Misstatements of Myers;* or, Notes on Myers' Mediæval and Modern History. By Rev. William E. Randall, Columbia, Mo.

purposes about as accurate, as any popular manual can be, and that it is immeasurably superior in these qualities to many similar works that have come from the pens of Catholics.

Mr. Myers, for example, has apparently put the writing—or the revision—of his page on "indulgences" in the hands of a Catholic scholar, for he has secured an accuracy of statement in this much-mooted matter such as we have never before seen in a popular non-Catholic work. Further than this, in treating of facts, the interpretation of which has been always bitterly disputed between Catholics and Protestants, he has stopped now and again, in the course of his narrative, to explain them much in the way that a Catholic historian might do. For instance, he exculpates Queen Mary of England from the charge of cruelty far more generously than Lingard cares to do; he says indeed, plainly, that "it was not her fault, but the fault of her age, that these things (the persecution and execution of Protestants) were done," and explains, truly, that "punishment of heresy was then regarded, by almost all Catholics and Protestants alike, as a duty." Again, he deals unsparingly with Luther, "a man of violent passions and of many faults"; and speaks of the "bitter dissensions" among the reformers. He does not fail to speak honestly of the genuine Reformation, the growth of a "new spiritual and moral life," under the influence of the "zealous labors" and "the happy contagion of the holy life" of St. Charles Borromeo, and when he comes to the almost indefensible persecutions of the Inquisition, with a laudable equity, he offsets the damaging effect of the facts concerning Catholic persecutors by a reminder of the equally cruel and bitter persecutions waged against Catholics by Calvinists, Anglicans, and Protestants generally.

Again, no Catholic writer could more unreservedly condemn Henry VIII., or Elizabeth, or Oliver Cromwell, or more honestly represent the majority of the facts that have begotten controversy. And in general, not to multiply instances, it would be quite possible to gather from Professor Myers' *Modern Age* a book, perhaps as large as Father Randall's second part, of paragraphs that would fit well in any Catholic book of historical apology.

Now, we say all this, not by way of justifying Professor Myers in all his writings, but merely to set at ease the fears or doubts of those Catholics who might imagine, reading Father

Randall, that the present edition of Myers' *Modern Age*—we speak now of no other—is a work of unmitigated villany. The fact is, the book is substantially honest, the author has evidently put it upon his conscience to aim at being fair. If this be a change in his attitude and in his work, then he is to be commended for his revision; if Father Randall be in any way responsible for the change, then honor to Father Randall, in so far as honor is due him; but—again speaking in the interests of truth—it is unfortunate that the reverend critic has been himself so thoroughly unfair, so caustic, so undignified, so consistently bitter. We have said that the part of his book dealing with the volume of Professor Myers now under review is superfluous. And even were it not superfluous, even were the *Modern Age* stocked full with the possible "mistakes and misstatements" of its first edition, yet we could have no admiration, rather only shame, for such a forgetfulness of the judicial temper requisite in a work of criticism, and of the long-suffering patience and charity, and the intellectual dignity, that befit the writings of any Catholic priest.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Trevelyan.

In our judgment Sir George Trevelyan's history of the American Revolution* is a work that will step into the front rank of English historical compositions. We are aware that to say this is to give a judgment that ought not to be lightly uttered. For in that front rank there are mighty men—Gibbon, Lingard, Macaulay, Grote, Freeman, Stubbs, Hodgkin, and our own Bancroft and Prescott. But even in the face of so much distinction we give it as our best opinion that Sir George Trevelyan's name is not unworthy of that high company, and that in merit he is not far behind the greatest of them. None of them has had a nobler theme than his. For, at the rate at which the United States is influencing present history, and promising to share in the achievements of the future, it will probably be the judgment of posterity that not even the decline and fall of old Rome have been of so far-reaching importance for mankind as the birth of young America. The former event resulted predominantly

**The American Revolution.* Part II., 2 vols. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

only in a new distribution of power, a change in social supremacy, a substitution of Christian feudalism for pagan Cæsarism; while, on the other hand, the rise of the Western republic has primarily and chiefly modified the ideas of men, opened new regions of political and social speculation, and set loose long-confined popular aspirations which, once liberated, have cut the channels into which the civilized history of the past century and a half has run. It is, then, not merely the successful revolt of thirteen colonies which the historian of the American Revolution must deal with, but in addition the early history of that movement towards democracy in government and independence in individual character which, if not born contemporaneously with our country, was at least warmed back to life and vigor in the patriotic ardor of our fight for independence; a movement which has grown with our growth, flourished with our prosperity, taken our flag as its dearest symbol, and seems providentially destined for the conquest of the world.

This particular aspect of our origin as a nation has not yet been considered by Sir George Trevelyan, inasmuch as the three volumes which he has thus far published take us only up to the year 1777. But from abundant indications we feel complete assurance that he will nowise fall short of his sublime theme. For he seems to possess an historical imagination luminous enough, and a synthetic intelligence comprehensive enough, for such a philosophic treatment as we have implied his subject demands. He is not a slave to detailed research as Freeman was, nor so perilously in love with the picturesque as Macaulay, though he has an historical sense as keen for fact as the one, and an English style scarcely less brilliant than the other. What makes us most hopeful of the final success of his work is a frequent suggestion of Gibbon which consists in the perfect ease with which he handles vast material, and in a certain philosophic temper which elevates him above details and gives him a wise and extensive view of measures and of men. It is too early in the progress of his work to say to how great a perfection he will bring these supreme qualities of the writer of history; but, as has been remarked, there are signs full of promise that he will give us an imperishable production.

An exceptionably valuable part of these two volumes is that which narrates the contemporary history of England. Proof to abundance is presented that the war against the

colonies was unpopular at home. Burke and Fox in Parliament spoke in tones of thunder against the oppression of America; their disapproval spread to the street; newspapers the most influential held up the tyrannical ministry to hatred and scorn; theatres rang with cheers at the representation of one or other of the American heroes who had caught the fancy of a race which had always thought kindly of a valiant foe; what is still more remarkable, several of England's bravest officers, men who had proved their courage and capacity on many a continental battle-field, gave up their commissions rather than draw the sword against their kinsmen across the sea. And to England's everlasting credit be it said, these officers were not only not distrusted or proscribed, but were respected for following conscience, and were in several instances entrusted with high and responsible duties. It is good to know this. It softens the asperities inherited from that time to reflect that the English people were in great numbers friendly to us, and that it was a stubborn king and a haughty minister who were our foes rather than the nation as a whole. The employment of Hessian mercenaries against us aroused almost as much horror in Englishmen as in Americans. And finally when it was seen that the colonials were fighting bravely and proving to all the world how magnificently deserving of independence they were, more than one Englishman hoped devoutly for our success. For it came to be seen that English as well as American liberties were radically involved in the issue. It was perceived that the conquest of America meant the aggrandizement of a tyranny which might exploit its caprices at home as well as abroad; whereas the success of the American cause would be as crushing a blow to reckless absolutism as *Magna Charta* itself. If even in their bitterest war the two peoples were thus to so great an extent drawn together, how readily they could act in unison to-day for the spread of that liberty of which they are the highest representatives!

These two volumes record the blackest period of the struggle for independence. An army depleted by desertions and exhausted by starvation; officers too often intriguing or discontented; a Congress without money and almost without credit; an enemy in superb military condition and insolent with overconfidence; all these conspired to fling over the closing days of 1776 as deep a depression as the cause of liberty has ever

known. But thrown into splendid proportions against such a background stands the lordliest figure that ever led men to freedom. Washington is never so grand as in adversity. Never appears his magnanimity so sublime, his consecration to patriotism so divine as when he leads a starving and disheartened host, faces a distracted country, endures the calumnies of persistent enemies within his ranks, and amidst it all speaks no word of censure and volunteers no self-defence. Quietly but eloquently Sir George Trevelyan tells us this, evidently himself captivated with the moral and military greatness of the purest hero of history; and for this alone, familiar though the story is, these volumes will be welcomed by Americans. We congratulate the author of this work. To few men is given the fame which we think he will achieve from it. In the interests of that merited reward and in the interests of historical science we trust that he will be spared until the great task is finished.

ORGANIZED LABOR.
By John Mitchell.

This volume* had the happy fortune to appear just when its theme and its author were attracting universal attention in the United States. The anthracite strike had taught men that every home and every factory in the country are vitally interested in the labor question, and Mr. Mitchell's splendid qualities as leader, shown during the strike, had won for him unqualified admiration and the greatest sympathy. He undertook just at this time the work of instructing the public on the aims and principles of Organized Labor. Mr. Mitchell saw an opportunity, but he, unfortunately, misunderstood it. His work is disappointing in a certain way. Chapters two to ten are devoted to the history of unionism in England and the United States. Any one else might have done this work as well, and the temper of the public did not particularly desire discussion of historical aspects of organized labor at the time. Chapters ten to fourteen, on organization, constitution, and working of unions, might have been compiled easily from the volume on Labor Organizations issued by the Industrial Commission. The phases of organized labor on which accurate information was wanted, features on which public judgment of unions will ultimately

* *Organized Labor.* By John Mitchell, A.M. Philadelphia: Book and Bible House.

rest, did not receive the thorough or strong treatment that would have made Mr. Mitchell's work most helpful. Such matters are, for example, restriction of output, the apprentice question, lowered efficiency, relations to non-unionists and to law, incorporation of unions, moral influence of unions, actual policies quietly encouraged or tolerated. As regards such questions, knowledge of facts is much desired, rather than that of principles. The wholesale charges made by a hostile press, occasionally by courts and by employers, against the unions are rapidly shaping public opinion. The interests of organized labor can be protected best by making known the facts in the case. No other course will win the confidence of the public. These chapters in Mr. Mitchell's book, while honest, are not strong or exhaustive. They leave the problem where it was.

The book as a whole is honest; it is full of useful information; but judged by the unusual equipment of the author and the receptive attitude in which the public mind held itself, it seems to have failed to accomplish the great good that one might have expected.

The unions have a difficult task. They stand for principles which are far in advance of our legal Constitution; they contend by methods which are peculiarly liable to abuse, for rights which the public is slow to admit and employers, as a rule, will not allow. Hence the temptations which beset unions are many and strong. Conscience, good will, loyalty, industry, are first-class union assets as well as are reserve funds or great numbers. The public is sceptical about unions; they are not usually credited with these nobler assets. The study of unionism now most needed is one showing policy, methods, actual aims, spirit, manner of reconciling their seemingly inconsistent principles; in a word, the facts and temper of their life. Only a strong man, who is in and of the movement, can do this well. The work that Mr. Mitchell did is in itself well done, but it is not what he could have best done, nor is it what is most needed in the interest of organized labor.

THE LITERARY GUILLOTINE.

*The Literary Guillotine** is a decidedly clever book. And what is better still, its cleverness serves an educational purpose which is of the most urgent necessity for this day and generation. To

* *The Literary Guillotine.* By ? New York: John Lane.

recall modern readers to the classics; to shame them by pointing out the depth of the pit into which popular literature has fallen, and in its fall dragged down legions who might have climbed the heights, is to do an almost religious service to mankind. Literary futilities have, it is true, existed voluminously since the fall of man; but for our own melancholy days has it been reserved to see the purveyors and creators thereof bred by mournful hundreds, and their readers multiplied into armies two and three hundred thousand strong. These are symptoms of an evolution that has turned right-about-face, and is in full retreat to degeneracy. Very dignified drum majors moreover, and very distinguished tooters upon wind instruments, are in lead of the procession. For from no less sacrosanct an oracle than a professor's chair in an unctuous university has it been declared unto us that Shakspere has his living peers, and that Thackeray is mediocre. What we need is some firm hand and clear mind to preside austerely over the hive of readers till the buzzing myriads learn the alphabet of good taste, and how to compute the distance which in the universe of sound reason separates *Eben Holden* or *To Have and to Hold* from the most careless production of Hawthorne or the least meritorious work of Scott.

Now, in such a schoolmaster-function, this little book wields the ferule right smartly and with discrimination. We venture to say that for every cipher added to the number of its readers, there will be a corresponding cancelling in the ominous array of empty zeros which gauge the success of our literary "sensations." The scheme of the book is simple, but delightfully suggestive. A court is conceived whose officers are Mark Twain, Oliver Herford, Charles B. Loomis, and the mysterious author himself. The prisoners at the bar are Bangs, Davis, James, Caine, Corelli; the Johnston-Batcheller-Tarkington school of novelists; the Austin-Wilcox-Scollard-Sherman sect of poets; and the distinguished members of the society for Peddling Platitudes to Old Ladies, and for the General Effeminization of American Letters. Aforesaid distinguished members are Edward Bok, Rev. N. O. Hillis, W. D. Howells, and several others. Finally, the punishment in the power of the Court to inflict is literary decapitation by the guillotine of good sense and outraged patience. In the course of the trials many a good thing is said. Thus, Dr. Hillis defines genius as "an infinite capacity

for faking brains." One of the counsel refers to the author of *To Have and to Hold* as "bloody Mary." Mark Twain asks Herford: "What is the difference between the Reveries of a Batcheller and the smallpox?" Says Herford: "I suppose they 're both taken from other people." Quoth Twain: "That 's a similarity, not a difference. The correct answer is that the smallpox you can get only once, while the Reveries come by the Darrelful." John B. Tabb is represented as sitting next to Alfred Austin during the trial of certain poets: "'Sir Alfred,' said the Father of Quatrains and Sextets, drawing out a small red book and extending it toward Tennyson's Successor as though it had been a snuff-box, 'will you try a Tabblet?'" So the merry satire runs on, albeit, let us confess, the pace is labored now and then, and some of the jokes in consequence are badly out of breath. But as a whole it is a fine piece of work, educative, as we said, as well as humorous, and fortunate are they that read it.

THE VALET'S TRAGEDY.
By Andrew Lang.

A fruit of Andrew Lang's excursions into out-of-the-way historical reading is a volume of essays* which are interesting because curious, and valuable because erudite. The opening paper is on the "Man with the Iron Mask"; and our genial author, with a most persuasive species of assurance, declares to us that this venerable enigma is not a mysterious matter at all, but a thing perfectly easy to certify one's self about, if one possess a modicum of information. That iron mask—or, since it was not iron at all—that black velvet one rather, concealed the face of one Martin, a valet to a Huguenot conspirator, Roun de Marsilly. Marsilly appears to have been engaged in a plot to form a Protestant league against France. In pursuance of this design he departed from England for Switzerland in 1669, leaving in London his confidential servant Martin. Within five months Marsilly was apprehended and put to death in Paris, and Martin was arrested by the French secret police, and was imprisoned at Pignerol, where, as the suspected possessor of highly important treasonable designs, he was guarded with incomparable vigilance. True, Mr. Lang calls this solution—

* *The Valet's Tragedy, and Other Studies.* By Andrew Lang. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

which by the way is not original with him—an hypothesis; but over his treatment of it he throws so much of the tone and style of certainty, that obviously he intends us to hold no other solution probable. And indeed for his view of the question there is a striking amount of proof. But there is a huge mystery as well. For if the masked prisoner were a mere valet thought to be privy to dangerous secrets, why in the world was he not summarily dealt with? What conceivable reason could there be for this preternatural anxiety in hiding the face of a menial from the eyes of men? A mystery, this, our author confesses; and to us it seems a mystery great enough to drag back the whole case into its primitive and immemorial obscurity.

Among the other essays are: "The False Jeanne d'Arc"; "The Mystery of Amy Robsart"; "The Voices of Jeanne d'Arc"; "The Truth about Fisher's Ghost"; and "The Shakespeare-Bacon Imbroglio." The Baconian hypothesis Mr. Lang despises. To that sturdy Baconian, Judge Webb, however, he gives tribute for ability and acuteness. The paper on the mysterious heavenly voices by which the holy Maid of Orleans professed to be guided, concludes with these words: "We are not encouraged to suppose that saints or angels made themselves audible and visible. But by the mechanism of such appearances to the senses, that which was divine in the Maid—in all of us if we follow St. Paul—that in which we live and move and have our being, made itself intelligible to her ordinary consciousness, her workaday self, and led her to the fulfilment of a task which seemed impossible to men."

SKETCHES FOR SERMONS.
By Father Wakeham.

The many urgent duties which the priest is called upon to perform have perhaps prevented or led some priests to neglect, in a measure, that most important duty of preaching well and thoughtfully the word of God. Manifold calls and obligations rush in upon one, and he finds himself forced to deliver the Sunday sermon with but little preparation, feeling all the while how much more effectively he could preach if he had spent more time in the labor of construction. If he had the freedom, he assures himself, he would do better justice to the word of God and his people.

Well, for the comfort and the encouragement and the benefit of priests who are burdened with labors and compelled to preach time and again, Father Wakeham has published a volume,* which we recommend most highly. "The audiences that surround the Catholic pulpit need to be told plainly of their duties to God, their possible failures, and the means of their perseverance." And the audiences need to be told these things in an attractive, energetic, zealous, thoughtful way, and it is but the repetition of a truism to say that unless this is done preaching will become a mere perfunctory performance on the part of the priest, who will be glad when it is over, and a monotonous half-hour to a congregation which has listened to the same lifeless talk many times before. No one, it is true, can write our sermons for us, but in many ways we may be aided considerably; and the present volume is the most efficacious and sympathetic kind of aid. The author has an abundant knowledge of the commentaries of À Lapide and Maldonatus, and of the writings of Kenrick, Manning, Fouard, and Gaume. In a most practical manner he has brought the riches of these treasuries within the arm's reach of every priest. He sketches a sermon for every Sunday and holyday of the year—its introduction, argumentation, conclusion, and exhortation. Father Wakeham has expressed in all this, of course, his own personal appreciation, his own assimilation of the word of God; but his thoughts and arguments are put forth in such a general and comprehensive way, so suggestively, and with such references, that any priest who will thoughtfully use the intelligence that God has given him, even for the shortest time, ought to be able to develop a most acceptable sermon from the material here offered.

We might suggest further that the book be used somewhat after the manner of a volume of meditations, for the points suggested might well be taken during the first days of the week, thought over, and the result will be a more acceptable sermon for the Sunday.

With high terms of praise we recommend this present volume, and we trust that it will bear abundant fruit in helping priests in their most important ministry of the spoken word.

* *Sketches for Sermons.* Chiefly on the Gospels for the Sundays and Holydays of the Year. By Rev. R. K. Wakeham, S.S. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHING. By Rev. W. Smith.

The author of this volume* aims to compile into a brief space the best thought available on the scope and aim of Teaching, The Teacher, Character and Training, The Child, Mental Growth. In a word, it is pedagogy brought to the service of Sunday-school work. Each chapter is preceded by a brief bibliography, and is followed by suggestive questions. The paragraphs are numbered throughout.

The author has accomplished his work well. When we recall, then, that great progress has been made in pedagogy, and that great progress is demanded in the teaching of religion and morality to children, we realize that the volume is timely and the merit of the author great.

Sunday-school teachers who are in earnest will find in this volume the greatest assistance for their work. The author writes for the Protestant Sunday-school generally, but the predominant pedagogical character of his book makes it serviceable even beyond those circles.

QUESTIONS OF SCRIPTURE. By Dr. Grannan.

Five essays written originally for divers periodicals by Dr. Grannan, of the University, who has been appointed to Leo XIII.'s Biblical commission, have been translated into French,† and form a notable addition to recent Catholic Biblical literature. The titles of the papers are: A Programme of Biblical Studies; Higher Criticism and the Bible; The Two-fold Authorship of Scripture; The Human Element in Scripture; The Divine Element in Scripture. These subjects, it will be readily seen, lead to some of the most difficult and delicate problems in Biblical science. If we knew the precise boundaries of inspiration, if we could say with certainty how far the human author of an inspired book remains subject to the limitations of any other author of the same time and of equal acquired knowledge, we should have a direct road to many a long-desired solution which now we can but deviously approach. Dr. Grannan throws no inconsiderable light upon this and kindred difficul-

* *Sunday-school Teaching.* By Rev. W. W. Smith, M.A., M.D. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Company.

† *Questions d'Écriture Sainte.* Par Dr. C. P. Grannan. Traduit de l'Anglais par l'Abbé L. Collin. Paris: P. Lethielleux.

ties. Of course in the present transition stage of Scripture study we cannot look for conclusions of absolute finality. For a long time to come doubtless we must be content with the partial contributions of individual scholars.

The secure and comprehensive synthesis is not for our day or generation. Our present author is safe, cautious, conservative, and at the same time thoroughly conversant with critical tendencies and moderately sympathetic with critical methods. He establishes principles which are illuminating, and establishes them always persuasively, directly, and clearly. There are, to be sure, many applications of those principles which we should like to ask about—for example, how far inspiration implies historicity—which Dr. Grannan does not consider in detail; but for all that he has given us every student of the Bible will be grateful.

VIRGINES SUBINTRODUCTÆ. By Dr. Achelis.

The curious custom of the platonic association of the sexes which existed in primitive Christianity is made the subject of a highly interesting essay * by that trained scholar, Hans Achelis. How this "spiritual marriage" originated; what modifications it underwent; what the Fathers thought of it; and what abuses it created, are the topics critically investigated in this brochure; and they form a chapter of the Early Church's history which every thorough student of Christian origins will be eager to read. Beyond all praise are Dr. Achelis' fine critical spirit, profound erudition, and captivating manner of presentation.

LEX ORANDI. By Father Tyrrell.

Father Tyrrell's latest volume † is a most important one, and not improbably is of even greater weight and significance than any of its predecessors, though indeed it may awaken much less interest and be far less agreeably praised. It is a book for the slow-reading and deep-thinking class alone; and may be named "of the day" only in a rough sense, for it is really an effort to peer into the future, to anticipate and provide for those approaching difficulties to which as yet the mass of our

* *Virgines Subintroductæ.* Ein Beitrag zum VII. Kapitel des I. Korinthierbriefs. Von H. Achelis. Leipzig: J. C. Hinrichs'sche Buchhandlung. 1902.

† *Lex Orandi; or, Prayer and Creed.* By George Tyrrell, S.J. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

people has scarcely awakened. But many a student has both felt and groaned under the impact of the problems that our author considers; and by this class of readers his volume will surely be appreciated enthusiastically as the one effective attempt at understanding and dispelling certain awful suspicions that have begun to harass minds trained to criticism who, while urged to believe, are yet left wholly helpless in the task of reconciling revelation and reason.

A common defect of apologetical writings has been that they presuppose assent and they ignore difficulties. It is Father Tyrrell's double merit that he assumes only the barest possible framework of philosophical principles, and that he shows acquaintance with and sympathy for every imaginable kind of objection. Nor does he anywhere triumphantly claim to have swept the ground perfectly clear of doubts; he contents himself with providing a point of view which enables minds to adjust the essentials of Christian faith with whatever discoveries history and philosophy have presented up to date, or are likely to present in the future. He recognizes that in the tremendous onrush of secular knowledge, characteristic of our day, no one can hope to arrange a detailed harmonizing of science and theology; and so he merely points out principles which make it possible for believers to breathe a little more easily while awaiting the final answer to particular puzzles.

"More problems are offered for solution now in three decades than were formerly offered in three centuries, with the result that now a burden of difficulty is laid on the shoulders of a single generation that had then been divided over a whole series. As a consequence, the energy of the professed defenders and exponents of belief is more and more absorbed by controversial interests; and for the layman in theology, amid the clang of hammer and anvil, the grinding of blunted blades, the furbishing of ancient armor, the riveting of loosened links, all possibility of 'peace in believing' seems to be well-nigh departed. And yet this growing sense of insecurity is rooted in that confusion of mind which it has been the object of these pages to combat—the confusion between the intellectual and the religious values of the Christian creed; between the embodiment and the spirit embodied; between the outward sign and the inward power and significance. We forget that the issue is not directly between faith and knowledge, but

between theology, which is one part of the field of knowledge, and the rest of the same field. Faith were imperilled if theology were an exact, necessary, and adequate intellectual expression or embodiment of faith, and if, as such, it came into demonstrable conflict with the indubitable data of history or science or philosophy."

The passage quoted gives a hint of the line along which our author proceeds. What he insists upon most strongly throughout, is that the religious value of things measures their real worth to believers. And so—reckoning always of course with continuous, universal, and invariable, rather than with isolated and individual, experience—he shows us how to test the beliefs of the Catholic Church by the criterion of efficacy in promoting religious development, by their success in furthering love and holiness in the soul. Meanwhile, he finds time to emphasize, as no one in English has ever emphasized before, the infinite transcendence of divine things and the measureless inadequacy of the thoughts and words and symbols wherewith we try to represent them.

Vigorously original and faith-provoking is this book, providing at the same time food for the studious mind and consolation for the pious heart. Nor is it the author's least glory that while others are busied with showing why the old methods of demonstration must still be able to convince men, he has quietly prepared this efficient argument, modelled on new lines and cleverly adapted to win over a multitude of minds hitherto unfavorably impressed by the average Catholic's attitude toward existing conditions. Here and there the volume shows a disdain of patiently elaborated language, and in consequence suffers from obscurity to some extent, but of course this is far more than compensated by an amazing depth and newness of thought. Indeed, we can imagine no more effective answer than these pages make to the common, hasty charges that Catholic philosophy is decadent and that Jesuit writers are not pioneers.

INNER LIFE OF THE SOUL.
By S. L. Emery.

The new contribution * to Catholic spiritual literature lying before us witnesses to two things: that its author has found in the bosom of the Catholic Church that peace, light, and inspiration valued

* *Inner Life of the Soul: Short Spiritual Messages for the Ecclesiastical Year.* By S. L. Emery. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

above all other things by earnest souls; and again, that the graces which have come through the church to this particular convert have been cherished and treasured up and made productive of good to a multitude of others. And at all this we rejoice; the church is fostering her children, and the children are loyally furthering her work.

But our readers want to know about the book. Well, it is a series of brief chapters for the Sundays and Feasts of the Liturgical Year. Its pages represent the fruit of wide, judicious, and reflective reading in the approved spiritual writers, and of reverent meditation on the teachings of Catholic faith. The style is simple and dignified. The whole tone of the book is admirably calculated to arouse one's sympathy and so to dispose the mind to attentive and receptive consideration of the many beautiful lessons its pages impart. We fancy that a multitude of people will find in this book precisely what they want—a series of quiet, fervent, sane, sincere, suggestive, encouraging, and refreshing little conferences on the spiritual topics suggested by the passing seasons of the year.

CONFERENCES.
By Rev. J. PRICE.

The literature of St. Anthony has received a creditable addition in Father Price's conferences* on the life and lessons of the Paduan thaumaturgus. The book is better written than the vast majority of devotional treatises of the past few years—years which will long be known, we fancy, as a period of unspeakable decadence in spiritual literature. Father Price is of a careful and moderate spirit in the matter of miracle, and makes but a comparatively mild demand upon our credulity. For this let him know that he has our thanks. Three instances are all he gives in his chapter on Anthony's marvels: the stories of the audience of applauding fishes, of the worshipping mule, and of the restoration of the young man who was dead.

The clients of St. Anthony, for whom the conferences are published, could not be satisfied with less, and all who feel no especial attraction to the cultus will also be content that there are no more. A series of devotional exercises is given at the end of the book which will still further recommend it to those who are likely to read it.

* *Conferences on St. Anthony of Padua.* By Rev. J. Price. Pittsburg: F. M. Kirner.

SERMONS.
By Dr. Bagshawe.

There must be merit in a sermon-book of which a reprint is called for twenty years after the original publication. So kindly a lot has befallen Canon Bagshawe's sermons,* and to the venerable author a good measure of congratulation appears consequently to be due. He certainly merits all the praise that belongs to sturdy simplicity of style, homely directness of application, and total abstinence from elaborate composition. These qualities assuredly are good, and even if not supported by deep thought, profound insight, or original treatment, they go far toward justifying one's appearance in print. It is too bad that the reverend author tries to put altogether too many topics into a single sermon. To draw out one idea in a discourse is far better than to heap up several. What makes for effectiveness in a preacher is not the number of things which, by a rather violent process of mental association, he can manage to accumulate upon and about his subject, but rather the manifold presentation of that subject itself in its central idea, in its deepest significance.

By no rules of rhetoric or principles of psychology, therefore, can we excuse our author when he opens a sermon entitled "Christ our Lord" with a discussion of original sin, continues it with an exposition of the Rosary, and ends it with an extensive meditation on the Visitation. Neither can we lightly pass over a remarkable effort on the marriage-feast at Cana, wherein the following topics are formally discussed: 1, the sanctification of festivities; 2, the dignity of marriage; 3, the duties of parents; 4, the intercession of the Blessed Virgin; 5, the qualities of prayer; 6, the different kinds of miracles wrought by Christ; 7, devotion to the Holy Eucharist; and 8, veneration of the Holy Name. And hardly anything else than startling is this paragraph in a sermon on the Blessed Trinity: "The Feast of the Blessed Trinity gives me a good starting-point for a discussion of the articles of the Creed. In the catechism you will find that most of the Christian doctrine is delivered in the shape of instructions on the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed; it is therefore very desirable to go over this ground and discuss in detail the great

* *Catholic Sermons.* A Series on Faith and Morals. By Very Rev. J. B. Bagshawe, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder.

doctrines of which the catechism speaks." Then follows immediately a brief account of the symbol of the Apostles, of Nicæa, and of Pius V. This in a sermon on the Trinity!

We trust we shall not be over-critical if we point out an expression or two that needs correction. A sermon on the hidden life tells us that "circumcision was the mark of a sinner." On the contrary, it was a covenant of election and of predilection. And as to its being "the rite by which sin was to be remitted," there is not only not a shred of Scriptural evidence for such a statement, but the Bible overwhelmingly refutes it. In speaking of Papal infallibility the author declares that while the doctrine has been defined only in our own day, still "it is not as if a moment's practical doubt on the question had ever existed in the church." We should like very much to know how Canon Bagshawe would account for the Old-Catholic movement.

These criticisms notwithstanding, the sermons of Canon Bagshawe are solid and useful, and if they adorn neither the literature of exegesis nor the province of English style, they will help many a hard-working pastor in discharging creditably his ministry of the word.

SERMONS AND ADDRESSES.
By Rev. I. Meister.

An active-minded country pastor who takes an interest in the civic as well as the moral well-being of his people is called upon to participate in meetings and events that are strikingly divergent in character, and it is often necessary to contribute a more than ordinary share of the intellectual entertainment on these occasions. The addresses of such a pastor are on topics that range from the village meeting for the improvement of the sidewalks, or the necessity of adequate fire protection, up to the funeral panegyric of some distinguished citizen and the unveiling of a monument to the dead hero of the people. The important point of it all is, that a country pastor should be willing to participate largely in these events. A priest who confines his ministrations to the sanctuary and never enters into the festivities and celebrations of the people, will soon find himself out of touch with his flock and his influence over them reduced to a minimun.

Father Meister, of Mamaroneck, during the years of a long and meritorious pastorate, has laughed with the people of all

creeds in their joys and has sympathized with them in their sorrows, and for this reason he is respected and honored by all classes. Many of the addresses that he has been called upon to give are included in the present volume.* They are very well done. The thought is simple and the expression is sympathetic, and in the more important addresses the speech rises to the higher standards of eloquence. The tributes to Father Dowling of Portchester, Father McLoughlin of New Rochelle, and Father Barry of Rye, are both graceful and fitting.

DOGMATIC INSTRUCTIONS. By Dr. Wirth.

Dogmatic instructions adapted for popular use and following the plan of the Baltimore Catechism are fairly certain to be of great help to teachers of Christian doctrine. These teachers as a rule have not enjoyed a wide theological reading, and feel the need, consequently, of filling out the bare question and answer of the catechism by consulting some simple dogmatic manual. Such a manual,† for part of the catechism, Dr. Wirth has just given us, and it is a commendable piece of work. It is concerned only with Grace and the Infused Virtues—a rather limited field, we are inclined to think, for a book with its purpose. Perhaps if the expositions here given had been abbreviated, a process that could be employed here and there without serious injury to the general treatment, and if the space thus saved had been devoted to other topics of Christian instruction, the volume would be more useful. However, what is treated of is creditably presented, and will prove helpful to all who have to explain and to apply practically the truths of religion.

A PRECURSOR OF ST. PHILIP. By Lady Kerr.

One of the companions of St. Philip Neri before the foundation of the Oratory was Buonsignore Cacciaguerra. This man had been converted from a life of unbridled licentiousness and sin, and after a period of fierce self-conquest and appalling austerity, was ordained priest, and joined the

* *Occasional Sermons and Addresses.* By the Rev. Isidore Meister, Rector of the Church of the Most Holy Trinity, Mamaroneck, N. Y. Mamaroneck, N. Y.: J. H. McArdle.

† *Divine Grace.* A Series of Instructions arranged according to the Baltimore Catechism. An Aid to Teachers and Preachers. Edited by Rev. Edmund J. Wirth, Ph.D., D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers.

community of chaplains at San Girolamo. His life deserves to be written, and Lady Amabel Kerr has put us in her debt by this biography.* Buonsignore's zeal for apostolic works marks him as a true precursor of St. Philip, and a model of sacerdotal activity for all time. His chief endeavor was to encourage devotion to the Real Presence and to promote the practice of frequent Communion. His labors were speedily crowned with success, and, to use his own words, "sinners were transformed to angels" by the Holy Eucharist. But like most men whose zeal has been greater than their regard for respectable routine, he was suspected, he was persecuted, he was ridiculed, and finally was denounced as a man of no theological attainments, an innovator, and a heretic. He was not officially condemned, however, and his work, while obstructed, was not destroyed. His last years were spent in the heroic endurance of dreadful physical torture, and his end was the end of a saint. St. Philip called him a man of wonderful sanctity; a verdict which every reader of this interesting volume will cordially approve.

POEMS.
By E. B. O'Reilly.

In the poems of Miss Eliza Boyle O'Reilly† there is one outstanding quality which would have brought joy to the heart of her gifted father. In all these verses there is not a feeble theme, not an artificial sentiment. They are strong and they are true. There is enough suggestion of deep thought in them, also, to give warrant that the profounder subjects of poetic expression will be not unsuccessfully attempted in our author's more mature compositions. Her present task must be to work incessantly for perfection in metre and for absolute purity of diction. It will be a long labor; it will mean the ruthless destruction of much that has cost great pains; but it will end with a reward which we venture to predict will be above the ordinary recognition of even genuine poetic talent. Certainly Miss O'Reilly possesses the fundamental requisite to success, an exalted view of the function of poetry. And that is a great deal in these times when our verse as well as our fiction is diseased with unreality, unvirility, and sham; and when the sacred office of *vates* is usurped by verse-makers incompetent

* *A Precursor of St. Philip.* By Lady Amabel Kerr. St. Louis: B. Herder.
† *My Candles, and Other Poems.* By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

to discern the least glimpse of the eternal sanctities, or to feel any diviner agitations of the spirit than sickly doubts or degenerate sentimentality.

THE HEART OF ROME.
By Marion Crawford.

A novel* from the pen of such a writer as Marion Crawford could not fail to be entertaining and instructive. This latest production of the eminent novelist is a story of the "lost water" which flows mysteriously under certain parts of the city of Rome. Malipieri, a famous archæologist, is making excavations in the cellars of the palazzo of the ruined family of the Conti, and discovers a priceless treasure hidden therein; this he determines to secure to the young Donna Sabina Conti, for whom he has formed a great attachment. He invites her to the palazzo to inspect his excavations and discovery, and in accepting his invitation she, though innocently, compromises her reputation. Malipieri cannot marry her, because in youth he had generously given his name to another whom a dear friend had betrayed. As usual, however, difficulties are finally overcome, and the story closes with the happy marriage of Malipieri and Donna Sabina.

The characters of the story are peculiarly unsatisfactory; there is hardly a striking one in the book, certainly none comparable to the noble Giovanni and Corona D'Astradente of his *Saracinesca*. Moreover, we are surprised to find a too graphic description of a very suggestive situation coming from the pen of Mr. Crawford. The book suffers greatly in comparison with some of his other productions.

INSECT FOLK.
By M. W. Morley.

This book is apparently intended for young children, although the proper divisions of the subject, in their technical names such as Odonata, Ephemerida, Plecoptera, Thysanura, on the page before the first lesson, astonish the eye.†

We think it does not dignify science to bring it down to the level of immature minds. Children who can grasp Entomology at all do not like to think they are learning a "baby-

* *The Heart of Rome.* By Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Compan
† *The Insect Folk.* By Margaret Warren Morley. Boston: Ginn & Co.

book," and the short sentences, childish language, and efforts at humor in these pages give that impression.

The best language, and clearest explanations, are not too good in books of instruction for the young. Those who have experience in the education of children know that it is better for the language of a book to be a little ahead than a little behind the mind of a pupil. There is much useful and interesting matter in *The Insect Folk;* and the author proves she is quite at home with her subject. If she would leave out the interjections, and "made-up" speeches of "Mollie" and "May" and "Master Ned," and impart her excellent information in pithy paragraphs, the book would increase in dignity and value.

THE SHIP OF STATE.

*The Ship of State** is a compendium of interesting and timely articles, dealing with the various offices of our government. The papers are written by able men, some of whom have held the offices of which they treat, and others who write and judge equally well of the dignity and responsibility of these positions. The first paper is "The Presidency," by Theodore Roosevelt, and was written long before he was called to be the head of the nation. Twelve papers make up the volume, and all are enriched with excellent illustrations. The book has a decidedly instructive value, and is the best lesson on civics that could be put into such a small compass.

MEMORIES OF A RED-LETTER SUMMER.
By Eleanor Childs Meehan.

This charming diary of travel,† with its refined finish and illustrations, is one of the pleasantest companions we have had for some time. Its descriptions are graphic, its historical allusions correct, its information true, and we judge it both an admirable addition to the supplementary reading of classes, and an ornament to the library table. Mrs. Meehan has conferred a favor on the young by publishing this admirable account of her travels abroad, and we cordially recommend it to all our readers, for old as well as young will be interested in its pages.

* *The Ship of State.* By Those at the Helm. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† *Memories of a Red-Letter Summer.* By Eleanor Childs Meehan. Cincinnati: Robert Clark Company.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY REPORT.

Now that the question of land ownership in Ireland is settled by the recent act of Parliament, it is necessary that farmers be encouraged to develop the resources of their holdings to the utmost extent. By improving the methods of production, and by obtaining better markets for their produce, the new peasant proprietors will soon enjoy increased prosperity. The competition from other countries will force the adoption of co-operative principles. To provide the assistance needed in this direction is the special scope of the Irish Agricultural Society,* which has a branch already established in New York City represented by the Hon. John D. Crimmins and many other devoted friends of Ireland.

One of the most effective workers in this industrial movement is the Rev. Thomas A. Finlay, S.J., of University College, Dublin, who came to the United States a short time ago as a member of the Mosely Commission, to study various phases of educational progress in relation to commercial advancement. In one of his lectures in New York on the subject, Father Finlay related how Sir Horace Plunkett went about endeavoring to persuade Irishmen, independently of their political proclivities and of creed, to combine together for industrial self-improvement. The great wave of emigration had well-nigh drained Ireland of all that was best and most representative in her manhood and womanhood, and while good men here and there endeavored to stem that awful drain, nothing was really accomplished, as the cause which lay at the source of the difficulty had never been met.

When men could not earn a decent living at home it was not to be expected that patriotism would deter them from going abroad. Sir Horace Plunkett seemed to realize this, but he endeavered to convince the farmers to whom he had access that in combination lay a new source of power. He met at first with the usual apathy and inertia which such a reform is sure to encounter, for Irishmen, in spite of the bad name they enjoy in certain quarters, are the most conservative of conservative men.

But the movement spread, and the figures show that, whereas but a decade of years ago some five-and-thirty

* *Report of the Irish Agricultural Society.* Dublin: Sealy, Bryers & Walker.

farmers were hardy enough and resourceful enough to attempt the new methods, now there are some 35,000 farmers throughout Ireland who are joined together in what is practically one of the greatest agricultural leagues ever known in modern industrial times.

Father Finlay pointed out very pathetically the contempt and opposition which Sir Horace Plunkett met with in his early endeavors to teach Irishmen to help themselves. He was a Protestant, and so was looked upon with distrust; he was a Unionist in politics, and so was hated by those he endeavored to befriend; he was a landlord, and so was counted a natural enemy by the men whom he wished to make independent in his own class. Fortunately the Catholic clergy of Ireland joined very early in the movement, and the success was beyond all expectation. Up to the present the funds requisite for an undertaking as vast as this have been practically supplied by Sir Horace himself and a few other philanthropic gentlemen, but owing to the enormous proportions the movement had assumed there were necessarily great expenses incurred, and more money was needed to carry it into districts which still held aloof. It was for this purpose that the Irish Industrial League of America was formed.

OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY.
By Professor Royce.

Professor Royce's new volume* is the expansion of a sketch written ten years ago, for the purpose of outlining the elementary principles and practical applications of Psychology. In its present form the work appears in the Teachers' Professional Library, a series under the editorship of President Nicholas Murray Butler. This gives us to understand that the book is intended primarily to meet the needs of the studious teachers referred to in the General Editor's Introduction. Beyond this, however, the author has had another end in view, namely, the interesting of technical psychologists in certain original views and suggestions here for the first time made public.

The present reviewer labors under the embarrassment of his conviction that the really valuable part of the book is precisely that which has no right to be in this volume at all. Although meant, as announced above, to introduce teachers to those find-

* *Outlines of Psychology.* An Elementary Treatise, with some Practical Applications. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

ings of psychology which may assist them in the practical duties of instruction, the work before us seems to include much material calculated to confuse those readers to whom it is professedly addressed. On the other hand, however, this element, apparently so foreign to the proper purpose of the book, is of such a nature and influence that it may, on the whole, be productive of larger good than what would have replaced it had the writer followed orthodox lines with scrupulous exactitude. At the same time we must concede that the general gain is apt to be the Teachers' Library's loss, and that critics may with justice re-echo Professor Muirhead's reproach, made in the October issue of *Mind*. What teachers themselves need most just now, perhaps, is such a book as the present one would have been, had the usual classifications been retained and the construction of a psychological theory reconcilable with the author's views on the individual will been eliminated. In furtherance of the same end, similar treatment might well have been extended to the discussion of the single, double, or triple dimension of feelings. As the volume stands one cannot but feel that these complications hinder rather than help its practical utility—a defect all the more provoking because, in so far as the text follows its proper purpose, it is luminous, convincing, and full of "actuality."

Elsewhere let us hope the author will return to a further development of this attractive though intrusive psychological theory of Initiative. What he has here advanced is, of itself, calculated to make these pages valuable. While true to his pledge to keep clear of all discussions concerned with the philosophy of mind, he has not failed—who expected that the author of *The World and the Individual* should fail?—to illuminate, from the discoveries of psychology, the opinion that "the associationist point of view must have its limitations." He does this by an original interpretation of "Initiative" in the light of the biological phenomena grouped by Loeb under the general name of "tropism," *i.e.*, a certain general and elemental tendency to respond to stimuli, in a characteristic way, independent of and persistent through the various special activities. What is erected on this substructure is, indeed, as the author remarks, far enough from the views of Professor Loeb, but at the same time it should, we think, do something to recommend philosophy to minds trained in biological methods.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

By Collins.

We are constantly being reminded, nowadays, that old methods of historical study have passed away, and we are given to understand that the "new method" is, as it were, a revelation and a revolution. But just what is meant by the new method, and just why it is superior to the old, it would be difficult for many, and among them some who glibly use the phrases, to explain. For the clearing away of all haziness of ideas on the matter, we recommend this invaluable little manual on *The Study of Ecclesiastical History.**

Besides serving the purpose of an introduction to the ways and means of present historical study, it may well be a guide for the constant use of those who are beginning or continuing a study of the history of Christianity. For the work is, in effect, an "Introduction" to the study of ecclesiastical history, and an "introduction," as every one knows, is, in the technical sense of the word, not so much a literal introduction, as it is a reference book, to be kept constantly at one's elbow, long after one has mastered the beginnings of a science. We say that such works are "indispensable," but it is wonderful how long we allow ourselves to go along without them; wonderful too how much energy we waste simply because we have them not.

The present work is small and quasi-popular, but thoroughly able. The author immediately recommends himself to the reader by taking and maintaining a firm stand on the matter of the breadth and dignity of the subject of ecclesiastical history. He refuses to allow that the science—he declares and proves it to be a science, not a mere branch of literature—may be narrowed into a small, isolated, departmental kind of study, but claims for it a scope as wide as Christianity, for the history of the church, he quotes from Bishop Westcott, "is, in a sense, all history from the day of Pentecost." Sacred history is the view of the world and of all things in the world by the Light of the Incarnation, for no event since that most important of all historical events can fail to have relations with it, and with the gigantic system of belief and action which was begun with the coming of Christ.

Evidently, one who takes this broad stand is in no danger

* *The Study of Ecclesiastical History.* By William Edward Collins, B.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

of going back to the old idea which so cramped the noble science as to make it a synonym for the story of "the successions of bishops and the records of councils, disputes about doctrines and conflicts with heretics."

But if Church History be so widely conceived, will not one be frightened away by its very magnitude? Undoubtedly, if one imagines that the study must be got at with "hammer and tongs" and beaten into subjection by main strength. But we don't study so nowadays; we don't sit down in front of a huge and repellent "General Church History," and try to "eat the book." No, but we take the other method: we begin not with what is general and work down to what is particular, denying ourselves, during all the long process of dragging through with the enormous task, the consolation and the pleasure of reading the really fascinating particular histories; we begin with a biography, a monograph, a classic on some individual subject, master it, and then, going out on excursions into the unbounded fields, bring back something that we can fit to what we have gained. We get a subject into our consciousness, then read around it, and draw all things to it; and this process, instead of being a burden and a bore, will fill one's "whole intellectual life with a new meaning" and "will be a source of unceasing interest and enrichment."

The details of the process, the help in its pursuance, the choice of books, the best ways towards an actual dominion over an historical subject or a period, all this is learnedly given by Professor Collins. Finally, he has collated an admirable bibliography. Without attempting to make it exhaustive—an impossibility—he has scarcely omitted any of the best works necessary. History in general, and perhaps particularly church history, differs from literature in this, that its classics are modern rather than ancient; its golden age is now, or will soon be; the masterpieces of its achievements are being wrought in the present, and marvellous works they are, for so highly are they perfected, and so incorporated and inspirited with method, that a thorough mastery of only one of them may easily produce a well-rounded understanding of the status of the science of history, and a grasp of true historical method. After that the study will be a delight. What these masterpieces are, and how to use them, is not the least of the lessons to be learned from this excellent manual.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

The sixth volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica** opens with an essay on Modern Conditions of Literary Production by Augustine Birell, K.C., in which the author takes quite an optimistic view of the elevated tastes of the general reading public. Professor Case, of Oxford, writes on Logic and Metaphysics; on the latter very extensively. Two particularly interesting articles at present are those on Korea and Louisiana. The legal and the medical subjects receive detailed attention. Principal Fairbairn writes on Martineau. The Rev. A. W. Hutton writes in a sympathetic and appreciative manner of Cardinal Manning, and under the word missions are some interesting though not very complete details of the activity of the Catholic Church.

Frederick Greenwood opens the seventh volume with an essay on the Influence of Commerce on International Conflict, which covers many centuries of human history and is remarkable for its wealth and adornment of rhetoric. Speaking of the change of our policy marked by the Spanish-American War, the author writes: "And so, with a right-about face, the American people turn from their entirely successful experiment in industrial monasticism, hasten to build fleets of warships and launch forth upon the ancient ways of national emulation." The Rev. A. W. Hutton contributes the article on Newman, and Arthur Waugh writes on Walter Pater, and also on Patmore, whose work he rates very highly indeed. John Fiske writes of the historian Parkman; Dean Worcester treats of the geography of the Philippines, and John Foreman of their history.

The illustrations throughout the volumes continue in the same high standard.

This brochure† celebrates the memory of the last survivor of Père Lacordaire's original disciples in restoring the Dominican Order in France. P. Danzas was a holy religious, a zealous priest, and a cultivated author. His life has little of conspicuous achievement, but it was filled with hard work for God and beneficence for men.

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica.* New volumes constituting, with the volumes of the Ninth Edition, the Tenth Edition of that work. Vols. vi. and vii., forming vols. xxx. and xxxi. of the Complete Work. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company.

† *Un Moine.* Le P. Antonin Danzas, Frère-Prêcheur. - Par le P. Ingold. Paris: P. Téqui.

Library Table.

The Month (Jan.): Contains an article by Fr. Tyrrell on a grave religious problem, that of the possibility of a reconciliation between Theology and Science, or more precisely, between Catholic theology and the purely scientific, natural, or, as it is called, liberal theology of those outside the church. After insisting upon the permanent and necessarily unchangeable character of Catholic theology, in so far as it is based upon a divine deposit of revealed truth, always and essentially the same amidst the changes brought about by centuries of development, the writer points out the essential diversity that must ever exist between such a position and that of the liberal theology, which, ignoring supernatural revelation, traces the development of religion in all its manifestations, as purely natural phenomena subject to the laws of physiological and historical evolution. While no reconciliation which implies the fusion of ideas so contradictory seems possible or desirable, the writer thinks that a more intelligent understanding by each of the position, spirit, and methods of its opponent would go far towards establishing a "modus vivendi" based upon mutual respect and toleration.——Writing on the "Antiquity of the Angelus" Fr. Thurston gives reasons for assigning the origin of that devotion to the first half of the thirteenth century.——An interesting sketch of the Venerable Julie Billiart and the order of Notre Dame is made by F. Beton.

The Tablet (5 Dec.): The Roman Correspondent records an amusing blunder of the Italian Liberals who erected a statue to a Sicilian priest of the eighteenth century, under the impression that he had been the precursor of "New Italy." After the statue had been duly erected it was discovered that the priest in question had been a zealous clerical of reactionary principles.

(12 Dec.): The Roman Correspondent writes that there is no foundation for the current rumor with regard to the abolition of the "non expedit."——The Bishop of

Liverpool in his Pastoral Letter warns Catholics against maintaining "an open mind" on the question of Temporal Power.

(19 Dec.): A leading article on the Japanese Diet gives an interesting insight into the workings of constitutional government in the Far East.——Rev. V. McNabb, O.P., contributes a comparative sketch of Newman and Spencer, in which he points out some of the marks of agreement and contrast in the two men.——The Roman Correspondent writes that practical measures are being taken by the Holy Father to promote the efficiency of the Roman Congregations.

(26 Dec.): The enthronement of the Archbishop of Westminster being about to occur on the 29th inst., an interesting account of the ceremony, together with an historical sketch of those who have been enthroned, is given.——An article on the Catholic University of Fribourg gives the total number of students for the past semester as 550, and describes the organization and aims of the institution.——The Roman Correspondent gives a list of names composing the committee for the celebration of the thirteenth centenary of the death of St. Gregory the Great. He also characterizes as a canard the report, circulated recently in the Liberal press of Italy, of enormous treasures found in the Vatican.

(2 Jan.): The two pronouncements of Pope Pius X., one on Popular Catholic Action, the other on Sacred Music, are given in full.——A leading article discusses the Holy Father's attitude on the Social Question.——Rev. W. Barry, D.D., writes of the modern missionary priest, and contrasts present with preceding types.——The Roman Correspondent announces the condemnation of five publications of the Abbé Loisy and two of Albert Houtin.

International Journal of Ethics (Jan.): In an article on the "True Democratic Ideal," Prof. W. Jethro Brown emphasizes the point that democracy does not consist entirely in liberty or equality; these are only negative characteristics; the positive elements are a deep appreciation of humanity and a broad conception of social justice.——Dr. Thomas C. Hall contributes a thoughtful paper on

relativity in ethics. He observes, that there is in the human soul a longing for an infallible moral teacher, and that this desire often leads men to the danger of resting implicitly on a guide and of neglecting to study moral problems; and thus, he concludes, the only hope of the future is in a careful insistence on the relativity of ethical knowledge as well as on the finality of moral obligation.——In an article on "Crime in England' Samuel J. Barrows, of the International Prison Commission, presents figures which show that the number of commitments to the English prisons has increased at an alarming rate during the last few years.——Mr. W. A. Watt discusses the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius, and indicates the points of difference between the Stoic and Christian notions of individualism.

Le Correspondant (10 Dec): M. Marcel Étienne in "Trois ans d'exil à St. Sebastien," while telling an interesting and pathetic story of his exile in Spain, insinuates that it is to the lack of union among the different well-wishers of France that we must attribute the present bad government of that unhappy land.——"Les Œuvres de préservation et de réhabilitation," by Paul Delay, and "Les Œuvres de Mer," by Marquis de Frayssein, are revelations, at once surprising and encouraging, of the work done for the help and reformation of convicts and for the toilers of the sea, owing to the generous initiative of eminent and devoted men.——"L'expansion japonaise," by Francis Mury; "Les Pères Blancs dans les possessions Africaines," by E. Marin; and "Les Suppressions de traitements ecclésiastiques," by George Noblemaire, touch on political questions of the highest interest in the Far East, of the European attempts to Christianize the blacks, and of the pecuniary difficulties besetting the separation of church and state in France.——"Napoléon II.," by Lanzac de Laborie, analyzes, from a political point of view, the recently published work of M. Frédéric Masson, *Napoléon et son fils*.——"Mgr. Dupanloup et Gabriel Mons," by H. Lacombe, gives interesting comment on extracts from the great prelate's letters to a young man tormented by doubt. In the same article, "La Vie de Monseigneur Dupanloup," a study of a work soon

to appear, renders sincere and merited homage to the memory of the great Bishop of Orleans.

Science Catholique (Dec.): Abbé Fontaine contributes a severe criticism of the position of Abbé Loisy as set forth in his two well-known works *L'Évangile et l'Église* and its sequel, *Autour d'un petit Livre.* The writer condemns outright the attitude, method, and main conclusions of the distinguished scholar in question, and accuses him of rationalistic tendencies, and of not being theologically competent to deal with questions of such grave theological importance.——M. le Cte. Domet De Vorges continues his interesting considerations on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.*

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Dec.): Dr. Koch proposes a new theory about the mode of Christ's presence in the Eucharist, and says Christ is present *per modum substantiæ moralis* and not *localiter.* The definition of Trent that Christ is present *vere, realiter et substantialiter* is declared to be perfectly in accord with this theory.——A seminary professor writes that the sciences of Paleontology, Geology, Primitive History, and Criticism have so revised our notion of the Bible that to retain all the views of former times would be absurd.——Writing on the *Didaché,* P. Turmel says it dates from 95 A. D.; that its teaching is clear as to Baptism, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and Penance, but that it is silent as to Redemption, and displays but an imperfect idea of Christ's Divinity and the Episcopacy.

Le Prêtre (31 Dec.): A Roman correspondent quotes from an official letter of Cardinal Merry del Val announcing that Loisy's works were condemned by the Inquisition on Dec. 16 and that by a decree dated Dec. 4 and published Dec. 23 the Index condemned two books by Houtin: *La Question Biblique* and *Mes Difficultés avec Mon Évêque,* and five books by Loisy: *Religion d'Israël, L'Évangile et l'Église, Études Évangéliques, Autour d'un petit Livre, Le Quatrième Évangile.*

La Quinzaine (16 Dec.): E. Vercesi, writing upon the recent congress of Italian Catholics at Bologna, says that the reactionary element, led by Count Paganuzzi, were utterly defeated, and that it was decisively shown that the moderately liberal tendencies maintained by Count

Grasoli not only express the sentiments of intelligent Italian Catholics, but are also approved by Pius X.—— M. Fonsegrive ventures a word of conciliation and peace apropos of the *affaire Loisy*. He says that the persecution of the great scholar has gone to a shameful extreme. M. l'Abbé Klein has been furiously attacked because he was seen taking a walk with M. Loisy, and against the *savant* himself there have been scattered abroad cowardly insinuations and contemptible suspicions. And as for his books, if they have troubled some who ought not to have read them, it must not be forgotten that they have comforted others, and opened new fields of Catholic principles and of the possibilities of Catholic faith.

Études (20 Dec.): Dr. Surbled, from the point of view of a layman, proposes certain measures for the evangelization of the Catholic men of France. There is no question that in the cities the men are now almost entirely lost to the church. Vigorous measures must at once be taken before the evil is past curing. He proposes more active work by the clergy for the instruction of the young men. Let there be a Mass on Sunday for them expressly, at which a direct, common-sense instruction and exhortation will be given. Then clubs, societies, circles of one kind or another should be formed. Workingmen's church-unions should be established. In one word, priests must go out of the sacristy and adopt energetic modern methods for keeping hold of men in the world. In concluding, Dr. Surbled refers to that lamentable ecclesiastical prejudice, existing still among some churchmen of France, against the participation of laymen in parochial work. In the face of present defections it is monstrous that such a feeling can dare to express itself.

(5 Jan.): P. Jouon surmises that the criterion of inspired writings which presided over the formation of the New Testament canon was not, as Franzelin thinks, a divine revelation given to an Apostle and testifying to the inspired character of a book; but rather that the early church accepted as infallibly true the principle that whenever an Apostle wrote in his apostolic capacity that writing was inspired. Whether the Apostle himself

set down his mind on paper or taught through the medium of another, as St. Peter speaks through Mark and St. Paul by the pen of Luke, it makes not a whit of difference. The early church asked only one question as to a book appealing for canonical recognition, viz.: Is it immediately or mediately the work of an Apostle? In case of an affirmative answer the church supposes—and the supposition rests on infallible certainty—that the book is inspired.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Dec.): "The Lessons of a Strike" is the title of a paper which gives a vivid description of the political and religious conditions in the northern region of France. The writer shows that during the recent strike political influence has been used to prevent men from attending to their religious duties, and he offers many suggestions which, if put into practice, might be of great value to the workingmen.——The Abbé Bataille in an article on organization holds that systematic professional union is the only solution for the labor problem in France.——Those interested in social questions will find in Dom Huberto's letter many items of interest in regard to social progress in Holland.

La Revue Générale (Dec.): Capitaine Commandant Beaujean discusses the influence of a standing army on the civil life of a country, and shows that the social responsibility of an army officer is much graver than it is usually understood to be.——In an article on Count Verspeyen, J. Lintelo, S.J., gives us an interesting appreciation of the great Belgian orator.——Dr. Moeller states the attitude of the medical profession in regard to the efforts which have been made to prevent the spread of tuberculosis and advocates the establishment of state hospitals for that purpose.

Revue de Lille (Nov.): Reports a discourse delivered at the opening of the Catholic University of Lille by the rector, Mgr. Baunard. In the course of the address the speaker dwells at considerable length on the state of religion in France as compared with its present condition in America.——R. P. Deodat continues his eulogy on Duns Scotus, treating in this number of the *Critical Method* of the "Subtle Doctor."

La Revue Apologétique (Nov.): The Priesthood is the subject of a learned conference by Fr. Caruel, S.J., the second of a series of conferences upon the Catholic faith. It is a lucid setting forth of the functions and dignity of the priest in his fulfilment of the three ideas contained in the words "I am the Way, the Truth, the Life."——A critical study of the references to the Angel Gabriel in the Sacred Writings is made by the Abbé Raty.——A timely and scholarly article upon the national religion of the Chinese is begun in this issue. To students of social as well as religious questions it should be invaluable.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Jan.): Father Gietmann, S.J., contributes an article on the life and writings of J. Balde, a Jesuit poet of the seventeenth century. The article is prefaced by some remarks on the interest which the Society of Jesus has ever manifested in the study and promotion of literature.——The question of a reform in the penal legislation of Germany is discussed by Fr. Cathrein. The writer briefly criticises some of the proposed modes of reform and shows that many of them are objectionable, being based on false ethical and pyschological views.——In an article entitled "Das neue Evangelium des Abbé Loisy" there is given a brief sketch of the abbé's career as a scholar, to which is added a summary of the views of some more conservative scholars concerning his positions, and an account of the action taken by certain French ecclesiastical authorities against his works.——Among the book notices appears a very lengthy review of the German translation of Fr. Sheehan's novel *Luke Delmege*. The notice is by Fr. Spillman, S.J., who praises the work very highly and bespeaks for it a wide circulation among German readers.

Razón y Fe (Jan.): P. Minteguiaga points out the provisions of the Spanish civil law to prevent publications attacking faith or morality, and petitions that the law be no longer ignored but enforced.——P. Murillo protests against the vacillating, uncertain, and inconsistent way in which the Pentateuch is handled by modern Biblical critics.——P. Valderrábano presents the first part of an interesting study of diapadesis—that is, the phenomenon due to the ameboid movement of white blood corpuscles

through the walls of blood-vessels, etc.——P. Ferreres draws attention to the astonishing length of time that life remains in persons apparently dead, and he gives practical advice as to the necessity of seeking to restore life, and to administer baptism in all cases where decomposition (the one certain sign of death) has not appeared.

Civiltà Cattolica (19 Dec.): Gives selections from P. Palmieri's new volume *Se e come i Sinnotici ci danno Gesù Cristo per Dio*, directed against the three following theses attributed to the Abbé Loisy: The Synoptic Gospels do not present Christ as God; The Fourth Gospel, since it does present him as God, cannot be the work of an Apostle; The Fourth Gospel is, therefore, neither historical nor an historical source.

(2 Jan.); Undertakes a study of "Catholic and Rationalistic Notions about the Origin of the Testament," and rebukes the *Studi Religiosi* for having greeted Harnack with the title "famous writer" instead of "unbeliever."

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Dec.); F. Nobili-Vitelleschi takes occasion of the storm raised by Delitzsch's *Babel u. Bibel* to point out that the significant point is not the fact that the Old Testament borrowed largely from Chaldean traditions, but rather that the current affirmations of this fact are elements in a powerful movement against the whole system of supernatural religion. That movement is allied with attacks on authority, the family, and property rights; and its success would mean decadence and the ending of our civilization. Reason and science, in their own interest, had better recognize religion's reason of being; but, on the other hand, religion had better modify its practical side in deference to existing conditions.

(16 Dec.): R. Mariano comments on Harnack's new book, *The Propagation of Christianity in the First Three Centuries*, as an immense magic lantern displaying scenes of all sorts, favorable and unfavorable to Christianity.

AN EXHIBIT OF CATHOLIC CHARITIES.

THE work of preparing for the St. Louis Exposition, to be opened in April, 1904, an exhibit of the Catholic charities in the United States has been undertaken by the School of the Social Sciences in the Catholic University. The plan has met such cordial encouragement from Archbishops, Bishops, the Catholic press, and Catholic laymen who are active in charity work, that the timeliness of the exhibit is manifest, and the successful outcome of the work is practically assured.

For years the study of the efficiency of methods of charity and correction has been steadily winning ground in universities throughout Europe and America. The attention which the charity exhibit at the Paris Exposition attracted demonstrated the wisdom of it. Thus the Directors of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition have good warrant for giving special prominence to a general exhibit of charitable work in the United States.

The emphasis and prominence thus given to the work of charity and correction make it imperative that the works of the Catholic Church be represented.

The exhibit will be arranged in a way to show the organization, activity, resources, expenditures, the numbers assisted or relieved, methods of assistance in hospitals, asylums, homes, social settlements, and through associations. These totals will be presented literally and graphically; that is, they will be accompanied by maps, charts, and tables which will show concretely and strongly the absolute and the relative features of the work.

Those who are in charge of the work are very anxious to make it exhaustive. It is desired that every club, guild, or society of any kind in the United States organized by Catholics for purposes of charity and every mutual association for relief or protection be represented in the totals of this exhibit. Request is made, therefore, that the secretary or other officer of such clubs kindly send to the School of Social Sciences at the University their name and address, so that information may be asked from them concerning their activity.

Any such favor as that here requested will be gratefully appreciated, although the consciousness of the nobility of the work itself will surely stimulate all who may read this notice to give assistance. Communications may be addressed to the School of the Social Sciences, Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

VERY few philanthropists devoted mainly to altruism ever think of gathering statistics concerning the quality and quantity of the books in paper covers sold on trains and at railway news-stands. The standard of taste of the man in the street might be determined more accurately by such a test. Most likely the publishers would decline to give their figures showing large sales for low-grade books. It would be interesting, however, for some one having leisure to note down the titles of such books at the railroad stations in large cities, and then to make a comparative study of the books provided for the average reader at the smaller towns. It is stated that Professor Woodberry, of Columbia University, some years ago made an interesting study of books which sell by the hundred thousand among working girls and shop boys, though the literary journals knew them not, and ordinarily intelligent people had never heard of them. It was the morals inculcated by these writers which the critic mentioned especially pondered. He found them often queer, distorted, unconventional, but on the whole surprisingly in line with what the world considers proper and wholesome. The same thing has been observed of the plays in the People's Theatre, and places of the kind. The morals are not refined, but are obviously sound. So are those of the newspapers which circulate almost exclusively among artisans and servants, hackmen and motormen, seamstresses and others.

While the quality of the news which they print by preference, and with every horror of typography and illustration, is atrocious and demoralizing in the extreme, their directly inculcated morals, their editorial deliverances, are generally beyond reproach. Their favorite themes are the cardinal virtues, or incardinated vices, and upon these they descant with a gusto of platitude all their own. In the blackest of black-faced type they will maintain that mothers ought to be good to their children, and will denounce drunkenness, wife-beating, forgery, and murder with a vehemence as terrific as it is amazing. And it is precisely this brazen-throated shouting of the obvious which leads some men of active social sympathies to nod their heads sagely and say, "Well, after all, admitting all you say about their horrible sensationalism and vulgarity, it is a good thing that the masses have such editorials given them to read."

* * *

The urgent need of Catholic journalism is well stated by the editor of the Boston *Pilot*, which deserves extensive patronage on account of its high standard of excellence. We suggest the discussion of this matter in all Catholic Reading Circles on the lines indicated by the following quotation from the *Pilot:*

It is quite true that the daily paper in America is devoting much space to religious news, and particularly to news of the Catholic Church; also that it has made much progress in giving Catholic news correctly, by its employment of Catholics who have facilities for getting it and the training to set it forth properly. Catholics would be dull and unappreciative, indeed, who would not recognize the splendid work of the daily press—for example, at the death of Pope Leo XIII. and the succession of Pope Pius X.

But in the matter of religious news-giving the daily paper cannot be expected to consider exclusively any religious denomination, however large and powerful, nor to discriminate in the matter of news, except in favor of the most sensational and sale-making.

It spreads its nets everywhere, and promptly disseminates all that they catch, whether of good report or scandal, of fact or invention, of strong probability or crazy fancy.

Then, religious freakishness of every kind, however distasteful to Christians—whether of recondite Parsees and high-caste Brahmins, or ignorant and vulgar speculators in human credulity—must be duly exploited; for the followers of each and all read the papers.

So that even in the matter of news record, while the weekly religious journal does not enter the lists with the daily press in news-getting, it has its higher mission selecting and classifying and putting in suitable environments what is of more than a day's interest, as well as of correcting erroneous statements and false rumors.

What is needed among the Catholics is a judicious extinction of worse than superfluous publications, and a concentration of effort on those which stand for something. There are in the United States 131 Catholic publications appearing weekly, to say nothing of a few dailies among the Germans and Poles, some monthly magazines, and a number of college journals and organs of guilds and associations.

This is certainly excessive for a population of twelve or thirteen million Catholics. Moreover, many of these publications cannot represent more than a starvlihood to their owners, and can give no adequate idea of Catholic interests to their readers. They could be trusted to die of inanition if the Catholic journals which stand for something were properly maintained. The best resolution that can be formed is to pay at once an advance subscription, not forgetting past debts, to your favorite Catholic paper or magazine. State your convictions in cash.

* * *

Already, and within one year, two flourishing organizations have been founded from the Catholic Newspaper Guild—henceforth to be called the Catholic Reading Guild of Great Britain. The Irish Guild has for its president the Cardinal Primate, and was founded by Mrs. Moore, of Mooresfort, Tipperary; it is being introduced into most of the dioceses of Ireland, and is worked by ladies only. Each member (men and women) must, in addition to the subscription, contribute one book a year, with which Catholic libraries will be started in hospitals, workhouses, etc. A diocesan committee of ladies is formed in the principal town of the diocese, with sub-committees or individuals in smaller towns who act as collectors. Moreover, the presidents of each diocesan council are to form a general committee, which will meet twice a year. The books are distributed by the diocesan authorities, and the periodicals by the local members to their local charities—in pursuance of the golden rule of never destroying Catholic papers or magazines when read. This Guild was publicly and formally inaugurated at the recent Dublin Conference of the Irish Catholic Truth Society.

The South African Guild belongs to the Port Elizabeth vicariate only, though before long probably similar guilds will be founded in the adjacent vicariates. Its president is the Right Rev. Bishop MacSherry, who, indeed,

secured its foundation, and the good work has been organized by Mr. Thomas Stack, of Uitenhage.

We are pleased to learn that since the arrival of Bishop O'Connell at Portland he has established many excellent societies for men, such as the Catholic Union, the Ozanam Club, a gymnasium for the boys.

Quite recently he organized a Reading Circle for the Catholic ladies. At its inception Miss Katherine E. Conway, associate editor of *The Pilot*, was present and delivered a very interesting address to the ladies, explaining the advantages of such a circle and the mode of conducting the work.

Already there is a good membership. The Rev. C. W. Collins, the bishop's private secretary, will be the director. At their meeting on December 2 Mrs. E. J. McDonough was chosen secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. William H. Looney and Miss Josephine O'Connor essayists for the following meeting.

The society is organized for the purpose of studying church history, and the cultivating of literary tastes among the Catholic ladies of the city.

Reports showing good work and continued activity have reached the Manager of the Columbian Reading Union from the Hecker Reading Circle, Everett, Mass.; the John Boyle O'Reilly Circle, Boston; the Notre Dame Reading Circle, Boston; the D'Youville Circle, Ottawa, Canada. The latter has been doing very effective work in the discussion of recent works by Catholic authors. At a recent meeting Mary Sarsfield Gilmore's *Joyce Josselyn, Sinner*, was pronounced a strong book, making a timely plea for the beautiful sanctities of home, an appeal to all womankind to keep up the standard of dignity and duty, and therefore of happiness, by adhering closely to the unaltered and unalterable declaration as to whom God hath joined.

Another work commented upon was *The Knights of the Cross*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. As literature of chivalry this book seems the strongest of modern efforts to depict that fearfully interesting transition time between the close of the Middle Ages and the opening of the new times, when knighthood was still gloriously in flower in Eastern Europe, and the religious military orders at their worst.

* * *

Margaret F. Sullivan, wife of Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago, died at her home in that city on December 28, after a week's illness. The announcement has brought sorrow to many hearts on both sides of the Atlantic, for Mrs. Sullivan's fame was great in the higher lines of journalism and of literature, and as her heart matched her marvellous intellect, her admirers were also her devoted friends.

In journalism she was ranked, not with distinguished women of the press, but with the ablest of men, as Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, for which paper she did some of her best work. She was one of the writers on the supplementary volumes of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, and an occasional contributor to the *North American Review*, the *American Catholic Quarterly*, and the *Catholic World*. At the time of her death she was on the editorial staff of the Chicago *Chronicle*, and was also assistant editor of the *Catholic Review of Pedagogy*. She is the author of a notable book, *Ireland of To-day*, written in the early 80's, after an extended study on the spot of the Irish land question, the Home Rule movement, and related topics; and she collaborated with Mary Elizabeth Blake (Mrs. John G. Blake), of Boston, in the authorship of *Mexico: Political, Picturesque, Progressive*, after a tour which these ladies made together.

Mrs. Sullivan made frequent professional trips to Europe besides the one which resulted in *Ireland of To-day*. Her description in the New York *Sun* of the opening of Gladstone's Parliament in 1886 was highly praised by leading journalists. She represented the Associated Press at the Paris Exposition of 1899, and attended the trial of Charles Stewart Parnell in the Times-forgeries case in London, giving the best description of its proceedings and the persons involved.

She did great work on many notable political, literary, and religious occasions in her own country. During the World's Fair, and for some years before and after, she was an editorial and special article writer on the Chicago *Herald*.

Her range of intellect, her unusual education and experience, and her splendid health—never in the least impaired until about six years ago—made a rare combination. Familiar with Greek and Latin and all the modern languages, strong in literature, music, art, politics, scientific subjects—nothing came amiss to her.

Her thoughts crystallized quickly; her style was most individual; her journalistic conscience most acute.

Withal, she was a womanly woman, both in aspect and feeling, intense in her love, loyalty, and self-sacrifice.

Mrs. Sullivan was an earnest Catholic, with many friends among our eminent churchmen. She was deeply interested in the Catholic intellectual advance and all other good works of the city of her home. Many valuable suggestions from her pen have been discussed in this department of the Columbian Reading Union.

* * *

Nugent Robinson, a well-known Catholic writer, died of pneumonia after a few days' illness at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Travers, in New York City, on December 26. Born in Dublin June 1, 1838, Mr. Robinson was associated in his youth with many men who afterwards became famous in the literary world.

Coming to the United States in 1876, he was engaged for several years in editorial work on the publications of the late Frank Leslie. Later he went with P. F. Collier and started *Collier's Weekly*. Mr. Robinson retired from this character of work several years ago. He was the author of several valuable works of reference and of a number of novels and short stories. Many of the latter appeared in the pages of the *Catholic World*, the *Ave Maria*, and other Catholic periodicals. His last published work, *Kristoffsky*, a story of Russian life, appeared in the *Ave Maria* during the present year.

Mr. Robinson was a devout Catholic and a close friend of the late Cardinal McCloskey. He is survived by three sons, one of whom, Father Paschal, is professor in the Franciscan Monastery at Washington, D. C. Father Paschal administered Extreme Unction and the Holy Viaticum to his father, and was also at the Mass celebrated before the funeral, which took place in the family plot at St. Peter's Cemetery on Staten Island.

When Mr. Robinson came to this country nearly thirty years ago, and began to write for American Catholic publications, he introduced a new element into the distinctly Catholic literature of that day. He had lived in many lands, and was evidently familiar with many languages and literatures; and his stories had all the dash and adventure of Lever's with as hearty merriment and as brilliant style, but modified by the delicate restraint of the true Catholic spirit. Catholic literature in those days was in general too obviously bent on edification, and most Catholic writers failed to see that they could better serve even their primal purpose of doing good by a more fearless holding of the mirror up to nature. Mr. Robinson set a new pace in his stories of life in Ireland, and on the Continent. Within twenty-five years a great advance has been made in Catholic literature, both in fidelity to nature and in artistic merit; how great only they can realize who remember the heavy controversial tales and the painful translations from the French, that constituted the bulk of the Sunday-school literature of a former generation. Nugent Robinson deserves our gratitude as one of the helpers in the transition to better things.

* * *

A question lately sent to the Manager of the Columbian Reading Union is as follows: Do you know of any book treating upon the duty and influence of the laity in church matters? Suggestions are invited to answer this important question. How many books are available on this matter? M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Where Believers May Doubt. By Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. 114. *Characteristics from the Writings of Father Faber.* Arranged by Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O.M. Pp. 626. *Bishop and his Flock.* By Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B. Pp. 414. *Short Readings on the Devotion to the Holy Ghost.* Compiled by Father M., O.F.M. Pp. 64. *Elements of Religious Life.* By William Humphrey, S.J. Pp. 438.

YOUNG CHURCHMAN COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wis.:
Twenty-four Sermons from St. Ignatius' Pulpit. By the Rev. Arthur Ritchie. Pp. 298. Price $1.00. *The Reunion of Oriental and Anglican Churches.* By the Right Rev. Charles Chapman Grafton, D.D. Pp. 39.

MESSENGER, New York:
The Real St Francis of Assisi. By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. Pp. 93. Price 25 cents.

GINN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Louisiana Purchase and the Exploration, Early History, and Building of the West. By Ripley Hitchcock. Pp. 349. Price $1.25.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1902. Vol. I. *United States Department of Agriculture, Division of Foreign Markets. Bulletin No. 33.* By Frank H. Hitchcock. *Report of the Secretary of Agriculture. Monthly Bulletin of the International Bureau of the American Republic, December, 1903. United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Statistics: Wages of Farm Labor in the United States. Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor. No. 50. January, 1904.*

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago:
A Greek Primer. By Clarence W. Gleason, A.M. (Harvard). Pp. 349.

LIBRAIRIE BLOUD ET CIE, Paris:
Le Cerveau. Par le Docteur E. Baltus. Pp. 63.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Questions d'Écriture Sainte. Par Charles P. Grannan. Traduit de l'Anglais par l'Abbé L. Collin.

LIBRAIRIE VICTOR LECOFFRE, Paris:
Les Psaumes. Traduits de l'Hébrew par M. B. D'Eyragues. Pp. 422.

E. NOURRY, Paris:
La Réforme Intellectuelle du Clergé et La Liberté d'Enseignement. Par P. Saintyves. *L'Américanisme.* A. Houtin.

FÉLIX ALCON, Paris:
Aristote. Par Clodius Piat. Pp. 396.

REV. JOHN F. NOLL, New Haven, Ind.:
Kind Words from Your Pastor. By Rev. John F. Noll.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
Catholic Sermons. By Very Rev. John B. Bagshawe. Pp. 814. 2 vols. Price $2.25 net. *The Tragedy of Chris.* By Rosa Mulholland. Pp. 335. Price $1.50 net. *Wanted—a Situation, and Other Stories.* By Isabel Nixon Whiteley. Pp. 191. Price 60 cents. *Studies in Saintship.* Translated from the French of Ernest Hello. With Introduction by Virginia M. Crawford. Pp. 216. Price 90 cents net.

JOHN J. MCVEY, Philadelphia:
The Two Kenricks. By John J. O'Shea. With an Introduction by Most Rev. Patrick John Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia. Pp. 495. Price $2.50.

ALLGEMEINE VERLAGS-GESELLSCHAFT, M. B. H. MÜNCHEN:
Geschichte der Katholischen Kirche. Von Professor I. P. Kirsch und Professor V. Luksch. Nos. 1 and 2. Price per number 1 mark.

UNION NEWS LEAGUE, Boston:
Socialism: the Nation of Fatherless Children. By David Goldstein. Edited by Martha Moore Avery. Pp. 374. Price 50 cents.

REV. JAMES A. BURNS, C.S.C., Philadelphia:
The Training of the Teacher. By Rev. James A. Burns, C.S.C. Pp. 38.

J. B. LYON COMPANY, Albany, N. Y.:
State of New York, Department of Labor Bulletin. Published Quarterly.

BUST OF DANTE IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES, ITALY (*Page 749.*)

THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE MISSION OF ST. PAUL.*

BY MOST REVEREND JOHN J. KEANE, D.D.

"We preach Christ crucified; unto the Jews indeed a stumbling-block, and unto the gentiles foolishness; but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God."—*I. Cor. i. 23, 24.*

THESE sublime words give us in one sentence the whole meaning of that phenomenal man whom we call St. Paul,—the meaning of his character, of his conversion, of his work as an Apostle, of his influence in the life of mankind.

Power and wisdom are the two agencies that move the world. In Almighty God they are inseparable and identical. Therefore, says the Holy Scripture: "Wisdom reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly." In God, Power and Wisdom are united in Love; and their work is all for the world's good.

Man, too, has his share of power and of wisdom for the accomplishment of his life-work. Thought and will are the two forces by which he shapes his own life, acts upon his fellow-men, and bends to his service all the energies of nature. But his thought is not always wisdom, and therefore his will is not always right. Nay, his thought and his will may wander far from wisdom and rectitude; then the result must be evil both for himself and for those he influences. Then blessed is he if some saving power will bring back his thoughts to wisdom, his will to rectitude, and his life to beneficence.

*A Sermon delivered at Solemn Mass in the presence of his Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City, on January 24, 1904.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1903.

But know you not, exclaims St. Paul, that Christ is the wisdom of God and the power of God? Know you not that it is by the coming of Christ Crucified into your erring and sinful lives that the thinking of your minds will be brought into conformity with God's wisdom, and the striving of your wills into conformity with God's power?

How did Saul of Tarsus come to understand this? How did St. Paul impress this on the mind and the heart of the world?

From the sketch which he gives us of his own life, we see that even in his youth Saul of Tarsus was a man of no common mould. From his childhood he developed into one of those choice souls who are not content with the commonplace interests and gratifications of life. Instinctively he craved for wisdom and power, both for the perfecting of his own being, and that his life might count for good among his fellow-men. Instinctively, too, he looked to God for the wisdom and the power that he craved. For his reason showed him that anything lower than that, different from that, must necessarily be imperfect, unsatisfactory, delusive.

Tarsus, his birthplace, was a Grecian city of Asia Minor. In its schools, in its assemblies, in the disputations of its public places, he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with the sophistical philosophies of the day, with their influence on Greek thought and Greek habits of life. He found not in these the wisdom that he sought. Whatever glimmerings of light were in them were not to be compared with the light of wisdom which shone in God's Revelation to Israel. Therefore did he waste no time on the obscure, the fragmentary, the uncertain, but gave all his time and all his heart to the fulness and the certainty found in the Word of God.

Gamaliel was then the most famous teacher in Jerusalem, and Saul rested not until he was enrolled among his disciples. At that great master's feet he studied the utterances of Divine Wisdom given through Moses and David and Solomon and all the sages of Israel. From Isaias and all the Prophets he learned of the coming Messias, the Expected of the nations, the Desired of the everlasting hills, for whom Israel had been praying and sighing these many centuries; the Emmanuel, God with us; the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace; who was

soon to come to fulfil all the desires of Israel and to make of her enemies the footstool of her feet.

As the light of that wisdom grew clearer in his mind, there sprang up in his heart a burning desire to be not merely a disciple but a soldier of that all-conquering Messias. His zeal became like that of the stern Elias, and he longed for a fiery sword, like that of the great Prophet, to smite the enemies of the Lord. He craved not only for the wisdom of the Lord but also for the power of the Lord, to overcome all gainsayers.

Thus did he spend his years until the ripeness of manhood; and then he was enrolled and commissioned as a Scribe, a Pharisee, and a Master of the Law.

Meantime, Jesus of Nazareth had come and gone. Small heed did the eager-minded and fiery-hearted young student of the law of Moses pay to the humble apparition of the Nazarene. But now that he was gone, his disciples were proclaiming that he was the Messias, the Saviour of Israel and of the world. To Saul this declaration was a blasphemy against the Law of the Prophets, against all the wisdom of God. In the wrath of Elias he rushed forward to denounce this usurpation; to quench the lie, if necessary, in the blood of its votaries.

Thinking that the massacre of Stephen had sufficiently inflamed the zeal of the Israelites and dampened the courage of the Christians in Jerusalem, he rushes toward Damascus with a picked troop, to head off the pernicious error and hinder it from gaining a foothold among the gentiles. And lo! at midday, a light beyond the brightness of the sun flashes on him from heaven; he and all that are with him are stricken to the ground; and they hear a voice saying to him: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? It is hard for thee to kick against the goad." "Who art thou, Lord?" exclaims Saul. "I am Jesus of Nazareth whom thou persecutest. But rise up and stand on thy feet; for to this end have I appeared to thee, that I may make thee a minister and a witness of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things concerning which I shall yet appear to thee, delivering thee from the people, and from the nations unto which I now send thee, to open their eyes, that they may be converted from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a lot among the saints, by the faith that is in me" (Acts xxvi.)

Trembling and astonished, he exclaims: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" "Go into the city," answers the Lord, "and there it shall be told thee what thou must do." He rises and finds that he is blind. They lead him by the hands into the city. Three days and three nights he remains blind, neither eating nor drinking, prostrate in spirit at the feet of the Lord, dying to the pride and the self-sufficiency that have hitherto inflated and swayed him, sinking deeper and deeper into those depths of humility in which alone true nobleness of soul is developed, in which alone a man becomes fit to be the instrument of the wisdom and the power of God.

At last, Ananias comes and baptizes him, scales fall from his eyes, and his soul is illumined by the radiance of Jesus, the Light of the World.

Instantly he makes atonement to both the Christians and the Jews of Damascus, by proclaiming his conversion and declaring to them all that Jesus is the Son of God, the Messias of Israel, the Saviour of the world.

But he knows full well that as yet he has no fitness to be a preacher of the Gospel. He remembers, too, the promise of the Lord, that he would appear to him again and instruct him in all that he must know and all that he must do. As soon as possible, therefore, he retires to a secluded spot in Arabia, not far from the confines of Palestine, and there he remains hidden for three years, at the feet of a greater Master than Gamaliel. There he learns how Christ is the fulfilment of the Law and the Prophets, destroying nothing but accomplishing all things. Day by day his love for Israel twines itself more and more closely around Jesus his Messias. More and more clearly does he see and understand how the Wisdom of God is summed up in the Word made flesh. And his proud soul trembles, as it did that day on the road to Damascus, while he contemplates the humiliations of the Son of God, and beholds all his cherished notions of a haughty conquering Messias sink out of sight in those blessed depths; and thus he comes gradually to appreciate that the abasement and the crucifixion of the Saviour of the world are the very power of God that shall break in pieces the pride and the sensuality and all the waywardness of the sons of men.

Thus does he learn his mighty lesson that Christ Crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God. And now he is

ready to begin the work to which his Divine Master has called him.

But the work of Divine Wisdom is always a work of order and sweetness. Therefore Paul's apostolate was to blend harmoniously with the Apostolic ministry already established by our Lord. By direction of a special revelation, then, he comes to Jerusalem to commune with Peter. During fifteen days each pours out his whole mind and heart to the other. Together they adore the providence of the Lord, who has clearly marked the limits of their respective ministries. The mission of Peter is especially to the children of Israel; the mission of Paul is especially to the gentiles. Peter has universal jurisdiction, as the holder of the Keys of the Kingdom of Christ; Paul has a universal commission, as the Apostle of the Gentiles, to bring the scattered children of God in all the earth into the salvation of that one fold. Thus they are to work together.

Already Peter, guided by the hand of the Lord, had gone beyond the limits of Palestine, and established the Church among the gentiles in Antioch, the capital of Syria. Compelled to return to Jerusalem, he had sent Barnabas to Antioch to direct the faithful in his stead. The soul of Barnabas hungered for the salvation of the vast multitudes of gentiles among whom the poor little flock of Jewish converts was hidden. He learned that his old friend Saul—for they had been companions in youth—had returned from his solitude in Arabia, and, after having communed with Peter, had gone to hide himself again in his birthplace, Tarsus. Thither Barnabas speeds with all haste, and tells him of the work awaiting him in Antioch. God's will is plain, and he hurries to his task. With all the intensity of his nature, and with all the fervor of his love for God and for souls, he toils by day and by night for a whole year among the gentiles of that great city, convincing them that Christ Crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God. Multitudes yield to his zeal; the Church becomes numerous and flourishing; and here for the first time the disciples of the Lord receive the name of Christians.

Then farther and farther to the north and to the west he evangelizes the cities of Asia Minor. Everywhere he finds vast populations totally given up to the errors and the corrup-

tions of heathenism, with just enough of Greek culture to make them despise the little Jew who comes to tell them of a crucified God. But ere long they discover that his insignificant body is the casket of a giant soul. The torrent of burning speech that flows from his lips is eloquent, "not with the persuasive words of human wisdom, but with the showing of the Spirit of God and his power." The power of Christ Crucified everywhere gains the victory. The Galatians, the Colossians, the Ephesians, and numbers of other populations rally to the standard of the Crucified, and give to Paul the consolation of their grateful, devoted love, as well as the solicitude of their guidance in the often thorny paths of Christian duty.

But during all the years that he is thus engaged one thought, one craving, pursues him unceasingly. He longs to carry the Gospel to Athens and to Rome. Athens, the city of Minerva, the fountain of philosophy, is the centre of the world's wisdom; Rome, the city of Jupiter, the incomparable metropolis of arms and of laws, is the centre of the world's power. Therefore does he wish to bring to them the wisdom of God and the power of God, that the one might teach the world wisely, and the other might rule the world rightly. And the Lord had made known to him that one day he should do those two things. But he must bide the Lord's time, and grow more and more fit to be the Lord's instrument for the great work.

At last the time arrives. He is at Troas, on the borders of the Ægean Sea, separating Asia Minor from Greece. In a vision of the night a Macedonian appears to him beseeching him and saying, "Cross over into Macedonia, and help us." It is the voice of the Lord calling him to Greece; and eagerly he obeys. Not yet in Athens; but in Philippi and Thessalonica and Berea, the three great centres of Macedonia, the outposts of the citadel of wisdom, he proclaims the glad tidings of the Gospel. In each place honest souls are ready to respond, and these form the infant Church of Greece. But in each place he is resisted by men filled with the blind zeal that once animated himself. These stir up seditions, induce the civil authorities to arrest him, and thus have him banished from town after town. They drive him out of Berea, the last scene of his labors in Macedonia. His heart is heavy as he bids farewell to his n ophytes, commending them to the care of the Lord. But

his heart is filled with trembling gladness too ; for now he takes sail for Athens.

He enters Athens all alone. He had left Luke and Timothy and Silas in Macedonia, to carry on and solidify the work so well begun there. Solitary and alone he stands at last amid the artistic splendors of the teacher of the world. Long he had sighed and prayed for this moment; and now that it has come, it overwhelms him with trembling dread. Timidly he enters the Agora, the central public square, which was like the great pulsating heart of Athenian life. He feels himself lost amid such a throng. They pass and repass him—smiling Sophists, sneering Cynics, languid Epicureans, dark-browed Stoics, the dignified disciples of Plato, the keen-eyed followers of Aristotle—they pass him and repass him in the avenues of the Agora, pausing every now and then to wonder who that little stranger could be, with so superhuman an intelligence in his face and so unearthly a light in his eyes. Silently he passes from one to another of the groups who here and there are gathered to talk and to discuss. Everywhere he hears only levity, only the eloquence of speakers who seek nothing but applause, only the merry laugh of a people desiring nothing but to be amused. And yet there, to the right, is the statue of Minerva, shining down upon them from the splendors of the Acropolis; and there, to the left, is the mount of the Areopagus, where sits the assembly that is ready to pass sentence on all the problems of mankind!

The heart of Paul grows sick as, day after day, he listens in these assemblies to all that remains of the vaunted philosophy of Greece. And still more sick does it grow as, day after day, he studies the religion of Greece, and gazes on its manifestations in statuary and architecture and stately ceremony. He sees that they have deified all Nature, and especially all humanity. From Minerva, the deification of the human intelligence, he follows the line of gods and goddesses, deifying every human faculty and every human instinct. And lest anything in nature might escape them, here and there they have altars "to the unknown god."

This thought Paul seizes upon as his starting point in approaching such an auditory. Here and there he has rather timidly taken part in their discussions, hoping to find an entrance for the word of life. But now he tells them boldly

that the unknown God whom they worship he has come from Judea to make known to them. At once their attention is seized. The sibyls and the pythonesses had more than once declared that from the East, yea from Judea, a ruler of the world was shortly to appear. Might this stranger tell them something of the coming conqueror, who might, perhaps, be their "unknown God"? They lead him to the Areopagus, that he may tell this wonderful thing before the most venerable assembly in the world.

In words such as that assembly had never listened to, Paul tells them of the true God, the Infinite Being, the Creator; not deified nature, but the Author of nature and all its wonders. He tells them of the deification of humanity, not such as they had weakly imagined it, but in the sublime mystery of the Incarnation. He tells how all the treasures of the wisdom and the power of God are in Christ, the Light of the world, the Redeemer of the world from its iniquities, who, having died to deliver us from death, had risen again to lead us to newness of life, and would one day be the Judge of all the good deeds and all the evil deeds of mankind.

But his speech has grown too serious for that crowd of sophists. It is too much like the moralizing of Socrates, which their forefathers had resented and for which they had put the old philosopher to death. They cannot condemn Paul to drink hemlock, but they drown his words with their murmurs. "Away with him," say some. "We'll hear you another time," say others. And so the crowd disperses, and Paul goes back sad to his poor lodgings.

Has, then, his long-wished-for visit to Athens been in vain? Not so. The Lord reminds him that "unless the seed, falling into the ground, dieth, it remaineth itself alone; but if it fall into the ground and die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Next day he is comforted by a visit from Dionysius the Areopagite, who consecrates his genius to Christ Crucified. And then Damaris, and others with these, become disciples of the Lord. And then his Divine Master opens to him the portals of the future, and from the seed which he has here planted he sees growing up the vast tree of Christian wisdom which is to overshadow the world with its beauteous foliage. He sees first the philosophy of Plato, and then the philosophy of Aristotle, with a Divine soul breathed into it, more than realizing

the dream of Socrates, genius consecrated to the service of Eternal Wisdom, philosophy the handmaid of Divine Revelation for the enlightening of the world.

Leaving Athens, he does not quit Greece. He repairs to Corinth, the commercial metropolis of the country. There he finds less intellectuality and more grossness of heathen corruption, but also less pride and flippancy, more sincerity and seriousness of character. The response is so encouraging that he lingers there for two years, and establishes one of the most flourishing churches in all Christendom.

During those two years many a time did his heart turn back longingly toward Athens, wondering how it was faring with the poor little seed of heavenly wisdom which he there had planted. This the Lord kept hidden from him, a secret of God's providence for the world's future. But still more frequently did the longings of his heart turn westward towards Rome. The Divine Master has told him that he will yet go there, will give testimony to Christ Crucified in that capital of the world's power. But he must await the Lord's time. Meanwhile he revisits all his missions in Palestine, Syria, Asia Minor, and Macedonia, and so gets back to Corinth once more.

And now more than ever is his mind drawn toward Rome. Peter has preceded him there, and has established there the world-centre of the Apostolic Ministry. But the needs of the universal Church have called Peter to Jerusalem and have detained him in the churches of the East. Meantime dissensions have arisen among the Christians in Rome which threaten the existence of the faith among them. The converts from Judaism and the converts from gentilism are quarrelling as to their respective standing in the Church, and even as to the essentials of Christian duty. The dispute is similar to others in the East, which Paul has been chiefly instrumental in bringing to a peaceful solution. Therefore is he here impelled to be once more peace-maker and teacher. Hence his Epistle to the Romans.

He shows them how foolish is their contention, since Jews and gentiles are equally children of the first Adam and inheritors of his sin, and equally children of Christ the second Adam, and inheritors of his grace. Yet does his love for Israel pour itself forth in a magnificent tribute to the race which has given to the world Moses and David and Solomon and the Machabees, the race of the Patriarchs and the Prophets,

of Christ and His Mother, of Joseph and the Apostles, the race of the covenant and the promises of God, which are without repentance. They are the root and stem of the tree of salvation; we gentiles are but the wild olive branch which the mercy of God has grafted into that root, and we must beware of ever despising that primitive race, into whose place and vocation we have been called, but which is still Christ's own race and will one day come and restore to him its allegiance.

Then he goes on to show how Christian faith and love have taken the place of the observances of the Old Law, which simply prepared for the Religion of Grace. Thus he lays broad and clear the foundations of Christian theology for ever.

Finally he calls their attention to the civil power which has its centre in Rome. He reminds them of the great truth, which he is longing to proclaim in Rome itself, that all power is from God, that the law of God must rule its exercise, and that obedience must be given to it as to the authority of God. Then he asks them to pray that the day may soon come when he will have the happiness of seeing them and speaking to them the word of life.

It came three years from that date. But he enters the Eternal City a prisoner in chains. Revisiting his beloved missions in Palestine, he has been seized by the Jews, who drag him before the civil authorities in Jerusalem and demand that he be put to death as his Master had been. Paul alleges his rights as a citizen of a Roman municipality, which Tarsus was, and appeals to the court of the emperor. To Rome then he was sent as Cæsar's prisoner.

If he trembled on entering Athens, still more does he tremble on entering the Eternal City, where he knows that the crowning work of his ministry is to be accomplished. As he saw Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, smiling down on Athens from the hill of the Acropolis, so he now sees Jupiter, the god of power, looking sternly down on Rome from the height of the Capitol. Under the grasp of that power the entire world lies prostrate. The striving of the nations for independence has yielded to the might of the Roman eagles. From the Atlantic Ocean to distant India, from Britain to the heart of Africa, Rome's dominion is without resistance. As at the birth of Christ, the temple of Janus is still closed and the Pax Romana reigns throughout the world.

And shall he presume to offer teaching to such a power? Shall he, a poor despised prisoner in chains, dare to utter words of authority in this queen city of the universe? Yes, "for the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men." He knows that, through heathen error and heathen corruption, the feet of this mighty world-statue, which Daniel had seen in his vision, though moulded of strong iron, are yet mingled with crumbling clay. He knows that not the power of justice, but the power of pride and greed and violence now sways the mighty empire; and he knows that these are disintegrating forces which must ere long work its ruin. He knows that the day cannot be far distant when that little stone which Daniel saw in his vision, the stone of Divine justice and love, rushing down from the heights of Calvary, would strike the gorgeous colossus, scatter it like powder, and then grow and fill the earth. He knows that he comes to prepare Rome for that future, to plant in her very heart that living seed of the power of God, whose growth shall make her the Capital not of Cæsardom but of Christendom.

Providence gives him time for his work. Nero is so immersed in his pleasures that he is in no hurry to attend to the business of his tribunal. Two whole years Paul waits for his trial; and during that time, although fastened by a chain to a Pretorian guard, he is free to come and go as he will. Everywhere he is welcomed as the messenger of the Lord. Peter is still absent in the East, and all bow unquestioningly to the Apostolic authority of Paul. From the little Christian community the fame of his unearthly eloquence spreads among all the serious-minded of the city, and converts to Christ are numbered even among Cæsar's household. They who have foreseen the impending ruin of the empire, and could see nothing but anarchy beyond, now recognize that Christ Crucified is the wisdom of God and the power of God, and that in him lies the hope of the world's future.

At last he is judged by Nero and set free, for the tyrant has not yet become a persecutor of the Church. He knows that this is a last opportunity granted him to revisit the scenes of his missionary labors and give his farewell advice and blessing to his children in God. He crowns this sweet, sad pilgrimage by a visit to Jerusalem, the City of God, which he has always loved and honored as his mother. For the last time

he kneels in the Temple, which he is well aware is soon to disappear from the earth; and on Calvary, whence the power and the wisdom and the love of Christ Crucified are pouring forth to possess the world; and on Mount Olivet, whence the dear Master had ascended to prepare a place for his faithful disciples.

Then he finds Peter, and tells him that Nero has begun the persecutions, has decreed death to all Christians, and that they must go together to put courage into the flock of the Lord and show them how to die for Christ. Together they hasten back to Rome. Together they give heart to the terrified Christians, making them invincible against all the tortures that fiendish ingenuity could devise. Together they are thrown into prison, where they still carry on their apostolic work. And together, on the 29th of June, in the year 66, they lay down their lives for Him who died for us all. And, says Tertullian, "the blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church."

Thus God has planted in the heart of Rome the seed of the power of Christ Crucified, as he had planted in Athens the seed of his wisdom. Through the cold, hard winter of the following centuries His providence keeps it safe beneath the snows; and when the folly of human pride and power and sophistry has done its worst and has failed, then that seed of Divine wisdom and power shoots up its blessed growth, to cover the earth with its beauty and save the nations with its healing. And till the end of time men shall bless the wondrous Apostle who was God's chief instrument in this mighty work.

And has not our own day special reason to study that marvellous man and ponder well the lesson of his life? We are in a crucial moment of the world's existence. Like a mighty pendulum, the thought of mankind has ever been swinging, in successive epochs, from one extreme to another, from idealism to materialism and back again, from faith to unbelief and back again. At present we seem to be midway in the swing, in an epoch that mistrusts all extremes, even all positive assertions; an epoch that says, "I don't know," and that is prone to say, "I don't care." Intellectuality, as shown in the literature of the day, has grown into the spirit which Paul found in Athens; a spirit of flippancy in viewing all great problems; a spirit of humanism, which whether it show itself

in the seriousness of the Stoic or in the sensuousness of the Epicurean, is at bottom a deification of nature, and especially of humanity. And power, as shown in the social strivings of the day, has grown into a spirit like unto that which Paul found in Rome; a spirit which tends to regard not right but might, not justice and love but pride and anger and greed, not the law of God but the law of expediency, as the arbiter of all human disputes. It is the spirit of the world's politics to-day, the spirit of the world's commercialism, the spirit of the industrial strife in which lie hid possibilities of social revolution which we shrink from contemplating.

And shall not the Athens and the Rome of to-day learn wisdom from the past? Do they not see that it is unscientific, contrary to all that they teach concerning progress and evolution, to go back to the intellectual and moral conditions which the clear light of reason, and the hard facts of experience, and the overruling providence of God exploded and cast forth nineteen centuries ago? That spirit then was a mighty influence for the corruption of civilization and the disintegration of human society; we may rest assured that its tendency is precisely the same to-day. The shipwrecked world was then saved by the wisdom and the power of Christ Crucified; if the lesson of history avails aught, the salvation of civilization and of society need now be sought nowhere else. To every mind that is groping for the anchor of truth, and to every heart that is hungering for right living, St. Paul is not only an assertion or an argument, but a demonstration, that in Christ Crucified, and in him alone, is the wisdom of God to be found for the enlightening of the human mind, and the power of God for the directing of human life. St. Paul does not, like other masters, simply expound the teaching of a school; he tells us, with the irresistibleness of personal certainty, what he has seen and heard and knows. To all the vaporings of a Strauss, a Renan, or a Harnack concerning the person and nature of Christ, he thunders out his answer: "I know whom I have believed; and I am certain that He is able to make good the trust which I have reposed in Him." And to the anxious minds that seek for a philosophy of the universe, he exclaims in inspiring and uplifting tones: "All things are yours; and you are Christ's; and Christ is God's." These are the links of the mighty chain which binds the universe to the heart of God:

the chain which we call Religion. And among all whom we must bless for our knowledge of it, there is no one to whom we are so deeply indebted as to St. Paul.

And well may we, on this occasion, give thanks to God for having raised up in our midst, for the good of our generation and of generations to come, a providential exponent of the character and the teaching and the influence of St. Paul in the person of Father Hecker. By the instincts of his nature, he spent his youth seeking for wisdom in many forms of religious and philosophic thought, and for power to benefit the human race in various systems of political and social reform. At length, by a grace akin to that granted St. Paul, it was given him to see that all the treasures of God's wisdom and power are given us through Christ Crucified, and that the old Church of Christ is his appointed channel for their dispensation to mankind. Like St. Paul, he vowed that he "would consecrate his life to tearing the bandage from the eyes of his fellow-countrymen," as I once heard him express it. To join in the great work, he attracted others with souls kindred to his own. Most fittingly did he give to the body thus formed the name of The Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle, and teach them that their work was to be, like that of St. Paul, a perpetual mission to the gentiles.

He, and the band of heroes who first joined him, have all gone to hear "Well done!" from St. Paul and from our Lord. The first chapter in the history of any great work is sure to be a record of difficulties encountered and overcome, especially if it is a work for Christ Crucified. St. Paul had his share, and a large one; the Paulists have had theirs, and they will have more in the future if they are true to their Divine Master. Even good men will sometimes misunderstand and misrepresent them, as has already happened; but the fruitfulness of their labors for Christ will be redoubled by their drinking of His cup.

As the years go by, may the spirit of St. Paul and of Father Hecker be more and more perfected in them! And as the generations come and go, may they, with unfaltering fidelity and with ever-increasing efficacy, teach our country and the world that sublimest and most needful of all lessons, that Christ Crucified is the power of God and the wisdom of God!

THE EARLY BARDS OF IRELAND.

BY ROBERT M. SILLARD.

FEW signs of the times are more grateful to the lovers of Ireland than the general interest that is being taken in the ancient music and songs of that "land of song." From the earliest ages historians tell us that the inhabitants of Ireland were the most musical in the world. Its music is not only as old as any ancient music that has come down to us, but it is infinitely abundant. The origin of the poetry and music of Ireland, like its ancient architectural remains, can be traced to an oriental source. It is to the period of the Scotic or Milesian dynasty that historians assign the institution of the bardic order.

Tradition has it that Amergin, the younger brother of Heber and Heremon, sons of Milesius, King of the Iberian Spaniards (a people of Eastern origin), accompanied the leaders of these early invaders of Ireland, about five hundred years before the Christian era, in the capacity of poet and harper. To Amergin was assigned the post of Arch-Druid and Ard-filea, or high-priest and chief bard of the realm. Though the originals of this bard's poems have been preserved,* they have never been given an English dress. Their subject is chiefly a description of the island as he saw it, sailing along the shores.

The time occupied in the education of the musicians and bards in the Druidic colleges was twelve years. Their native tongue, extremely supple and melodious, formed the basis of a lengthy special training. Their memory and ear were cultivated in a phenomenal way. The musician had to know at least three hundred and fifty airs before he was allowed to perform in public, and had to be thoroughly acquainted with the endless resources of the Gaelic tongue. The period of probation completed, the bards were admitted to all the honors of their order. They wore the rich scarlet robes of kings, and took first places amongst the princes. They received for their re-

* In "The Book of Leinster," in Trinity College Library.

wards not merely cups and beakers of massive gold, but vast estates also. It is said that the whole barony of Carbery, in Cork, was once given to a singer as a fit reward for his skill as a harpist. The harp, as is well known, is mentioned in all old Irish documents. Its music is compared to the warbling of song birds, and to the zephyrs blowing sweetly over stately trees, in the song of Amergin.

At some unrecorded period a division took place in the bardic office and duties. The order was divided into four classes: the Fileas, or chief bards; the Brehons, whose duties were legislative; the Seanachies, whose functions were antiquarian and historical; and the Orfidighs, or instrumental performers.

The Fileas were the chief poets, and were in constant attendance on the king, or chief. They accompanied the king to the field of battle, surrounded by the instrumental musicians, for the purpose of describing their feats in arms; and the warrior king's highest hope was that, in returning triumphant, his name might be immortalized amongst his fellow-men, and enthroned in the fame of the bardic verse. In times of peace they composed birthday odes, or chanted tales to the sound of the harp.

The Brehons assisted in framing and promulgating the laws, which, at certain times, seated upon a commanding eminence,* they recited aloud in brief, sententious rhymes which were transmitted at first orally, and afterwards in writing by each generation of bards to their successors. Up to the first century of the Christian era the bards had the exclusive right of expounding the laws and pronouncing judgments.

The reign of Ollamh Fodhla (B. C. 350), the twentieth of the Milesian monarchs, formed an important era in the bardic annals of the "Land of Song." This monarch was an illustrious patron of letters and the arts. The most notable act of his reign was the institution of the famous Fes, or National Convention at Tara in Meath, the residence of the Ard-ri (the "over-king"), or supreme monarch. This national assembly of nobles and learned men met on the first of November every three years for the threefold purpose of enacting laws, of verifying the chronicles of the land, and of transcribing them into the Psalter of Tara.

* This custom still exists in the Isle of Man.

The monarch's palace at Tara was famous for its music; indeed, its name means the hall of music. Its glories have been immortalized by Moore in his "Irish Melodies."

As we approach the dawn of the Christian era we find several bards, some of whose remains have been handed down to us in grave historical treatises, many centuries old. This period of Ireland's history has been rendered illustrious not less in her annals than in song as the bright period

> "When her kings, with banner of green unfurled,
> Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger,
> Ere the emerald gem of the western world
> Was set in the crown of a stranger."

During the reign of Conary I., in the first century A. D., these Red-Branch Knights of Ulster became famous. Their greatest commander was Cuculainn, the mightiest of all the Irish heroes of antiquity, and the finest of the romantic stories in the "Book of Leinster," and other old Irish manuscripts, have as their subject those Red-Branch Knights. One very interesting poem is written on this hero of Cualnia by some anonymous bard. From the language and idiom, it has been pronounced by Gaelic scholars one of the oldest heroic poems in the language. It is founded on a tale of unfortunate love and female revenge; and judging by the excellent poetical translation of it by Miss Charlotte Brooke in her *Reliques of Irish Poetry* (1789), the original must have been one of those masterpieces which, by a few delicate strokes of nature and sentiment, show us the soul of a hero oppressed with a weight of woe, and stung to madness by the most poignant grief.

The reign of Cormac MacArt, the most illustrious of all the pagan kings of Ireland, forms another brilliant period in the annals. Among many important acts of his reign was the founding of three colleges at Tara: one for the teaching of law; one for history and literature; and the third for military science. He also established a standing body of militia for the defence of the throne, very like the Red-Branch Knights of an earlier period. They were called the "Fena of Erin"*— Fianna Eireann. Their most celebrated leader was King Cor-

*In peace these warriors numbered 9,000, in war 20,000. In winter they lived in small parties with the inhabitants of the country, while in summer they maintained themselves by hunting, etc.

mac's son-in-law, Finn MacCool. The names of this hero and his sons, Oisin and Fergus, are intimately connected with Irish song.

When Finn was on the point of being married to his first wife, Grainne, she eloped with his friend Diarmuid. The wanderings of the lovers and Finn's pursuit formed a most fruitful theme for the Fena romances. Diarmuid eventually met his death from the thrust of a wild boar. Finn's arrival on the scene before his rival's death is the subject of one of Sir Samuel Ferguson's beautiful *Lays of the Western Gael.*

It appears that Finn was outshone by his son, Oisin, in many accomplishments, especially poetry and music. One of Oisin's poems, to be found in the "Book of Leinster," is valuable as a record of the great battle of Gahhra (now called Skreen, near Tara), which was fought A. D. 284. A perfect and very accurate copy of this poem was published by the Ossianic Society in the year 1854. Another poem by this hero and bard (Oisin), preserved in the "Book of Leinster," is of much greater extent than the first. Oisin himself fought at Gahhra, where the Fenii power was entirely broken. He is fabled after the battle to have been spirited away to Tir-na-Og (the land of perpetual youth), and not to have appeared again on earth until the days of St. Patrick. One of the Fenian lays (published with a translation by the Ossianic Society in 1857)—"The Lamentation of Oisin after the Fenians"—gives an account of his interview with the saint, his longings for the great pagan past, his grief at the loss of his heroic Fenian companions, and his contempt for Christianity and its professors.

To Oisin's brother, Fergus, called "Fionbell," or the sweet-voiced, fell the duty of chief bard to the Fenii. He is credited with extraordinary power over the militia, who very often were disturbed by the heart-burnings of the rival septs of their respective leaders. There is a notable example of his persuasive eloquence exerted in evoking the halcyon of peace. On one occasion, when a chief was at fault, and the contention for precedence had assumed a serious aspect, and threatened such consequences that the bards had to use their utmost authority to soothe the chafed spirits of the chiefs, and pour oil upon the troubled waters. To effect this, they shook the chain of silence (a practical figure of rhetoric) and flung themselves among the ranks, extolling the sweets of peace, and the

achievements of the combatants' ancestors. Immediately the contending parties laid down their arms, listened with attention to the harmonious lays of their bards, and in the end rewarded them with precious gifts. Fergus composed an ode on this occasion, from which the following passage is taken:

"Hear, O Finn! thy people's voice!
Trembling on our hills, we plead—
Oh, let our fears to peace incline thy choice.
Divide the spoil, and give the hero's meed!
For bright and various is his wide renown,
And war and science weave his glorious crown!"*

. . . . . .

Another interesting ode by Fergus, which survives through Miss Brooke's translation of it, is a good specimen of the war songs of these far-off days. It is addressed by the bard to Osgur, the son of Oisin, on the occasion of the battle of Gahhra. Osgur commanded and achieved incredible but fruitless feats of heroism with his little band of Fenian militia against Cairbre, the supreme monarch of Ireland, who had determined to crush out this celebrated legion, of which he had long been jealous.

"Rise, might of Erin! rise!
O Osgur of the generous soul!
Now on the foe's astonish'd eyes
Let thy proud ensigns wave dismay!
Now let the thunder of thy battle roll,
And bear the palm of strength and victory away!

"Son of the sire whose stroke is fate,
Be thou in might supreme;
Let conquest on thy arm await
In each conflicting hour;
Slight let the force of adverse numbers seem,
Till o'er their prostrate ranks thy shouting squadrons pour!

"Oh, hear the voice of lofty song!
Obey the bard!—
Stop—stop McGarai! check his pride,
And rush resistless on each regal foe!

* Ode to Gaul, the son of Morni. Translation by Miss Brooke.

Thin their proud ranks, and give the smoking tide
Of hostile blood to flow!
Mark where MacCormac pours along!
Rush on—retard
His haughty progress! Let thy might
Rise, in the dreadful fight,
O'er thy prime foe supreme,
And let the stream
Of valor flow,
Until the brandish'd sword
Shall humble ev'ry haughty foe,
And justice be restored.
Thine be the battle—thine the sway!
On, on to Cairbre hew thy conquering way,
And let thy deathful arm dash safety from his side!
As the proud wave, on whose broad back
The storm its burden heaves,
Drives on the scattered wreck,
Its ruin leaves;
So let thy sweeping progress roll,
Fierce, resistless, rapid, strong;
Pour, like the billow of the flood, o'erwhelming along!"

The last of the pagan bards was Torna. He was chief doctor and arch-bard at the close of the fourth and the beginning of the fifth century. He fostered Niall of the Nine Hostages—one of the most accomplished and ambitious warriors of all the Irish monarchs. Eugene O'Curry gives an interesting account of such of Torna's poems as have come down to our day, amongst the most valuable being one enumerating the great men interred at Ratheroghan, County of Roscommon.

The introduction, in the early part of the fifth century, of the light of Christianity to Ireland, far from proving prejudicial to the pagan bards, only served to give a more exalted direction to their powers; for the music of the bards had a very powerful and controlling influence on the character and impulses of the people, and the bards themselves were prepared and attuned by the refining strains of their own sweet music for the reception of the truth; they listened eagerly to the inspired eloquence of the Apostle Patrick at Tara, were the first to abandon Druidism, and spent the rest of their days

diffusing the more elevating faith. In fact, music was a powerful agent in the conversion of the people, for as music flowed into their ears, truth was distilled into their hearts. An old Irish phrase, "Bocht an Eaglais bhios gan cheol" (the church that has no music is poor indeed), aptly describes the high esteem the use of music in divine service had already attained. The old bards and the "filés," or poets, became the friends of St. Patrick, and put the Brehon laws into a metrical form for him—"put a thread of poetry" round them—and were wont to accompany him and his disciples on their apostolic journeys, and literally sang their way into the hearts of the Gael.

Two of the most celebrated bards of the next century—the sixth—were Dallan Forgaill and Senchan. The compositions of Dallan are continually referred to by Eugene O'Curry in his work on the *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*; the best known is his elegy on the death of St. Columcille. He died about A. D. 600, and was succeeded as chief poet of Ireland by his pupil Senchan. He was a native of Connaught. Of his poems his "Lament" over the dead body of Dallan is the best known. How the spirit of the renowned chief, Fergus McRoigh, is fabled to have revealed to Senchan's only son, Murgen, the whole of the celebrated tale of the Tain Bo Chuailgue (Cattle Spoil of Cuailgue) is beautifully told in Sir Samuel Ferguson's "Tain Quest," one of the *Lays of the Western Gael.*

From the natural fondness of the Irish for music, and the great honors and privileges that were extended to the bards, their numbers swelled to such an extent that about this period they comprised nearly a third of the male population. No one had any control over them, and from being idolized by every one, from the king to the peasant, they came at length to be regarded as a crying national evil. Besides burdensome to the state, because of their numbers, they had rendered themselves so odious to the nobility, whom they did not scruple to lampoon, that they were three times requested by Aedh, son of Ainmire, High King of all Ireland, to quit the country; but the province of Ulster defended them against the vengeance of the other Irish. At length a convention was called at Drumceat in Donegal, about the year 610, at which the momentous question of their banishment was discussed, and only for the

timely arrival of Columcille from Scotland this would have been decided upon. On the saint's proposition it was agreed that the numbers of the bards should be reduced, so that every high king should have his ard-ollamh, every provincial king his own ollamh, and each great noble his own poet. The bards were allowed a piece of land free, and were to be protected from harm or damage to their person or goods. The convention also passed a law as to the reward which the poets were to receive for their poems, and were forbidden to ask or take a greater.

Columcille was born with a love for the music of ancient Erin, and greatly revered the old poets and musicians who sang of the brave deeds of their kings and heroes. Previous to his ordination and mission to the Hebrides, he studied poetry at one of the bardic colleges in Clonard. Besides his well-known Latin poems, eleven Irish poems have been preserved. The best known of these are his "Lament for his Native Land," and his "Farewell to Aran," translated by Aubrey de Vere.

The reign of the illustrious Brian Boru served for a time to check the devastation caused by the Danes and Norsemen to the numerous institutions of learning scattered over the island. Neither poet nor musician, said the historian Dr. Keating, could follow his profession. The schools were broken up, the bards slain, and for upwards of two hundred years the people were so continually engaged in war and conflict that they had little time or thought to give to music and poetry. But when the invaders were routed the gentle sciences of life in Ireland began to grow and blossom again. The schools, poets, bards, learners and teachers, were multiplied again as of old. Bereft of its illustrious monarch, Brian Boru, the kingdom continued for some years a prey to the spirit of internal discord. Learning, which had greatly declined since the eighth century, when the Danes made their first piratical incursions, had almost disappeared, and with it, in a great measure, the spirit of song.

Though the poetical art languished, its twin sister, music, was cultivated. Few writers have said harder things about the ancient Irish and their manners and customs than Gerald De Barry ("Giraldus Cambrensis"), who lived at the close of the Norman invasion. Yet he praises in the highest terms the musical gifts of the Irish. "This people," he writes, "deserves to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental

music, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of any nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling and morose, like the instrumental music in Britain, but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of their music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers."

Indeed, the music of Ireland was precisely one of the many charms that acted so potently on the Norman English who came into contact with the people. John of Salisbury, writing in the twelfth century, says of the Irish: "The attention of these people to musical instruments I find worthy of commendation." So too we find the Italian historian, Polydore Virgil, at the end of the sixteenth century, loud in his praise of the skill, the elegance, the accuracy, and rapidity of execution of the instrumental performers in Ireland. Well he might, for did not Lord Bacon say also that "no harpe hath the sound so melting and prolonged as the Irish harpe."

The harp is peculiarly adapted to express the language of song. No one who has heard it well played could be callous to its charms. Notwithstanding the assertions of some Scottish and English writers, the harp is indigenous to Ireland; purely and simply, it has been the national musical instrument from the dawn of Irish history. Some writers have asserted that the Irish harp was a crude instrument of small compass and incapable of any but commonplace effects. This is, as we know, wholly disproved by many old harps in preservation. Among the most historic is the harp of Brian Boru, which is noted for its elegance of symmetry and artistic beauty. The several old harps in preservation prove further that the Irish makers of harps had a good knowledge of acoustics, for the best authority, Dr. George Petrie, tells us that from 1622, when the magnificent Dallway harp, which has fifty-two strings, was constructed, back to the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169, the Irish bards were in possession of harps of sufficient power and compass to produce those instrumental effects so highly eulogized by Giraldus Cambrensis and other historians.

Strange to say, the power of Irish music was the cause of its decay; for during the reign of the Henrys and Elizabeth the bardic spirit was largely extinguished in Ireland. We know that Queen Elizabeth passed stringent laws against the bards.

In the year 1541 a law was made by a parliament assembled in Limerick that "any person who shall make verses to any one after God on earth except the king," should have his goods confiscated. A bard in those days would sometimes receive about £300 for a poem from the nobles in the country. Almost every prince, noble, or great family had a special bard employed to write poems in their praise. With the independence of the northern chieftains in the middle of the seventeenth century were lost the castles and lordly homes where the minstrels flourished. The occupation of the bards was gone, and with it almost the sources of the world's loveliest melodies all but died out. The soldiers of Cromwell and the thrifty settlers sent over by the London trading companies were not concerned with such things as poetry and music.

A famous Ulster poet named O'Guire, chief bard to the O'Nials of Clanboy, about the year 1620, sang the following lament on the downfall of the bards:

"Fall'n the land of learned men,
The bardic band is fallen;
None now learn a song to sing,
For long our fern is fading.
Scant the schools made hearts to stir
In Ulster's land and Leinster,
Southward 'tis so, nine in ten,
From fine and foe have fallen.
Connacht, crafty forge of song,
Is also hurled headlong;
Doom and gloom have hushed the heart,
For us no room, no rampart."

But the musical genius of the Irish could not be wholly suppressed. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the laws against the minstrels were as successful beyond doubt in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholic."

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were several bards of note. Donough Mor O'Daly, lord abbot of Boyle ("the Ovid of Ireland"); O'Cassidy, a learned historical poet; O'Dun, bard to the Prince of Leinster; Conway, chief bard to

the O'Donnells of Tyrone; and Carol O'Daly (brother to the poet abbot), the author of the beautiful song "Eileen Aroon," which contains more music in fewer notes than almost any other lyric in existence. Handel is stated to have declared that he would rather be the author of that simple air than of all his grand oratorios.

During the fifteenth century few bards of any note illumined the annals of our country. The bards, as we have said, were a proscribed race now, and the chiefs whose deeds it had once been their pride to sing were fallen from their high estate, like mighty oaks prostrated upon their hills by the strife of the elements; the halls that had resounded to their song were silent and deserted. But the spirit of Irish minstrelsy only slumbered. The bards struck their harps in solitude, and in plaintive strains mourned over the desolation of their loved land, until the stirring events of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made those sons of song once more break forth into extemporaneous rhapsody on the glories of their land, and call on their countrymen to

> "Burst the foreign yoke as their sires did of yore,
> Or die like their sires, and endure it no more."

Among the principal bards of this period may be mentioned Teige MacDary, bard of the O'Briens of Thomond; O'Hussey, last hereditary bard of the Maguires of Fermanagh (who, when a mere lad, celebrated in verse the escape of Hugh Roe O'Donnell from Dublin Castle); Malmurry Ward, one of the bards of the O'Neils and O'Donnells; Owen Roe Ward, who left us the beautiful ode on the death of the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell (which has been so beautifully turned into English verse by Clarence Mangan); Maurice O'Dugan, the author and composer of "The Coolin"; and Thomas O'Connellan, who united to the most unrivalled skill on the harp high excellence as a poet. Many of his melodies were introduced into Scotland, and have continued, under different titles, among the most popular airs of what has been termed Scottish music. Of these may be mentioned "The Battle of Killiecrankie" and the "Farewell to Lochaber"—the original titles of which were "Planxty Davis" and the "Breach of Aughrim."

Nearly all the poetical productions of this period were, of

course, tinged with the political spirit of the times. The two principal Jacobite bards were John O'Neachtan, of Meath, and John Claragh MacDonnell, of Charleville. The numerous songs termed Jacobite were originally party songs, deeply tinged with prejudices. They were chiefly written in a sort of allegorical style; and though the allusions were obvious to every one at the time, they would require much explaining nowadays. Some of these Jacobite songs are still remembered and sung in Ireland, songs both of Irish and Scottish origin. The Irish songs are more pathetic in words and melody, the Scotch the more stirring and bold. The Irish bards used to clothe the aspirations of the people for freedom in a figurative dress. Erin, the goddess of the bards' worship, is often represented as a beautiful maiden, who has fallen within the grasp of the oppressor,—all the wealth of his language is expended in praise of her charms, her constancy, her sufferings, and her ancient glory. Her metaphorical names were many: "Roisin Dhu," "Grainne U-aille," "Drimin Dhu," etc.; in this disguise the bards gave voice to their patriotic passion as if to an earthly mistress.

But all these bards must yield first place to Turlogh O'Carolan, the last of the famous minstrels—bards and harpers—whose genius fired the souls of the Irish people in the past centuries. This well-known harper was born in Nobber (County Meath) in 1670, of humble parents. His education was confined almost exclusively to the Irish language. The family of the O'Conors of Belanagare interested themselves in directing and promoting the mental improvement of the youthful bard. While still a youth he lost his sight during an attack of the smallpox, which for ever deprived him of the aid of books. His harp then became his constant companion and solace; and in his twentieth year he commenced as a professional minstrel by visiting the houses of the nobility and gentry throughout the country. His great taste and feeling in music insured him a hearty welcome in palace and cabin, where he was always treated as a guest, as he maintained the dignity of his profession, and was above receiving any pecuniary remuneration. He composed many beautiful airs, had a wonderful memory, and extraordinary powers of improvisation. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. Goldsmith, in one of his charming essays, tells us that

being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, the host persuaded the musician (Geminiani, a famous Italian violinist) to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth "concerto" of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking up his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before, which produced some surprise; but their astonishment increased when he assured them he could make a "concerto" in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed.

Carolan's compositions are stated to have numbered in all about two thousand. His muse delighted to expatiate on the theme of female loveliness. The exigencies of space will only allow me to give the names of a few of his beautiful lyrics of this description; so I must refer the reader to the translations of them by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Miss Brooke, and to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* for "Bridget Cruise," "Mild Mabel Kelly," "O'More's Fair Daughter, or the Hawk of Ballyshannon," his "Monody on the Death of his Wife," and "Grace Nugent."

In 1733 Carolan was bereft of his wife, and five years later he passed away at the age of sixty-eight. Feeling that his hours were numbered, the blind bard called for his harp, and, in the excitement of what he felt to be a final effort, produced his "Farewell to Music," to which he gave an expression so captivating and touching as to dissolve all present in tears.

Much of his beautiful music is scattered to the four winds of heaven. At intervals since 1721 about two hundred of his pieces have appeared. Bunting roughly estimates the entire number at two thousand. Will the remainder of those priceless gems ever be brought to light? Have we lost the key to these ennobling strains? Will a day come when the Irish people will cultivate once more their ancient music, as the Welsh are doing at their Eistedfodds, and the Scots by their devotion to the incomparable music of their Highlands? All three have in common the spirit of the music that was sung before the Knights of the Round Table, that roused the courage of Roderick Dhu and Wallace, and fired with immortal bravery many an Irish soldier on a thousand fields of battle.

THE EVOLUTION OF POTIPHAR.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

MONSIEUR LE CLERE stood at the door of his hotel in a Western mining town, bowing and smiling as he watched Miss Mary Pendleton step into the automobile awaiting her, and which was to take her to Mass at the Catholic church some five miles distant. Monsieur had placed his best at the young lady's service; the best of a town that had sprung up almost in a day; and that now possessed two hotels, automobiles, electric cars, and all modern conveniences.

What chance had brought Miss Mary Pendleton, of Virginia, to this far-off Western city that had only lately emerged from being a frontier town? Passing through the country twenty years ago, some impulse of wisdom had induced her father to buy up a large tract of land which for many years after his purchase had been of no value, until some later discoveries of mine operators proved that the Pendleton land covered valuable subterranean riches. By that time Mr. Pendleton, who had become a chronic invalid, could not leave home, and he had no son to represent him. Here was an opportunity for the display of characteristic American independence. Mary Pendleton, on hearing of the need, rose to the occasion.

"I will go," she said, "and attend to everything."

So, accompanied only by a maid, she had journeyed some three thousand miles to the far-off mining city. What in a European girl would have seemed *outré*, came simply and naturally from the young American, who lost nothing of either her dignity or maidenliness by the undertaking.

Reaching R—— the early part of the week, she had been busily engaged ever since in seeing the men who were to work the mines. The task before her looked formidable, and the young girl began to fear it would necessitate her staying on the scene for several weeks. Even with constant telegraphic communication with her father, it seemed impossible that matters would resolve themselves into regular working order inside of

two months. The hotel, however, was comfortable, and the consciousness of being of use to her father made Mary look at the matter philosophically.

Monsieur had explained to Miss Pendleton, when she asked for a carriage to drive to Mass, that the automobile was much better. She could reach the church much more quickly, and the chaffeur, an experienced man, had been a great deal on the roads in France, and could be trusted.

It was a spring day of cloudless beauty when they started, and soon the town, with its overhanging pall of gray smoke, was left behind, and they were out on the smooth, hard road that led to the mission three miles beyond. A quarter of a mile further and the auto came to a sudden halt; there was a sound of muttered words above, and just as Miss Pendleton was endeavoring to find out what was the matter, the man who steers began to make a rapid descent, and in another moment appeared in view.

"Beg pardon, mum," said the chaffeur, whose French had a decidedly foreign idiom, "but Oim thinkin' the baste won't go no further."

"I suppose I can walk," said Miss Pendleton, "but I shall be late for Mass."

"Sorry indade, mum," was the answer, "but all the power in the wurrld won't move the craythur till she's afther bein' fixed."

Miss Pendleton decided to lose no more time in conversation, and alighted.

"I will send some one back as soon as I reach the mission," she said,—"some one who can go on to the city and get a man to come to your assistance"; saying which she turned and commenced walking briskly up the road. Save for the certainty of being late for the service the young girl would have enjoyed the walk in the clear spring air. The sky, uncontaminated by the smoke of the city, was blue and cloudless, the birds were singing, and everywhere trees and bushes were bursting into bloom, making a scene of ideal loveliness.

She was not destined to finish her walk, however; the sound of carriage wheels coming rapidly from behind was presently audible, and just as she drew to one side of the road to get out of the way a light wagon passed by, and the

sole occupant, catching sight of Miss Pendleton, suddenly reined in his horse. She glanced up, and recognized the young mine operator with whom she had held her chief conference the past week.

"You are in difficulties, Miss Pendleton," he said, as he sprang lightly from his wagon and advanced, hat in hand. "I have just passed a disabled auto, but I did not know it was yours till I overtook you."

Mary, her fair face turned toward the speaker, the while she still held up her dainty skirts, proceeded to explain matters to Mr. Barnes, who lost no time in proffering his services.

"I had started for a drive in the country," he said, "but I shall be only too happy to take you to church, and then drive you home. It will be a real pleasure, Miss Pendleton, so don't hesitate to accept."

"I had not expected to have my difficulty so easily solved," answered Mary, adding a cordial thank you as he assisted her into the wagon, and then sprang lightly after her.

"Did you notice what my chaffeur was doing as you passed him?" she queried.

"Sitting on a fence and smoking a pipe like a philosopher," he answered; and she laughed.

"Monsieur Le Clere introduced him as a French chaffeur," she said; "but that part of him which claims kinship with Mr. Dooley seems to have some of the Dooley philosophy; a Frenchman would have been storming all over the road at the delay."

Mr. Barnes made some gay rejoinder, and conversation flowed easily until, a mile further on, they came in sight of the church, a long, low building of stone and brick, with a rectory, convent, and orphanage near by.

Mr. Barnes had been telling Miss Pendleton of the heroic work done by the priests and nuns of the Indian Mission. "Father Giovanni, the head priest, is a splendid fellow," he said. "He is half Italian and half Indian, but born in this country and educated entirely at the mission. He has shown exceptional character and ability in every way. Besides, of course, talking English, he speaks Italian, and the Indian dialect common to the Indians of this region, so he can reach all classes. It is wonderful the work he does."

They were at the church door by this time, where they

found some men who promised to go back to the assistance of the chaffeur. The half-defined question in Mary's mind as to whether her companion intended accompanying her to Mass was answered as he helped her to alight from the wagon.

"If you will wait one moment," he said, "I will take my horse to the sheds, and join you again."

As he drove off she noticed, as she had done when she first met him, the appearance of mingled intelligence, keenness, and refinement that characterized him. Gifted with good health and good looks, Mr. Barnes had long ago concluded that the one drawback to his happiness was his name. For what earthly reason had his paternal grandmother, who had lived and died among the rugged Vermont hills, named him Potiphar?

"It will help him in his career in life," the old lady, who was a great character, had said. "Name him John or Charles, and he will never rise above the level; but Potiphar will do great things."

Great things Potiphar had done in his youth. He had smashed his grandmother's old china, a priceless heirloom. At five years he had been discovered walking around the leads of the house some fifty feet from the ground; and at eight years he had been nearly drowned in trying to rescue a pet dog. Having outgrown his childhood, he began to turn the energy of his early years into other channels. At twenty-one, taking his small capital, he had come West, and had prospered. Vermont honesty combined with Western enterprise speedily made him known and respected among his business confrères. As to his religion, at the time of his meeting with Mary it may be said to have been more a matter of temperament and heredity than of choice and conviction. He had grown up with the teaching of the Protestant catechism, and the services of the white-walled Congregational Church ground into his every fibre; but like many of his kind a shaking-off of his environment had resulted in a corresponding cessation of church-going. Sunday was not actually profaned; but the West did not hold the exact counterpart of the old-fashioned New England meeting-house, so a late bath and shave, a drive, and the perusal of the papers was his usual Sunday routine.

Not much given to moralizing, the young man nevertheless mused on his way back to the church at the faithfulness of the

average Catholic, no matter how far from home, in attending Mass; and then his mind wandered to the grandmother only lately dead, and her controlling influence over all her family.

"What would she say if she could see me now?" he thought, remembering the old lady's horror of Popery, and her denunciation of the Catholic Church in her native town, that was chiefly attended by French immigrants from Canada.

Entering a Catholic church for the first time in his life, he was struck by the simplicity of the service. They were near enough to the altar for him to understand and follow the words of the priest, a clear, mellow voice being one of Father Giovanni's chief attractions. The priest took his text from Romans: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come."

His words were simple, direct, forcible; rising at times almost to eloquence. While paying strict attention to the sermon, Potiphar found himself at times wondering if some inheritance of native, rude but eloquent flow of language had not descended to the young priest from his Indian ancestors. So some brave, he thought, might have held forth in a council of war. Something of all this he expressed to Mary as they were driving home.

"It is a strange evolution," she said; "two hundred years ago a tribe of savages, and now one of their descendants a priest of the church."

"Wonderful," he answered. "And with all his education Father Giovanni understands these Indians and how to deal with them."

They had reached the hotel by this time, where Potiphar bade his young companion a courteous farewell; but this was the beginning of an intimacy that extended through many weeks, subsequent events keeping Mary near the mines for a period of nearly six months.

One October morning, four months later, Potiphar sat in his office near the mine entrance in deep thought. Outside the air was chill and raw, inside a bright fire glowed in an open Franklin stove, offering a cheery contrast to the gloomy skies overhead. A tap at the door aroused him from his meditations, and he arose as the door opened to admit Miss Pendleton, who entered hastily, her manner showing evident perturbation.

"Is it true, what I hear," she said, "that the men in the mines, with one consent, have gone on strike?"

"Unfortunately, yes," he answered, "they all went out last night: and no amount of arguing or talking will move them. They want eight hours a day and almost double pay, though as it is they have fewer hours and better pay than any other miners in the world. I was just trying to solve the problem, and think what step to take, when you entered."

"It is most distressing," she said, real concern in her voice, "and everything was going so well. Now the work may come to a standstill indefinitely."

"No," he replied; "I shall give the men a week to return to work on the old terms. At the end of that time, if they will not begin to mine again, I shall send to Butte, or elsewhere, for fresh relays of men." There was determination in Potiphar's voice, quiet resolution in his manner. Whatever the outcome of the strike, the young manager was not going to be easily defeated.

"The same thing has been tried before," said Mary, "but with little success; riot and bloodshed are always sure to follow."

"We may have some disturbance," answered the young manager guardedly, "but the men will have to give in, in the end. Meanwhile the mayor has assured me we shall have all the protection we need, and the governor has telegraphed to the same effect."

Knowing well the nature of a stubborn strike, Mary was not easily deceived; but she recognized the desire on the part of her father's manager to spare her unnecessary worry; so she presently arose, saying: "I suppose there is nothing we can do for the next day or two; but you will let me know if any change occurs."

"Most assuredly," he answered, as he held the door open for her to pass out. He stood for a moment, watching her graceful figure as she passed up the street, then returned to his desk and commenced writing rapidly. At twelve he locked the office and went home to dinner, where he was waited on later in the day by a delegation from the strikers. Finding the young manager still immovable, they withdrew after an hour's excited talk; evidently the boss would not yield.

Potiphar returned to his office, and in the evening had a long interview with some of the chief men of the town. One

and all agreed with him that to hold out against the demands of the men, and eventually engage new hands if need be, was the only course. The governor, who was present, promised State aid in protecting the men who took the place of the strikers.

It was on a dark night, one week later, that several masked figures stood at the entrance to the mine preparing to descend. Foiled in their attempts to compel the manager to grant them higher wages, the men had seen others take their place and receive such strict police protection that it was impossible to do them any injury. Therefore they had agreed on the desperate plan of firing the mine and so wrecking it that it would be some time at least before work could be resumed.

The men worked swiftly and silently until they had all entered the car and lowered themselves to the bottom of the shaft, when they proceeded some distance toward the interior of the mine, guided by the light of a shaded lantern. It soon became apparent what their plan was, namely, to place a quantity of dynamite where it would cause the worst possible wreck; and then light a fuse, and escape to the car that had brought them to the bottom of the shaft, ascending in it before the lighted fuse had time to reach the dynamite. When all was ready one dark figure held the lantern aloft while another applied a match to the fuse. A second later and the men were flying through the mine toward the shaft. According to their calculation it would take twenty minutes for the fuse to burn and reach the explosive, giving them ample time to reach the open air and disperse. One thing the men had not reckoned on: the chance of any one save themselves being abroad near the mines that night.

Swiftly they ran through the darkened chambers out of which the shining ore had already been removed, until the foremost one reached the bottom of the shaft, and even as he did so those behind heard a shout, followed by groans and curses. A second later they, too, reached the spot to see the dark figure of their companion dancing wildly around; and then the reason for his frenzy reached their own bewildered consciousness—the car was gone!

How and why? Even as they asked each other, tearing off their masks and gazing upward with pale, distorted faces, came the thought—the dynamite, the fuse! There was no time

to go back and put out the slowly burning cotton, no means of getting away. They were caught in their own net; death, hideous and awful, awaited them.

The leader continued to curse. He it was who had been the moving spirit of the strike, who had urged the others not to give in. They were not bad men as a whole—the participants of such a social revolt seldom are—but led away by some of the stronger spirits, incited by having their real or imaginary wrongs dwelt upon; the majority of such men would live in peace and contentment under the right leadership.

"Boys," said a fair-haired young fellow, known as "Harry," "it 's no use for us to curse and swear; in ten minutes more the dynamite will explode, and meanwhile I reckon we better make our peace with God."

"Ay," said one or two voices eagerly; and then gruffly, and half as if ashamed, one of them said: "You pray for us, Harry."

Black Dan, the leader, started up off the ground, where he had thrown himself, with something that sounded like a mingled curse and groan; then with a cry that some of those present never forgot, he rushed back into the mine, right in the direction of the burning fuse. It was very near the dynamite now.

It was Potiphar who had drawn the car to the surface of the shaft, while the men were attending to placing the dynamite. Unable to rest that night, and suspecting trouble, from a vague rumor that filled the air, he had made his way to the mines. Meeting on his way Father Giovanni, the two men, who had become tolerably well acquainted, started out of the city together. Why the car was at the bottom of the shaft they could not imagine, yet neither of them thought of any men being below in the mines at that time of night. Hence they had worked together at the windlass until the car appeared in sight, when they fastened it, and commenced walking away.

"It seems quiet," said Father Giovanni. "I doubt if any of the men are abroad to-night. I have been to-day to see several of them who belong to my parish, to try and induce them to go back to work."

"I think they would all go soon enough," answered the young manager, "were it not for Black Dan, the leader. He has immense power over them, and they follow him to a man."

"Dan's old mother is heart-broken over the whole business," said the priest. "I have tried in vain to talk to him; some higher power alone can break the will of the man."

"The outlook is gloomy enough," said Potiphar. He was less hopeful, though not one whit less resolute than a week ago. "We must conquer in the end, however, even if the mine blows up!"

He had hardly spoken when there came the sound of a terrific explosion underfoot; the ground seemed to vibrate as in an earthquake, and the hitherto silent mines became alive with a thousand terrible possibilities.

It took only an instant for the two men to understand; each broke into a swift run, while from every quarter others, women as well as men, began flying toward the same point. It seemed an eternity, yet it was in reality only five or six minutes, when they reached the mouth of the shaft. A hundred excited men and women, who had evidently not been to bed, and whose number was constantly increasing, crowded around the car, drawing back for a moment as the priest and the young manager drew near and were recognized.

Potiphar sprang toward the car and stepped in.

"I am going down," he said; "are there any who will go with me?"

"I will," answered Father Giovanni; "and I," chimed in several voices.

"Thank you, my men," answered Potiphar; "we can't all go"; and then he picked out four stalwart men, when a voice cried: "Hold, you will need me"; and the men cheered as they recognized Dr. Dale, a rising young surgeon from the town. Swiftly the car descended, carrying the seven men who had taken their lives in their hands. There would be work for them, and they knew it; but little thought they of their own danger.

The terrible explosion had been heard all over the city. Distracted with anxiety when she learned the cause, Mary Pendleton had dressed hastily and, accompanied by her maid, had been driven to the scene of the disaster. She arrived just as the dead and wounded miners were being brought up. The living were placed in ambulances and driven rapidly to the city hospital. Then there was a short pause, and the car

began to ascend again, bringing the intrepid seven who had gone to the stricken men's relief. Now the car has reached the top, the surgeon springs out, covered with grime and coal-dust, and with a cry Mary sprang forward as she saw them lift out a silent, inanimate form, which she recognized as Potiphar.

"Stand aside," said the surgeon to the crowd that was closing in on them, and then he and Father Giovanni bore the young man to a waiting stretcher and lifted him in the ambulance.

"Yes, she could go to the hospital," the surgeon said, in answer to her entreaty; and then she learned that all the miners but one had been found in the first chamber near the bottom of the shaft; some dead, others dangerously injured; the concussion having been so terrible that it had loosened enormous masses of rock, even at that distance from the dynamite.

The priest and surgeon had knelt down, doing all in their power for both soul and body, until one of the men said:

"Dan, he's further in the mine."

Without an instant's hesitation the young manager had started in search of him, undeterred by the knowledge that the mine was on fire, and that there was danger from coal damp.

Fortunately he had not far to go; picking his way through rock and débris, he had stumbled upon Dan's dead body; alone and unaided he had lifted the man, who had been shockingly mutilated, and carried him until he had himself stumbled and fallen, striking his head on some projecting rock. Here he had lain insensible until Father Giovanni, becoming alarmed, had sent two of his volunteers in search of him. There was a bad cut on the head, Dr. Dale said, but he hoped Mr. Barnes was not dangerously hurt; everything possible would be done at the hospital.

Two months later and a man and a woman are driving along the same road toward the mission, over which they had travelled at the beginning of their acquaintance.

It is a clear, sunshiny day in December, and as they drove they talked earnestly. We will let them tell the tale in their own way:

"To think you are now my wife!" said Potiphar.

"And to think you are a Catholic!" said Mary; "that is the most wonderful part of it. You have never told me how it came about," she added. "When you requested to be baptized, Dr. Dale said you must have your own way, and that no one must ask you any questions. Even after you were up and about, he advised me not to agitate you in any way; so I have waited."

"It was Father Giovanni," said Potiphar. "When we reached the mine there were those poor fellows, some dead, others in such mortal agony; and he knelt down by them and soothed and talked to them, and got them all to make a confession; and then like a flash I remembered the words of his sermon, where he said that the suffering of this present time was not worthy to compare with the glory that should be revealed. What had seemed far off and vague then, became intensely real and dramatic in the face of those poor fellows' terrible suffering. And then when one of them, a young fellow named Harry, died before we could get him out of the mine, I was so impressed by the beautiful office for a soul departing which Father Giovanni read. It seemed to me that here alone was the true religion to lead men, even the blackest, through the paths of pity and pardon, to God; then when I lay in the hospital," he continued, "the priest visited me, and as I grew stronger we talked together. There is nothing in the world," he concluded, "that can so soon convert a man to the Catholic Church as to get in touch with it, and come in daily contact with its inner working."

"And I," said Mary shyly,—"how did I come to marry you so far from home? Well, at first the surgeons thought your chances for recovery were slight; and when you came to, after being unconscious for two days, and asked me to marry you then and there, why we decided it was better to let you have your own way to quiet you; so I telegraphed my father, and he consented. I knew I loved you," she added, raising her beautiful eyes to his, "when I heard you were in the mine in such peril."

"And so you married me without any wedding bells or bridesmaids," he said, "and in spite of my name being Potiphar"; and then he laughed. "There is not much idealism about a fellow with such a name," he concluded.

"Love," said Mary, "makes the ideal."

PORTRAIT OF DANTE IN THE "PARADISE" OF ANDREA ORCAGNA, FLORENCE, ITALY.

THE PORTRAITS OF DANTE.

BY F. W. PARSONS.

THE discovery of a portrait of Dante, among the Elect, in Orcagna's great fresco of Paradise, opens up a new chapter in Dantesque iconography. This discovery of Signor Alessandro Chiappelli, in the Strozzi Chapel of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, has revived the arguments adduced, some few years ago, by M. Jacques Mesnil,* regarding another figure whose uplifted face appears, to him, to represent Dante among the group of the redeemed, on the right hand of our Lord in the Last Judgment, of Orcagna, in

* *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, September, 1900.

that same Strozzi Chapel, of the Dominican church which Michael Angelo styled his "mystic spouse."

If the identity of either of these two figures can be demonstrated beyond serious question, a special value attaches to such a discovery, from the fact that, while in the chapel of the palace of the Podesta of Florence (the Bargello) we have the Giottesque portrait of Dante, yet young and full of the ideas of the "Vita Nuova," in the Strozzi Chapel we behold the Dante whose vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise has given to the Orcagna brothers their inspiration and to future generations a heritage of immortal verse.

When we recall the fact that Orcagna, more than any other follower of Giotto, perpetuated in his work the Giottesque tradition of portraying, in his great wall pictures, portraiture of personages of his own time and of preceding generations, it is strange that no sustained and comprehensive effort has ever been made to identify these figures of Orcagna's, the wonderful beauty of whose faces, "profile after profile laid together," are, as Symonds justly says, "like lilies in a garden border."

The value of Giottesque contributions to contemporary portraiture, in the frescoes on the chapel walls of the palace of the podesta, has been sadly impaired by material injury of past ages, indifference and neglect. Here, we know, Giotto, or his pupils (probably the master himself), depicted many familiar faces of contemporaries of Dante's Florentine life, but the great groups left us by the Orcagnas present a more advantageous field of observation from their more perfect preservation and their greater relative completeness, in spite of unskilful "restoration."

Painters of the Giottesque school were imbued with the same thoughts, religious and political preoccupations, as the writers of an age that begot the art and literature of succeeding centuries. In the domain of art it was the immortal mission of Giotto, and his followers in Florence, as of Duccio and his successors in Siena, to spread out before the eyes of multitudes, more or less unlettered, the whole body of Christian dogma, or of special truths, in great scenic paintings, on chapel walls or altar reredos, and in marked departure from the stilted conventionalism of Byzantine traditions.

All that knowledge of God, which is eternal life, was soon to be gathered, almost throughout Italy, not alone from

priestly words of instruction and admonition, but also through the new art of that day, which conveyed, to all, vivid portrayals of the history of man's redemption, of his purpose here and his destiny hereafter. The art of the later middle ages may rightly be regarded as a powerful instrument of God to teach men their origin and end. The artist reached the populace, as the writer did not, in an age when books were scarce, and, in fact, so little did scholars think or care for the masses, that Dante hesitated a long while before deciding to write his vision in Italian, Latin being considered the most fitting medium of expression for cultivated men of the time.

The "Divine Comedy" is all the more remarkable as first embodying in vernacular literature the themes that absorbed the minds of thinking men in the last decades of the mediæval period. As an outcome of fierce rivalries, private feuds, factional and bloody struggles, men's minds were ever conscious of the awful certainty of death and of the life beyond the grave. What was to be the end of strife and contention, of ruthless ambition and unscrupulous endeavor? Death and the judgment, hell and heaven, were stern realities, ever staring men in the face. The great day of account seemed "nigher still and still more nigh," and if many did not show forth that fact by mending their ways, it was largely because they had become callous and blunted by constant familiarity with an untimely fate, so likely for every one. Art, more than literature, reflected the great preoccupations of the time, but to these dominant ideas we owe the vision of Dante and the frescoes of Nardo and Andrea Orcagna, in which we now seem to find a new chapter in Dantesque iconography.

Whoever ascends the antique stone steps, leading from the transept of the Church of Santa Maria Novella into the Strozzi Chapel, finds himself, as Signor Chiappelli justly observes, "wrapt in the atmosphere of the full fourteenth century." In the azure and starry dome, St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angel of the Schools, personifies the cardinal virtues. The decoration, or adornment, of this Strozzi Chapel was dedicated to St. Thomas Aquinas by the donor, Tommaso di Rossello Strozzi, who bore his name. Signor Alessandro Chiappelli has indicated * the early and long association of the name and works of Dante with this glorification of St. Thomas, the hero and

* *Il Marzocco*, of Florence, for December 28, 1902.

founder of scholasticism, and he instances, in that connection, the inscription placed near the tomb of Alessandro degli Strozzi (deceased in 1384), which inscription reads:

D. THOMAE ECCLESIAE DOCTORI ANGELICO
SAGELLUM HOC EXIMIA TABULA ARAE SUPPOSITA
ABSIDE ET PARIETIBUS PICTIS AB ANDREA
CIONIS. FIL. COGNOMENTO ORCAGNA
QUI DIVINUM DANTIS INVENTUM IN HIS EXPRESSIT
INSIGNE AC VENERANDUM
STROZIA GENS QUAE ROSSOMUGERI FIL.
PATRICIUM FLOR. PROPAGATOREM HABET
INEUNTE SAECULO XIV DEDICAVIT.

It is now reasonably certain that Dante was among the secular pupils admitted to the great Dominican school of Santa Maria Novella, and it is quite natural to suppose the Dominicans would like to preserve the effigy, or some species of portraiture, of their famous pupil in such form as would not be out of harmony with purely religious and ecclesiastical surroundings. In the article in *Il Marzocco*, from which I have already quoted, Chiappelli demonstrates, I think, with sufficient proof, the directing influence of a man of letters and theologian in aiding and counselling the Orcagnas in the grouping of these frescoes in the Strozzi Chapel, where the disposition of the celestial hierarchy betrays a profound knowledge of hagiography.

This adviser could certainly have been no other than the prior of the Dominican convent attached to this Church of Santa Maria Novella, Fra Jacopo Passavanti, whose active share in its interior decoration has been too fully shown by Mr. Wood-Brown, in his recent work,* to need further mention here. Now, this Fra Passavanti had studied in Paris at the same school as Dante's probable master, Fra Remigio Girolami, to whom, as Chiappelli observes, the memory of the studies and theological disputations sustained by the Florentine poet, in the Dominican school not so many years before, must still have been very vivid.

In this Strozzi Chapel every student of art and poetry can follow, in Nardo Orcagna's fresco of Hell, the topography of Dante's Inferno, as the poet's lurid imagery has mapped out

* *The Dominican Church of Santa Maria Novella*, Edinburgh, 1902.

PORTRAIT OF DANTE, ACCORDING TO MESNIL, IN THE "LAST JUDGMENT" OF ORCAGNA.

its divisions and its eternal pains and penalties. Vasari testifies to the profound study given by Andrea Orcagna to the "Divine Comedy," which his brother has sought to convey to the eye in its more dreadful images of those without hope. The glorification of Dante's verses, in the Florence that exiled him, but which he loved, in life and in death; the posthumous honor then accorded him in other places; the knowledge of his rhymes shown by the Orcagna brothers, added to their adherence to the Giottesque tradition of contemporary portraiture, all point to these great wall pictures, in the Strozzi Chapel, as the place of all others in which to seek the face and figure of the poet of all time.

The Giottesque frescoes in the chapel of the Florentine palace of the podesta, although attributed by some to pupils of

Giotto, were probably executed by the master himself, in the later years of his life. Dante is there to be seen in the sadly damaged fresco of Paradise, discovered in 1840, and subsequently restored, when the whitewash, by which it was overladen, was removed. The famous mask, commonly called, in former times, the death mask of Dante, has occasioned much discussion. Signor Ricci has attacked its authenticity. Monsieur Mesnil declares it to be generally admitted, to-day, that it was made in the fifteenth century. On the other hand, Signor Chiappelli evidently believes in its genuineness, and his faith is shared by Mr. Toynbee.* The face carved in wood, and now preserved in the Gallery of the Uffizi, at Florence, and the famous bronze bust of Dante, in the Museo Nazionale, at Naples, are both said to have been founded upon the noted mask. The Neapolitan bust is of uncertain date, though variously attributed to the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

The portrait of Dante in the Codex Palatinus is believed, by some writers, to date from the fourteenth century, and, by others, it is thought to be of the fifteenth. Herr Kraus has recently affirmed the genuineness of the Dante portrait in the Codex Riccardiano, of which I shall presently speak more at length. The portrait of Dante, made for the Villa Pandolfini by Andrea del Castagno, was executed about one hundred years after the poet's death. The picture of Domenico di Michelino is of A. D. 1465. The Dante of the Signorelli frescoes, at Orvieto, is of the year 1500. Raphael's portraits of Dante in the Vatican are well known to every visitor to Rome. Excluding from my statement the portrait by Giotto of Dante, pictured as still young, these other, varied, types of Dantesque portraiture do not present entire uniformity of face and figure, yet there are certain characteristics common to all of them—or nearly all—that have gradually led to an artistic tradition of an accepted type. This conventional physiognomy, long transmitted without study of Boccaccio's description (gathered from Dante's relatives and contemporaries), has been carried by modern artists to a degree of gauntness and weird emaciation but little removed from caricature.

While artists have thus portrayed the poet as a decrepit, though fierce, spectre of death and the judgment, realistic illustrators of the Inferno have much more intimately asso-

* Toynbee's *Life of Dante*, London, 1902.

ciated him in the popular imagination with lurid pictures of the tortures of the damned than with any poetical conception of the joys of Paradise. Not only are these traditional features and tall, gaunt figure very unlike the real Dante, but this impression of a mind ever haunted by the worm that dieth not and the fire that is not quenched strangely distorts the habitual thoughts and aspirations of a singer who relied upon his third "Cantico" (of Paradise) to establish his claim to a poet's laurels and even, by it, also to the crown of final and everlasting beatitude.

Dante's words of self-accusation, and the reproaches addressed to him by Beatrice, are variously interpreted as betraying a temporary religious indifference, through absorption in philosophical studies, or to worse derelictions. In any case, his temporary wanderings, from whatever standard of high aspiration, or holy living, were either unknown to, or forgiven by his contemporaries. There is no historic evidence to sustain the fantastic and libellous conceit of the unhealthy French play which many admirers of Sir Henry Irving have viewed, with regret, on the English or American stage. For twenty years Dante was an exile from Florence, where his wife and six children remained, his wife's family belonging to the political faction which had exiled the poet, and there is no reason to suppose that any other than political or financial reasons enforced this separation or prolonged it.

A sonnet attributed (perhaps erroneously) to Pietro de Faytinelli, but written just after Dante's death, reads:

"Oh gentle spirit, oh true Dante
Veritably in the flesh beholding
That glory, whither hath now gone forth
Thy holy soul, this day departed
From the misery of this wandering throng;
To thee whom, mindful of thy faith and thy great virtue,
I firmly hold to be at foot of true Omnipotence,
Do I commend myself, etc."

An unknown poet of the same period, abridging the description of the Dantesque features, given by Boccaccio, terminates a sonnet with the following lines:

"And of virtue he had so much
That the body, at death, merited the crown poetical,
And the soul went onward to the better life."

Boccaccio closed his "Prosopopea di Dante" with the words: "Ravenna has the body, and the Almighty Father the soul." Indeed, before there was any general or widespread knowledge of Dante's Paradiso, or third part of the "Divine Comedy," the Venetian Giovanni Quirini declared, in a sonnet, that "from the beautiful flowers of Paradise, Dante, in the other life already gathered the merited fruit."

Certainly these tributes, spontaneously given to Dante, after his death, by eminent contemporaries, represent the general judgment of the man (quite as much as of the poet) formed by cultivated men of his time, uninfluenced by factional feeling of any kind. They reflect the universal impression of his character and the distinctive characteristics of his mind and temperament. Detached from the things of this world and weaned from the allurements of passion and of pleasure, by profound meditation on their ultimate end and outcome, in Purgatory and in Hell, Dante bent his whole soul and all his mental energies to the portrayal of that heavenly beatitude to which he hoped to attain. An honorable ambition led him to seek, by that portrayal, the poet's laurel wreath, only as a stepping-stone, however, to an eternal crown in Heaven.

Deep students of Dante as both the Orcagnas undoubtedly were, they would naturally place the author of the Paradiso in the Paradise of the just made perfect, but, following the Giottesque tradition, in human companionship, allowing the admission of their own living contemporaries. Strange that the two walls of the Strozzi Chapel, presenting scenic representations of the Judgment and of Paradise, should so long have remained a neglected field of observation for anything of the kind. In an article of 1857, to which Professor Pasquale Papa has recently called attention, Mr. Barlow announced his discovery of an "other portrait of Dante" which he described as "painted by Orcagna in the Paradise of the Strozzi Chapel, in the upper part of the wall to the left of the window." This announcement of Barlow's was made about seven years after the restoration of the rediscovered Giottesque portrait in the chapel of the Florentine palace of the podesta, painted as Giotto first knew Dante, in

the days of his early enthusiasms, but, even in that guise, placed in Paradise. Later in the nineteenth century, Ingo Kraus and M. Jules Levallois have noticed the same face and figure in the Strozzi Chapel, but the allusions of some, or all of them, would seem to show a confusion of the Last Judgment, in which their Dante appears, with the Heaven of the just. Herr Volkmann vaguely alludes* to a discovery of "Dante among the Blessed," executed by Orcagna, but his lack of precision has led to uncertainty as to whether he meant the alleged Dante in the Last Judgment, or the Paradise of Orcagna.

In 1900 M. Jacques Mesnil, in an article already named, and, more recently, in another contribution† to the literature of the subject, has clearly traced the points of resemblance, in this figure in Orcagna's Last Judgment, to the face and features of Dante as perpetuated by artistic tradition. The characteristics common to nearly all of these successive reproductions are summarized by M. Mesnil as follows:

"The features are vigorously marked, the bony framework visible, the jaws strong, the countenance elongated, the forehead high, the chin well drawn and energetic, the upper lip a little effaced, the lower lip stronger and slightly protruding; but the nose above all is typical, and it has not been clearly characterized by saying that it is aquiline: it is large and it presents a swelling well defined above the middle" (or bridge); "from there, even to the extremity, its line is straight, or presents a light concavity; finally, the point descends notably, lower than the insertion of the nostrils. This nose is quite peculiar" (or individual).

The figure signalled by M. Mesnil, presumably the same as that noticed by Barlow and others I have named, is in the group of the elect, in the Last Judgment, of the Orcagnas, or of Nardo Orcagna, if executed by him alone, as some think. This figure stands in the highest row of those depicted without the nimbus, or halo of sanctity. The face, certainly, has many of those features that have become traditional and typical of Dantesque portraiture, and it does show considerable resemblance to the Neapolitan bust of the poet, as seen in profile. In the figure he has indicated in the fresco of the Last Judgment, M. Mesnil thinks to explain the absence of that most prominent character-

* *Iconografia Dantesca.* † *Miscellanea d'Arte*, February, 1903; pub. Florence.

istic of the face of Dante, the projection of the lower lip (here lacking), by the plea that ill-advised and clumsily executed restorations have overladen the original work and altered the primitive contour, particularly in the lower part of the figure.

The figure appears clothed in a robe common to magistrates of that time and of a roseate, or reddish color; the head wears the hood appropriate to the garment, and the face is uplifted towards Christ, the Eternal Judge above, to the right of the observer, in the heights of Heaven. In meeting objections to the position, of this alleged Dante, before our Lord as Judge, M. Mesnil maintains that Dante's attitude is one of adoration, not of supplication; that he stands among those whose salvation is already announced, and that immediately above him is a row of saints. Certainly, the face bears the impress of ecstatic adoration, while the joined hands are pleadingly upraised as in a gesture of prayerful petition. The face and figure are rather more aged than would be expected in a representation of Dante, notably more so than the Dante believed to have been identified by Signor Chiappelli, in the Paradise, of this chapel, which I shall presently describe.

Allowing the Dante of the Last Judgment to be allegorically shown still afar off and yearning for the beatific vision, this condition is not out of harmony with the poetic conception of Antonio Pucci, a contemporary of Orcagna, who, in a chapter of his *Centiloquio*, in honor of Dante, supposes the poet, as in the natural order of things, to be in Purgatory and prays our Saviour to draw him out, and he beseeches the Blessed Virgin and the saints to intercede to that end, since Dante, he declared, was worthy of Heaven. M. Mesnil, however, considers that Dante, in this scene of the final Judgment, already stands among the just made perfect, and he asserts that Dante is "in the midst of an assembly quite as imposing as that represented upon the neighboring fresco"; that "there are found kings, high dignitaries of the church, monks, a Roman emperor (assuredly Trajan or Constantine). Immediately above Dante is a rank of saints. He is placed in evidence the utmost that is possible, his profile stands out vividly from a sombre background; the hands joined, the gaze lost in contemplation of the divinity in an act of adoration and not at all of supplication; he appears clad in bright vesture, detaching himself from the other figures." M. Mesnil conceives the de-

PORTRAIT OF DANTE, BY GIOTTO, IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM AT FLORENCE.

sign of the painter to have been to represent, on this side, "the defenders of the true faith in opposition with infidels and heretics, represented on the other side of the window."

Signor Alessandro Chiappelli has proceeded upon the presumption (to me well grounded), that it is more natural to seek for portraiture of Dante in the fresco representing the subject of his third "Cantico," or part of the "Divine Comedy," the Paradise upon which the poet had relied for recognition and reward, both here and hereafter. Giotto had set an example and established a certain precedent in the chapel of the Florentine palace of the podesta, where appears that portrait of Dante to which I have already alluded, the oldest in existence, antedating, by at least ten years (perhaps more), the mural frescoes of the Orcagnas, in this Strozzi Chapel. Chiappelli and Professor Pasquale Papa * both discern a certain dependence of the Paradise of Orcagna upon that of Giotto and that the Orcagna brothers both had in mind the work of the great master who preceded them. I share the belief of Signor Chiappelli † that artistic precedent establishes a point in favor of his presumption of place, and that the tender faith of the time that the dead poet had, from the scarcely finished pages of his Paradise, already attained the beatific vision in the Heavens described by him, leads us naturally to seek the semblance of his physical presence in the Paradise made real by Dante's vivid imagery. With their minds and imaginations enkindled with enthusiasm for the works of the Florentine poet, so recently dead in exile, the Orcagnas, when "embellishing with their brushes the chapel dedicated to the glory of St. Thomas Aquinas, in the greatest Dominican church of Florence, and peopling the walls with likenesses of famous churchmen, swordsmen, of citizens of renown, perhaps even of artificers, and certainly of many devout women, would not neglect to depict in Paradise the figure of Dante, who had learned the doctrines of St. Thomas in the school of Santa Maria Novella, and, later, had invested them with the immortal form of poetry."

This is, indeed, all the more likely from the fact that the description of Paradise given by Dante did not lend itself easily to artistic interpretation and, since it was not possible to the art or artists of that day and generation to give pictorial expression to the poet's thought, what more natural than to commemorate him by portraiture? His ideas and poetical con-

*_Giornale Dantesco_, XII., 1903. †_Il Ritratto di Dante_, in _Nuova Antologia_, April, 1903, Rome.

ceptions were closely followed, where it was within the measure of the possible, as we see in Nardo Orcagna's Hell, in the Strozzi Chapel.

In seeking to identify an alleged portrait of Dante, it would seem preferable to compare it with such descriptions and data as have come down to us from contemporaries of the poet, or from the generation immediately succeeding him, rather than to apply the test of artistic tradition, leading, after Raphael, to conceptions largely fanciful, not infrequently degenerating almost to the grotesque. The first biographer of Dante was Giovanni Boccaccio. Born eight years before the death of Dante, Boccaccio (whose genius has not been denied by those who dislike the manner of its exercise) conceived for his illustrious predecessor a passionate, reverent admiration, that found expression in various ways. With his own hand Boccaccio transcribed the whole of the "Divine Comedy," in a manuscript edition which he presented to Petrarch. A chair of interpretation of Dante's immortal work was created through Boccaccio's influence, and his lectures, in this course, delivered in the Church of San Stefano, at Florence, give to that church, by association with this lectureship, its chief interest to travellers of to-day. The *Comento Sopra Dante*, a voluminous work of Boccaccio, displaying a large amount of miscellaneous learning, was (according to J. A. Symonds), the fruit of this activity. It is divided into fifty-nine lectures and is carried down to the Inferno, xvii. 17. Boccaccio's personal influence certainly was an immense factor in creating and spreading enthusiasm for Dante's work among men of his generation. His life of Dante is attributed to a comparatively early period of his life. Mr. Symonds thinks* it may have been written in 1350, when the Florentines sent Boccaccio to Ravenna with a present of ten golden florins for the poet's daughter. Boccaccio expressly stated, in a preface to his life of Dante, that it was intended as a slight amends to his memory, in compensation for his exile and for the absence of any monument to him in the city that had cast him out, that turbulent Florence which has so often stoned the prophets and persecuted them that were sent unto her! To give his book more widespread circulation, Boccaccio wrote his life of Dante in Italian, instead of Latin.

Although Boccaccio's written description of Dante's face and figure did not appear until after the mural frescoes in

* *G. Boccaccio*, by J. A. Symonds. London: J. C. Nimmo.

the Strozzi Chapel had been finished, the facts later set forth in writing were doubtless conveyed, verbally, to the Orcagna brothers, with perhaps greater variety of detail. However Boccaccio may be regarded as a biographer, and whatever he may have lacked (by his nature and temperament) for a proper comprehension of a poet so wholly different from himself, or in qualifications for criticism of literary or historic value, it is undeniable that he everywhere gathered, with most conscientious care, authentic information about Dante from original sources: from Piero del Giardino from last remembrances of Dante's friends in Ravenna, from the poet's own daughter Beatrice, and from his nephew, Andrea Poggi, at Florence, noted, as he was, for a striking resemblance to Dante, his uncle, and "from other persons worthy of faith," as Boccaccio carefully adds, in the Commentary to which I have alluded.

To Boccaccio, therefore, we should, I think, recur for a standard of comparison much more certain than artistic traditions, in which course of procedure we shall follow the views of Signor Chiappelli, rather than the lines of argument in which Monsieur Mesnil and Professor Papa seem to place so much reliance. Dantesque portraiture, traditional from the fifteenth century, appears to have been no longer founded upon testimony handed down from contemporaries, or relatives and friends of Dante. Though partially derived from the life by Boccaccio, yet even with his data at hand, a type of portraiture has been constructed, or evolved, evermore degenerating, so altering as finally to lose (as Chiappelli justly observes) some of the characteristic features of Boccaccio's description, and adding new ones which that description does not contain.

Of Dante's personal presence Boccaccio wrote: "The face was long, and the nose aquiline, and the eyes rather large than small, the jaws large, and the lower lip protruded beyond the upper lip; both the complexion was dark and the hair and beard thick, black, and wavy, and ever in the countenance" (was he) "melancholy and thoughtful." Boccaccio says, moreover, that Dante was of medium stature and that he was "somewhat bent," having a stoop or curvature of the shoulders. This last peculiarity of his figure is attested not only in his life of Dante, but also in his Commentary on the poet's work, and it is given on authority of the poet's nephew, Andrea Poggi.

To Dante's somewhat bent form, or stooping gait, Boccaccio found an allusion in the Inferno ("he walked stooping a little"), and Kraus, in our day, so interprets three lines of the nineteenth canto of the Purgatory, commencing with the fortieth, which Mr. Thomas Okey, in a recent edition,* has rendered into English, as follows: "Following him, I was bearing my brow like one that hath it burdened with thought, who makes of himself half an arch of a bridge."

Having in mind these characteristics of the personality of Dante, Signor Chiappelli claims to have found them realized in a figure in the fresco of Paradise, in this Strozzi Chapel, executed by Andrea Orcagna, or by both the Orcagna brothers. A comparison of this figure with the description of Boccaccio, will show that this supposed Dante of Orcagna's Paradise corresponds much more faithfully with Boccaccio's delineation than with, or to, artistic tradition. So stereotyped, I may say stilted, has this artistic tradition become, that a fair study of the question is impossible without disassociating our minds from visual memories of the work of modern artists; in fact, from all Dantesque portraiture, in painting and sculpture, since Raphael. Turning back to the earliest types, so great is the similarity of this figure, in Orcagna's Paradise, with the Dante of Giotto, that many artists to whom Signor Chiappelli has merely shown photographs of the Orcagna representation have recognized it, by its substantial resemblance to the Giottesque portrait.

Although the work of Giotto recalls the poet as he was in his earlier career, probably before his proscription and exile, and the figure signalled by Chiappelli bears the unmistakable impress of more advanced years, of a man saddened by the bitterness of unmerited banishment, with its consequent poverty and distress, yet both truly present the same sweet and pensive expression, the framework of the lower jaw and fashion of the chin are similar, and the firm incision of the mouth is animated by a sweetly contemplative smile. The strong furrows which encircle the mouth and mark the cheek, indicating maturity, not crabbed old age, differentiate this face of Orcagna's from the cavernous type repeated so often in the Dante of later, or latest, artistic tradition.

The earlier, truer type of Dantesque portraiture is also exemplified by the miniature of the Riccardiano Codex, which

* Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London.

does show quite a close affinity to the quietly energetic face in the Paradise of Orcagna, with its aquiline nose, projecting lower lip, massive jaw, and in the contour of the chin. Both Herr Kraus and Signor Chiappelli insist upon the value of this miniature of the Riccardiano Codex; the latter allows, for its technical execution, that it is the inexpert work of a fifteenth century miniaturist and overestimated by the Milanese. In the matter of resemblance, however, the points of difference between the figure of Orcagna and the Riccardiano Dante are no more marked than dissimilarities between the latter and the Giottesque portrait, in the palace of the podesta, at Florence, while the likeness of the Orcagna and Riccardiano faces remains evident, as Chiappelli claims, in the expression of the eye, vague and contemplative, as of a poet, but with frank and open glance, in the highly arched eyebrow, the curve of which is strongly marked in both; in two furrows, or lines, one originating from the angle of the mouth, the other descending from the angle of the nostril; above all, in the dark, almost brownish skin, noted by Boccaccio, not found in other portraits (not even that of Giotto), but evident alike in the Riccardiano miniature and in the Paradise of Orcagna.

Some have objected to this supposed Dante, of the Paradise, that the head is small and that it has not a high forehead. Chiappelli replies (and I think fairly), that the dimensions of the head do not differ from those of other figures adjacent. While Boccaccio nowhere speaks of a high forehead, which is, as regards Dante, quite a modern assumption (presumably as indicating high intellect and intelligence), this head, by Orcagna, really has a high forehead. A glance will show that the forehead is far from depressed, and the hood which covers the head, almost to the root of the nose, nearer still to the highly arched eyebrows, extends, or elongates, the forehead in a very notable measure. The only element of uncertainty in the description of Boccaccio is his allusion to Dante's beard. No representation of Dante has ever pictured him with a beard, except, perhaps, that recently pointed out in a Carrarese Codex in Vienna, which is said, after a fashion, to indicate a hirsute appendage. It seems quite possible that Dante may have worn a beard, for a brief period, perhaps of ill-health, afterwards parting with it.

It may be well to note that some photographs of this figure in Orcagna's Paradise show a certain inaccuracy in the repro-

MASK OF DANTE.

duction of the nose, where one photographer has sought to remedy a slight effacement, or scratch in the fresco, whereby the downward curve of the nose originally terminating, in the fresco, in a slightly inward bend at the point, is not faithfully reproduced. In the same negative, the mouth, also, is not as accurately given as in other work. Some have thought they could discern a book, held at the breast of this Dantesque figure, in Orcagna's Paradise. The imperfect condition of the fresco makes it impossible to determine this point with accuracy.

In the hooded figure, to the right of Dante, many have thought they recognized Petrarch, and this other familiar figure presents notable points of resemblance to well-known representations of the other great poet of the fourteenth century. Petrarch was honored with the poet's crown, solemnly conferred in A. D. 1341, and, in 1350, he, for the first time, visited Florence, on his way to the Jubilee, proclaimed, for that year, in Rome. While in Florence he was the guest of Boccaccio. The date

of execution of these mural frescoes of the Orcagnas, in the Strozzi Chapel, is not definitely known, but they were not commenced later than 1350, perhaps prior to that date, by several years. There may be a symbolic significance (such as Chiappelli suggests), in this grouping together of Dante, the singer of the Papal Jubilee of 1300 and Petrarch, a pilgrim to the Jubilee of 1350, both meeting in the celestial Jubilee of the life eternal. Fra Jacopo Passavanti, prior of the Dominican convent of Santa Maria Novella, inspirer and adviser in the decoration of this church, made himself a pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee of 1350.

In the absence of documentary proof, certainty of identification is hampered by the element of ideality, that entered into all portraits prior to the fifteenth century. The immaturity of art, the casting of facial expression into harmony with surroundings where portraiture was placed (in Heaven or Hell, for instance), resulted, often, in what painters of to-day style "an artist's conception of a physiognomy," rather than in any real and life-like resemblances. These frescoes of the Orcagna brothers suffered two attempts at so-called restoration, the first in the middle of the sixteenth century, the second in the beginning of the eighteenth. In this clumsy renovation the original contours of many of the figures were altered, or obscured, and it is possible that some of the colors may have been changed in repainting. When the idea of Signor Nasi, minister of public instruction in the Zanardelli cabinet, shall have been carried out, and the evidences of imperfect restoration removed, we shall more clearly and accurately see and appreciate the original work.

Meanwhile, these frescoes of the Strozzi Chapel will well repay the labor of conscientious students of historic portraiture, or of Dantesque iconography. Further research may demonstrate that both Monsieur Mesnil and those who think with him, and Signor Chiappelli, may be justified in their separate claims for the presence of Dante Alighieri in the Orcagna fresco of the Last Judgment and also in that of Paradise. In the one great wall picture, the poet of the "Divine Comedy" may have just received his place among the redeemed and, in the other, have fully entered into that vision of God which is the eternal beatitude of the life beyond the grave.

Lugano, Switzerland.

"ABYSSUS ABYSSUM INVOCAT."

A PASSION PRAYER.

BY S. M. WILFRID, O.S.D.

OUT of the depths, my God, I cry to Thee
From an abyss of helpless misery!
From depths no heart may fathom save Thine own;
No eye may scan save Thine, my God, alone.
Thou knowest—Thou hast seen, how I have turned
From Thy sweet Cross! how madly I have yearned
To quench the thirst, which naught of earth can slake,
With joys Thou couldst not bless! Now—now I take
All that hath wronged Thy Love and in the dust
I cast it 'neath Thy Feet. All Pure, All Just,
Yet ever merciful, Thou wilt not spurn
Me from Thy Face! Thy Voice hath bid me turn
To Thee in quenchless hope;—boldly I cast
The bitter harvest of an evil past
Into the deep, the Infinite Abyss
Of Thine Unfathomed Heart. It was for *this*
That, like the tempest-riven rock, Thy Side
Was pierced, to shelter me! There, then, I hide
The heart I cannot keep for Thee from stain,—
The soul, my feeble hands would guard in vain!

A PEEP AT SPAIN.

BY E. McAULIFFE

AN ocean voyage in mid-winter! What indefinable terrors fill the timorous mind at the bare idea! However, if we want to enjoy to the full the change from the cold North to the sunny lands where summer lingers, we must brave the unknown dangers of winter seas.

On leaving New York, early in December, so intense was the cold that all the water intended for the steam-heating apparatus and the use of the staterooms was frozen; this was New York weather. The next day we experienced a decided rise in the temperature; the radiators were all diffusing their warm influence, and the passengers had to request the captain to order the heat reduced. Many had the electric fans going in their staterooms. We who, being old travellers, were not victims of sea-sickness, sat out every day and all day. We did not see a drop of rain during the whole voyage of fourteen days; we had many clouds, but always a mild atmosphere, and congratulated ourselves on not having yielded to vague fears.

The seventh day out we sighted the Azores, and made some spiritual visits to the altars so near us. We had not seen a sail in all these days, and I had just remarked to my companion that we could there realize the expression, "the waste of waters," as in all that immense space which we had traversed day and night no voice of prayer or praise ascended heavenward. She replied that in the "waste" no sin offended the Almighty; the creatures of the deep fulfilled the end for which they were created. Alas! that it should be so; it is only where man is, in the enjoyment of all God's gifts, that sin is.

After passing the Azores the weather continued to grow milder. Early on the morning of the tenth day we were called up to see Africa. The sky was all crimson; the sea reflected the rosy tints. The sun had not yet risen as, looming dark against the morning's blushes, we saw the low hills of Tangiers on our right; on the left lay Portugal; on either hand a continent—the grandest spectacle imaginable!

Ulysses entered "the Strait Pass" from the opposite side, and describes his experience to Dante:

> "As Iberia far,
> Far as Morocco either shore I saw,
> And the Sardinian and each isle beside
> Which round that ocean bathes."
>
> (*Inferno*, c. xxvi. v. 102.)

As the red hues faded and the Monarch of day arose the golden light made objects clearer; and as the hours flew by we gazed untired upon new beauties constantly unfolding themselves.

At three o'clock we neared Gibraltar. For hours the enormous mass had been in sight; and now, notwithstanding the many descriptions we had read, we were quite unprepared for the stupendous proportions of this fortress of Nature.

The steamship company allows the privilege to passengers of disembarking and remaining over until the arrival of the next American steamer (about twelve days), and then resuming the journey to Italy without extra charge. A great deal can be done in twelve days with a well-planned itineraire, so we decided to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

There is nothing in Gibraltar to tempt one to make a stay, after seeing the wonderful Rock which, penetrated by galleries and pierced by loopholes bristling with artillery, is the most redoubtable fortress in the world. Apart from the Rock, commonplace describes it all. English soldiers and English bar-rooms in too great profusion offend the eye. So we leave the place without delay; it is a good starting point to the exquisite regions beyond.

Although impatient to be in the real Spain, we could not resist the temptation to go to Tangiers; two hours' smooth sailing transports you into another world. Everything so different, so un-European; I might say un-African as well, for one might imagine one's self in the far East! A veritable land of enchantment, recalling scenes from the *Arabian Nights*.

The town is built on two hills and crowns the heights above the lovely bay. The houses are low and flat-roofed, but the graceful towers of the many mosques counteract the otherwise monotonous effect. Beside the mosque is always to be seen the palm-tree. The lower ranges of the Atlas Mountains form a background on which the eye rests with pleasure.

The streets are very steep, as in all hill towns, but the air is so pure and invigorating that one never feels tired. The costumes of the people are most picturesque; in the market-place you see them in every variety of color—green mantles, yellow turbans, scarlet sashes, etc.; here and there a group of white-veiled women sit on the ground selling bread, while gigantic negroes selling water, which they carry in skins, lend an additional attraction to the scene.

Here also are the camels, resting after being relieved of their burdens; huge creatures, looking at you with such a sad expression in their soft brown eyes. And in the centre of the crowd the traditional snake-charmer—a mad dervish, who amuses every one with his tricks and simulated frenzy.

Oran, where Cardinal Ximenes gained such signal victories for the cross, under Ferdinand and Isabella, is not far from Tangiers. Laying down his crozier, he girded on the sword and led an army into the Barbary States, which he brought under the dominion of Spain, and planted the Faith in those hitherto dark regions.

On returning to Gibraltar we shaped our course northwards for Seville and Granada. Travel in Spain is not agreeable; the roads are bad, the trains slow; but the surprises which await you compensate for all manner of discomforts. No adjective that I can call to mind is strong enough, even in its superlative degree, to describe Seville, and its splendid gardens on the banks of the "blue Guadalquivir."

The cathedral of Seville is, beyond all comparison, the most beautiful in Europe. We thought nothing could exceed Italian churches, but they took a secondary place now. A modern traveller says of it: "To describe this cathedral you would want to have at hand all the extravagant hyperboles of the writers of all countries." Its immensity is the first thing that strikes the beholder; it seems an effort to travel with your eye to the ceiling. There are five naves, each large enough for a church. "The main altar, in the midst of the central nave, seems as though intended for a race of giants; the Paschal candle is like the mast of a ship, and the bronze candlestick that holds it is a museum in itself of sculpture and chiselling that would take a day to study." The paintings which adorn the walls are of the highest order, the greatest works of world-famous artists; thirty-eight immortals have wrought here for the glory of God; sixty-seven sculptors of like

merit have left their work to be the marvel of succeeding generations.

The body of the holy king Ferdinand reposes in a side chapel; laid in a crystal casket, clothed in his royal robes, and wearing on his head the crown. Lying beside him is the sword which he bore in his hand on the day he entered Seville after freeing her from the dominion of the Moor. Imagination is fairly beggared in searching for words that might do justice to the rich decorations in this and the other chapels, mostly mortuary, containing the bodies of illustrious personages—the caskets of crystal, flaming with rubies and diamonds, the statues of marble, carvings in wood, priceless paintings and many untold treasures.

Behind the choir the visitor is shown a slab, with the inscription: "Beneath this stone lie the bones of Ferdinand Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus, born at Cordova, died at Seville July 12, 1536, aged fifty years." When a boy Ferdinand had been a page to Queen Isabella; later he travelled to the New World with his father, and afterwards made voyages to all parts of the world, devoting himself to the collection of rare books, for which he spared neither trouble nor expense. On returning to Spain he formed a library, which he bequeathed to the cathedral of Seville. This library contains an excellent collection of Bibles, illuminated missals and manuscripts; but the gem of the collection is an old Latin book, a treatise on cosmography and astronomy, the margins all covered with notes written by the hand of Columbus!

The Giralda tower is so well known that description is needless here; from it we pass into the *Patio de los Naranjos* (Court of Oranges) close by. This court is surrounded by a high wall; in the centre of the vast enclosure rises a fountain which throws its spray to an immense height, falling again into a marble basin. On every side are groves of orange-trees, and the air is filled with the delicious fragrance of their blossoms; and here come every day the ladies of Seville, to eat ices in the soft twilight of their shady depths.

We take a hasty glance at the Alcazar, the ancient palace of the Moorish kings, and its splendid gardens, and then on to the museum and famous art-gallery of Seville.

Here are to be found some of the finest paintings in existence; works the sight of which lifts one up above the things of earth, and fills the soul with heavenly longings.

Who could behold unmoved the St. Anthony of Padua? Few works of human hands have ever equalled this, Murillo's great masterpiece. I have been told that a sceptic, on looking at this picture, touched by the reality of the divinity, felt constrained to cry out, "Credo!"

Murillo was one of the most spiritual, the most religious of painters. Sebastian Gomez, commonly called "the Mulatto of Murillo," has some fine pieces here. The story of Gomez is quite interesting. As a little boy he was hired to wait on the art-students of Murillo, and soon showed the divine fire of genius. When all the household was wrapped in slumber it was his custom to creep noiselessly into the studio, and selecting the proper brushes and colors, seat himself before an unfinished painting, putting in with unerring judgment the necessary touches. Each morning there was a pleasant surprise for some student, in a bit of his work finished to perfection—a hand, an arm, or the pose of a head which he had toiled at unsuccessfully the previous day; while all the others grumbled and complained: "My brushes have been used again," or "My paints have been used," etc. For a long time no one could solve the mystery.

But one morning the little fellow, absorbed in his work, took no heed of the lapse of time, and was still working when the first group of students entered. Amazed at first, they stole silently away to call the master. Murillo came in haste; the noise of his entrance disturbed the child, who, looking round, knew that he was discovered!

Filled with undefinable terror, he scrambled down from the high stool on which he had been seated, and cast himself at the feet of the painter, exclaiming: "Pardon, pardon; I could n't help it, master!"

The master raised him from the ground, and clasping him in his arms, said: "Henceforth you are my son; I am proud of you."

And when Gomez came to be recognized as one of the great painters of Spain, he was proud to be called "The Mulatto of Murillo."

"Ay di me Alhama!" Even a good Christian may feel some stirrings of sympathy for the Moor on seeing Granada for the first time. Beautiful beyond a poet's dreaming; with its soft climate, its trees and fountains; its Alameda—the finest promenade in the world; so broad that fifty carriages can drive

abreast, shaded with splendid trees of foliage so dense that even at midday no ray of sun can penetrate them; and there you may sit at ease during the sultry hours, surrounded with flowery parterres, listening to the flowing river and the splash of fountains, mingled with the songs of innumerable nightingales.

At Granada one is tempted to linger, and to climb day after day the hill on which stands the Alhambra; an entire month would pass before one could feel that he had seen the principal attractions of that marvellous structure. A great deal of sentiment has been wasted on the Alhambra; when all is said, what is it but a gorgeous monument of pagan luxury with an unwholesome odor of vice? Let us turn to the Christian monuments, the tombs of the mighty dead, and breathe a purer air, a more spiritual atmosphere.

In the cathedral of Granada are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella, besides other kings and princes of Spain. Among the precious objects preserved in the chapel which contains their honored dust is the casket in which the queen placed her jewels when she pawned them in order to raise funds for Columbus. Also the crown and sceptre of Isabella, the sword of Ferdinand, a missal, and several ornaments which belonged to the sovereigns. In the Church of St. Jerome is the tomb of the great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova. The visitor here is shown a document which is in itself a grander monument than any the world could show in marble or precious gems. I succeeded in getting a French translation, which I retranslate into English. It is a magnificent testimony of the care and thought which a Christian soldier bestows on the men of his command, providing for their souls and bodies.

The document is in the following words:

"Every step of the Great Captain was an assault, and every assault a victory; his tomb in the church of the convent of the Hiéronymites of Granada was decorated with two hundred banners taken by him. His enemies, envious of his success, especially the treasurers of the kingdom of Naples, in 1506 persuaded the king to ask an accounting from Gonsalvo of the use which he had made of the large sums which he had received from Spain for the war in Italy, and the king was weak enough to consent, and even to assist at the conference.

"Gonsalvo bore this demand with proud contempt, and determined to give a severe lesson to both treasurers and king, on the manner of treating a conquerer of kingdoms.

"He quietly replied that he would have his accounts ready the next day, and that he would let them see which was debtor and which creditor—he or the exchequer.

"The exchequer claimed to have advanced him the following sums: one hundred and thirty thousand ducats in the first remittance, eighty thousand crowns in the second, three millions in the third, eleven millions in the fourth, thirteen for the fifth, and so on—this read in a nasal voice by a stupid secretary.

"The Great Gonsalvo kept his word; he presented himself at the second audience, and, opening the voluminous book in which he had noted down his justification, in a loud and sonorous voice read the following:

"Two hundred thousand, seven hundred and thirty-six ducats and nine reals to the monks, to the nuns, and to the poor, that they might pray to God for the success of the Spanish arms.

"A hundred millions for bullets, mattocks, and pickaxes.

"A hundred thousand ducats for powder and balls.

"Ten thousand ducats for scented gloves to protect the soldiers from infection from the corpses of the enemy lying on the field of battle.

"A hundred and seventy thousand ducats for refounding the bells worn out from continually ringing to announce new victories.

"Fifty thousand ducats for brandy for the soldiers on the days of battle.

"A million and a half of ducats for the keep of prisoners and wounded.

"A million for Te Deums and Masses of thanksgiving to the Almighty.

"Three hundred millions for prayers for the dead.

"Seven hundred thousand, four hundred and ninety-four ducats to spies, etc.

"A hundred millions for the patience I showed yesterday on hearing that the king demanded an accounting from him who had given him a kingdom."

This document is but a copy; there are two originals, with the autograph signature of the Great Captain; one of which is in the possession of the Count d'Altamira of Spain, the other in the military museum of London.

SAINT PATRICK AS A LAWGIVER.

BY JOSEPH M. SULLIVAN, LL.B.

LAW, as well as religion and literature, owes a great debt to the Ireland of early times. We think of Saint Patrick as a great moral reformer and holy man, but as a lawgiver and codifier he is a less familiar figure. The influence of ancient Irish civilization in establishing respect for legal process and obligations is lost sight of in the better known tales of how Irish scholars kept learning alive in Europe, and how Irish bards sang in an otherwise unmusical age.

The ecclesiastical history of Ireland, alternating from splendor and triumph to discomfiture and squalid misery, is a subject well calculated to arrest and rivet the attention of the thoughtful student. We are certain that Christianity prevailed in Ireland before St. Patrick's time, because Palladius, who visited Ireland the year preceding Patrick, found sacred vessels of the altar in parts of the country where he and his fellow-missionaries had not penetrated. From that it conclusively appears that there were Christians in Ireland before the mission of St. Patrick; but to St. Patrick alone must be awarded the glory of planting the Gospel of Christ and placing the Christian religion upon a firm basis.

The mission of Palladius, who was a deacon of the Roman Church, or, as some say, archdeacon, furnishes the student with authentic data as to the introduction of Christianity into Ireland.

Palladius, who was probably a native of Britain, had distinguished himself by his efforts to rid Britain from the heresy of Pelagius; he was chosen by St. Celestine, and consecrated first bishop of the Irish, as St. Prosper, Bede, and others attest. In his mission to Ireland he was accompanied by a band of faithful missionaries, four of whom, Sylvester, Solonius, Augustine, and Benedict, are mentioned in the lives of St. Patrick. His exact place of landing is not known; but antiquarians

place it not far distant from Wexford. He met with great success in his efforts to spread the Gospel, for it appears he made converts and established churches, and St. Prosper was so highly pleased with his mission that he did not hesitate to say that the country was added to the universal fold. The success of this noble saint aroused the enmity of the warlike sovereign; he was forced to flee, and after many vicissitudes landed in Britain; but, worn out by privation and fatigue, he died at Forden, in the district of Mearn in Scotland, on December 15, 431. He was on his way to report to the Sovereign Pontiff the result of his missionary labors, but Heaven willed otherwise.

The place of St. Patrick's birth has always been a subject of much controversy among writers of ecclesiastical history. Some writers claim it for Scotland, others for England, while a third class favor France as the country of St. Patrick's birth. The weight of authority, however, seems to regard Brittany, a small province of France, as the place of our noble saint's birth. Dr. Ledwich, a prejudiced writer, has striven to show that St. Patrick was an ideal or mythical person; but the frequent mention of the name of Patrick in the canons attributed to him furnish an incontrovertible argument, and establish the identity of our saint beyond all reasonable doubt.

Sectional hatred and religious bigotry are oftentimes behind these efforts to belittle St. Patrick's work, and to question his existence; these self-same critics have never doubted the existence and the labors of St. Augustine, the Saxon, who under instructions from Pope Gregory the Great, more than a century later, carried on a similar work among the ancient Britons.

The place of our noble saint's birth is after all a matter of very little importance; it is the life-work and the result of the missionary labors of St. Patrick which attract the attention of every Catholic student and lover of his native land. He accomplished the difficult task of converting the warlike Irish people to the doctrines of the Christian religion, and he succeeded in doing this in a peaceful manner without the shedding of a single drop of blood.

The spirit of the Gospel preached on Tara, Armagh, and Tredagha has taken a firm hold upon the Irish race; it has become firmly embedded in their souls, and they have remained

true to its teachings, and have clung to their primitive faith with such a singular fidelity and steadfastness of purpose that human wisdom cannot account for it. The religious doctrines he founded have outlived all other dynasties known to man, both ancient and modern. In these days of occult sciences, of positive doubt and denial, the Irish, as a race, have never swerved from the teachings of St. Patrick, but have planted the seeds of the Catholic religion in every country in the civilized and pagan world.

The year of St. Patrick's birth was in all probability A. D. 386, since, according to his confession, forty-five years lay between his birth and his consecration as a bishop (A. D. 431). His family was possessed of some wealth, and had been Christians for generations; his great-grandfather having already been a presbyter. At the age of sixteen (A. D. 402) he was kidnapped by plundering Irish, and taken as a slave to the north of Ireland. For six years, from 402–408, he was a swineherd. He left home about the year 424, at the age of thirty-eight, and followed the ancient route to Rome via Auxerre, along the valley of the Rhone via Arles, and by the coast of the Provance and the Lerinian Islands, through northern Italy. He was in Rome in the year 429, according to Prosper's statement. According to the best authorities he first set foot on the Irish shore in the year 432, and was received by a people ready and willing to embrace the doctrines which he preached. The success of his mission is conceded by all.

The fifth century saw the complete collapse of the organization of the British Church, which left her in a state of great distress and trouble, whence, according to Gildas' own statement, she emerged but slowly and with difficulty during the first half of the sixth century. Meanwhile the Irish Church could give herself up to her own development in undisputed peace. The high standard of classical education in the Irish monasteries from the sixth to the ninth century, to which numerous Irish manuscripts of classical authors bear witness, can only be explained if we assume that Ireland, or at least the south-east of Ireland, had embraced Christianity, and with it ancient civilization and learning, as early as the end of the fourth century, was able to develop the alien culture without disturbance from outside. In Ireland alone could the cultivation of classical learning be propagated and fostered at a time

when everywhere else, in Britain, Gaul, and Italy, hordes of barbarians had well-nigh succeeded in stamping it out.

The threadbare classical erudition of Gildas, and the low standard of the Welsh Church during the seventh and eighth centuries, are convincing proofs enough that the foundations of classical learning in Ireland cannot have been laid by British churchmen of the sixth century. If they had, how account for the fact that the erudition of Irish monks at that time surpassed, on the whole, even that of Italy? For Greek was taught in Bangor, and other monasteries, while Gregory the Great, in all probability, had no knowledge of the language. We also possess direct proofs that from the very beginning of the sixth century Irish clerics went to the south-west of Britain, as well as to Brittany, implanting and spreading knowledge, not receiving it. They were, so to speak, the pioneers of those later expeditions into Frankish territory, from the end of the sixth century onwards. In 884 the Briton monk, Wrmonoc, wrote a life of St. Paul of Leon, who lived at the beginning of the sixth century. From the above remarks the student will perceive that our Irish ancestors had culture, learning, religion, and laws at a time when all Europe was deeply engulfed in barbarism and ignorance. Let us now direct our attention to a consideration of St. Patrick's labors in the field of legal study and research.

The Senchus Mor, a Gaelic manuscript containing the largest part of the Brehon Code, was compiled in the first part of the fifth century, and was therefore in full force and effect when St. Patrick first set foot on the shores of Erin.

Sent there by the pope in the year A. D. 432, St. Patrick found that there existed in ancient Ireland a code of laws in which the property and personal rights of individuals were minutely regulated. He found also that the rights of women in lands of their husbands were jealously guarded. The wife had the right to alienate a portion of her husband's land, and to control to some extent her husband's right of alienation. Schooled as he was in Roman law, St. Patrick discovered that the ancient Irish law governing the distribution of estates of deceased persons left nothing to be desired in the matter of compilation and amendment. He was surprised to find a complete system of legal ethics, a court, a judge, and enlightened procedure for the enforcement of its decrees. He found that

the courts employed, in the enforcement of their judgments, writs and processes resembling those of distress, and other forms commonly used in early English procedure. He found, also, that the rights of creditors were protected; as, for instance, sureties were made liable somewhat after the old English institution of frank-pledge.

St. Patrick soon learned that the ancient Irish needed no instruction in legal ethics, and he immediately directed his efforts to harmonize these laws with the doctrines of Christianity. St. Patrick's opinion of the native code we find in his own words in the introduction to the Senchus Mor. What did not clash with the word of God, and the consciences of the believers, was confirmed in the laws of the Brehons, for the law of nature had been right, except as to the faith and the harmony of the church and people. With the advent of St. Patrick and Christianity into Ireland, came the introduction of canon law in all its varied forms. This introduction of canon law into Ireland, and the establishment of ecclesiastical courts in every district, and the usurping of pleas belonging to the crown, caused great confusion and internal disorder. The Irish had such a profound respect for the superior knowledge of their priest that in all cases, even in matters of life and death, his word was considered supreme. This conflict between secular and ecclesiastical tribunals is of very ancient origin. St. Paul, in preaching Christianity in the early days, cautioned the faithful against dragging each other before infidel judges. We find instances where even the termoners, or tenants, of the ecclesiastical land exercised judicial functions, and decided the ordinary disputes of the locality.

For example, Valentinian III. decreed that clerics might be tried before a bishop, with consent of both parties. Under the Gothic kings it was not allowed for a cleric to appear before a secular tribunal. Down to the time of the Reformation, in the sixteenth century, the exclusive right of the church to dispose of testamentary, matrimonial, and defamatory cases was undisputed. This state of affairs caused great dissatisfaction and endless controversy. It was well-nigh into the seventeenth century before the secular courts established a secure foothold upon the jurisprudence of Ireland and placed the judiciary of the country upon a firm basis. A single illustration of St. Patrick's work in Ireland will give the reader an

adequate idea of his labors in the field of legal study and revision. St. Patrick requested the men of Erin to come to one place to hold a conference with him. When they came to the conference the Gospel of Christ was preached to them all. And when they saw Laeghaire and his Druids overcome by the great science and miracles wrought in the presence of the men of Erin, they bowed down in obedience to the will of God and Patrick, in the presence of every chief of Erin. It was then that Dubhthach (pronounced Dhoovah) was ordered to exhibit the judgments, and all the poetry (literature) of Erin, and every law which prevailed amongst the men of Erin, through the law of nature, and the law of seers, and in the judgments of the island of Erin, and in the poets. Now, the judgments of true nature which the holy spirit had spoken through the mouths of the Brehons and just poets of the men of Erin from the first occupation of the island down to the reception of the faith were all exhibited by Dubhthach to Patrick.

St. Patrick as a lawgiver met with unqualified success. As a result of his labors the gloomy light of the Druid began to flicker, and the beneficent jurisprudence of the Christian began to make its presence felt among the Irish people. He counselled moderation, and curbed the spirit of a warlike race. He preached the Divine Law to the pagan from the greatest of law books, the Holy Scriptures, and the Omnipotent Judge blessed his efforts. His example was emulated by St. Augustine, the Saxon, who more than a century later carried on a similar work among the ancient Britons.

Christianity can hardly repay the debt it owes to St. Patrick. His searching and convincing logic dissipated the darkness of paganism that had overspread the land, and planted the seeds of Christianity, never to be uprooted.

PUBLIC APPROPRIATIONS TO ORPHAN ASYLUMS.

BY TAYLOR M. WEED, LL.B.

THE case of James Sargent against The Board of Education of the City of Rochester, which has been pending in the courts of this State since the early part of 1902, having reached the Court of Appeals, was decided by that tribunal on January 29 last past against the plaintiff and in favor of the Board of Education of the city of Rochester and St. Mary's Asylum for Orphan Boys of that city. The opinion of the court is written by Mr. Justice O'Brien, and so far as space will permit is given below.

The action was originally brought by the plaintiff, James Sargent, as a taxpayer to restrain the payment of certain public moneys raised for the purposes of education, but which, as by him alleged, were about to be disposed of in violation of law. He asked that the Board of Education be enjoined from auditing or paying the salaries of four Sisters of St. Mary's Asylum employed by it to teach the inmates of the said asylum.

The court, in the first instance, dismissed the complaint, and the plaintiff thereupon appealed to the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court in the Fourth Department. This court by a unanimous decision decided against him, affirming the judgment of the court below. Not satisfied with this determination, he appealed to the Court of Appeals with the result just mentioned.

The plaintiff hoped to succeed, by reason of the provisions of article iv., section 9, of our State Constitution, which reads as follows:

"Neither the State nor any subdivision thereof shall use its property or credit or any public money, or authorize or permit either to be used directly or indirectly, in aid or maintenance, other than for examination or inspection, of any school or institution of learning wholly or in part under the control or direction of any religious denomination, or in which any denominational tenet or doctrine is taught."

There is, however, another provision of the Constitution to which the plaintiff failed to refer, but which, in the words of the court, "must be read with the one just quoted."

This is article viii., section 14, of the Constitution, which reads as follows:

"Nothing in this Constitution contained shall prevent the Legislature from making such provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents, as to it may seem proper; or prevent any county, city, town, or village from providing for the care, support, maintenance, and secular education of inmates of *orphan asylums*, homes for dependent children, or correctional institutions, whether under public or private control, etc."

It will be well to keep both of these provisions of law in mind in reading the opinions of the courts.

The opinion, in the first appeal, which was taken from Special Term to the Appellate Division of the Fourth Department, is reported in volume 76 Appellate Division Reports at page 588.

In his opinion Mr. Justice Williams says: ". . . Substantially, the basis of the plaintiff's right of action is the contention that the institution in question is a school and not an asylum. If it *is* a school or institution of learning, then no money can be paid to it directly or indirectly, under section 4, article ix., of the State Constitution, because it is wholly or in part under the control of a religious denomination and denominational doctrines are taught in it."

Art. iv., sec. 9; art. viii., sec. 14: ". . . The institution is clearly an asylum and not a school or institution of learning, within the meaning of the constitutional provisions hereinbefore referred to. Its main object is to furnish a home, food, clothing, lodging, and moral training to the boys committed to its charge. As incidental to the main object, it necessarily furnished the boys with secular and religious education. They could not be permitted to grow up in this State in ignorance *and without religious instruction.** The fact that secular education has been furnished in the institution does not change its real character as an asylum, and make it a school or institution of learning. . . ."

". . . The propriety, if not necessity, at the present time

* Italics our own.

of providing for the secular education of the children in the asylums of the city of Rochester in their respective institutions cannot well be doubted. The children must have the education, and it can best be afforded them at their own homes in the institutions. The ordinary school buildings are inadequate, and the children can be better governed and controlled where they are than in the general school buildings of the city. They seem to be well educated by the teachers who have charge of them, and to pass their examinations quite as creditably as do the children attending in the general school buildings of the city."

". . . The city has to pay the asylums nothing for rent and only a proper compensation for teachers. There being no constitutional objection, there certainly can be no other objection on the part of the taxpayers to this method of providing for the secular instruction of the children in the asylums in question. There can be no doubt as to the qualifications as teachers of the sisters whom the Board of Education had a right to employ, and the garb worn by them can do no harm to the children whom they instruct. The children are Catholics by parentage. The garb worn is that of Catholic sisters. It can in no way affect the children injuriously while they are receiving the secular instruction." . . . "The asylum is the home of these children, the only home they have." *

In the opinion of Mr. Justice O'Brien, of the Court of Appeals, we find the same principles of the law reiterated and emphasized, supplemented, however, by a careful examination and learned discussion of the local statutes affecting the question before the court. After having carefully stated the facts of the case and given an erudite discussion of the law, wherein the learned justice cites all the statutes bearing on the case, he sums up in the following words:

"But it is contended in behalf of the plaintiff that public moneys ought not to have been used for the education of children in an orphan asylum maintained by any church or religious organization. The plaintiff is evidently willing that the children should be educated, but in some other place than the asylum.

* Sargent *v.* Board of Education et al. 76 App. Div., 588. Opinion by Williams, J (unanimous), Nov. Term, 1902.

It is said that children ought to be removed from the influence of religious teaching in the asylum, and especially the influence of female teachers who belong to some religious order and wear the garb of that order. It is quite clear, I think, that such objections do not rest upon any reasonable foundation. In the first place it is perfectly obvious that these children could not receive instruction in any other place. They were under the exclusive control of the managers of the asylum. They were in a certain sense deprived of their liberty. Some of them may have been sent to the asylum after conviction for crime, and in such cases they may, when of a certain age, be committed to such an institution by magistrates, courts and judges (Corbett *v.* St. Vincent's Industrial School, 177 N. Y., 16). The children that were placed in the asylum otherwise—that is, by parents and guardians—were under the same discipline and control, and it is plain that they could not be discharged from such control or the discipline of the institution. In some sense it would be about the same as discharging boys from the county jail in order to permit them to attend the common schools. Of course such an idea is entirely inadmissible, but it is plain that the statute last above quoted contemplated that the teaching of these orphan boys should be in the asylum where they were detained. The language is that the asylum 'shall participate in the distribution of the school moneys in the same manner and to the same extent in proportion to *the number of children educated therein* as the common schools in their respective cities or districts.' The statute clearly recognizes the fact that the instruction was to be had or given *therein*, that is, in the asylum where the boys were detained. When we look into the debates on this subject in the constitutional convention when the provisions of the Constitution already quoted were the subject of debate, it is clearly apparent that the members of that body understood that instruction in the case of orphan children detained in an asylum was neither practicable nor possible elsewhere than in the institution itself. The four teachers in question were licensed by the public authorities to teach. To license them as qualified teachers and employ them and receive the benefit of their services, and then refuse to pay them upon the objection of some taxpayer, would be a species of injustice unworthy of a great State.

"The objection is made that the several statutes referred to,

and under which the moneys were raised and paid over to the Board of Education for the purpose of defraying the expense of secular education in orphan asylums, are mandatory and thus in violation of the constitution. When the statutes are all read together it will be seen that they are not an arbitrary mandate of the Legislature, but the depository of large discretionary powers, and even if they were, the only consequence would be that they could be disregarded by the local authorities. The statutes are good as an authority, even though they would be held to be void as a command. They are certainly broad and comprehensive enough to confer authority upon the city government and the board of education to raise and expend the money for the purposes indicated, and to do all the things of which the plaintiff complains in this case. There was no error in the disposition of the case below, and, therefore, the judgment must be affirmed, with costs.

"Parker, Ch.J.; Gray, Bartlett, Haight, Martin and Cullen, JJ., concur.

"Judgment affirmed."*

This decision is of great moment and consequence to us Catholics. Not merely because the Catholic institution immediately affected by it succeeded in its contention, nor because by it similar institutions are guaranteed the support which they are now receiving, nor because a bigotry only too patent from the arguments advanced by the plaintiff in the case referred to, has, at least in this particular instance, been thwarted in its designs and effectively rebuked, but because it makes evident that the justice of the cause for which Catholics have long been laboring (the support by the State of schools in which Catholics as Catholics may be educated), has at least to some extent not only been recognized by the courts of this State, but recognized also by those who framed our State Constitution.

In article viii., section 14, they recognized the injustice of throwing the burden of supporting and educating those classes of people who are deemed to be the wards of the State upon private institutions without compensating them therefore.

The right of Catholic children and children of other religious belief to be committed to the care and custody of insti-

* *Cfr. New York Law Journal*, Feb. 8, 1904.

tutions of their own faith is recognized in other provisions of law and the practice of so doing is now securely established in this State.

The State, however, has drawn an arbitrary line, on one side of which are found all the kinds of institutions maintained by people of different religious belief, other than for educational purposes, and on the other side those maintained by the different denominations solely for educational purposes; the former receiving assistance from the State, the latter none.

In other words, we have private institutions (asylums, homes, correctional institutions, etc.) receiving assistance from the State in the *education* of their inmates, and yet we find the State refusing its aid to institutions designed exclusively for educational purposes, although the institutions in question are willing to submit to State supervision.

We submit there is no reason for this arbitrary distinction. If the State finds itself justified in assisting orphans and wayward children in being educated under the influence of a particular religion, why should it object to giving its aid to institutions designed for the education of its children at large under the influence of their own particular religious belief.

We submit further that the distinction is unjust and has no real foundation in law; that it prevents the education of many children in schools where they can not only acquire secular education of equal merit with that obtained in the schools maintained by the State, but in addition thereto can imbibe principles of religious belief that will tend to develop in them, among other things, that strong, rooted respect for authority the absence of which is so notorious in our country to-day and yet which alone can be the safeguard of our Republic.

WILFRID WARD'S "PROBLEMS AND PERSONS."*

BY SAMUEL A. RICHARDSON, A.M.

MR. WILFRID WARD, like his father, William George Ward, is one of those Catholics who practically demonstrate the absurdity of ignoring the powers of the lay apostolate. Here and there and everywhere quite a host of readers must feel, as the present writer does, that a long deferred service to the Catholic public has been rendered in the issuing of the series of essays collected in the present volume. For many of us, to remember having read such papers as those on Newman and Renan, Balfour's Foundations of Belief, The Rigidity of Rome, Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man, has long been the same as to wish that these scattered chapters might be put together and brought within easy reach of ourselves and our friends.

Outside of the biographical sketches—very interesting they are—the book deals with what might be described as a group of connected philosophico-theological questions. It is in these "Problems" that most of Mr. Ward's readers will no doubt be interested; and to this part of the work our description will be confined.

Accepting the evolutionary view of society and of human knowledge as a new framework in which all our conceptions must now be set, the author undertakes to discuss the confusion into which this new conception has thrown the traditional theology. His view-point is that of a man sympathetic with the new learning, and at the same time profoundly loyal to the old faith; and in looking for a principle of conciliation, he hits upon the universality of the law of development as a key to the solution of present difficulties and as an eventual antidote for doubt.

"The old idea of fixity, which did not look beyond the tangible *formulæ* with their supposed unchangeable analysis, is parted with. But another principle of persistency is disclosed

* *Problems and Persons.* By Wilfrid Ward. London, New York, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

in theology, as the lesson of religious history is more and more realized—the persistency of certain central religious ideas, reappearing in more and more purified form under the influence alike of an exacter knowledge of the world of fact, and of the criticisms of the intellect and moral sense; and the persistency of the law of development. According to this view the story of Christian theology is seen to exhibit, in some degree, the more general law which underlies the development of monotheism from the polytheistic mythologies, and the purifying process whereby the Deity came to be conceived less and less as a tribal God, with quasi-human purposes, more and more as the embodiment of sanctity and the just Ruler of mankind."

It is in the endeavor to vindicate the Catholicity of this conception that Mr. Ward discusses the Rigidity of Rome, and points out that in so far as prevailing theology "may have been seriously hostile to intellectual growth and assimilative activity," the trouble is to be traced to the abnormal state of Christendom during the last four centuries. He goes on to explain that the normal application of the assimilative principle in the past augurs at least an equally generous application in the future—a line of thought "which does not impair the sacredness of the definitions which have been called for by successive emergencies, or of the truths which these definitions were needed to protect. But it does present a view which makes the acceptance of the definitions possible without the acceptance of certain implications which may have been in the minds of those who framed them—implications based on conditions of culture and a conception of the universe which are not our own." This shows "that we may accept old propositions as sacred and true, but with a new explication in those incidental features in which they bear traces of an older civilization."

What the author means is made unmistakably clear when he tells us that his essays "may be regarded as a contribution to that movement of thought among Catholics in France, Germany, and America, as well as in our own land, which has been for some years urging, as of vital importance, that the positive sciences should take their full share in the further development of theology, in so far as theology touches incidentally those facts of which secular science takes cognizance. To blend theology with these sciences is a no more unpromising

task now than it once seemed to adapt to the philosophy of Aristotle—the *bête noir* of the early Fathers—the sacred science of which the Fathers themselves were the most authoritative exponents."

Mr. Ward's hope of reconciling the unchangeable faith with novel intellectual views is rested on the express conviction that the more conservative theologians have not seen the full significance of their own principles. Extensive and thorough assimilation of the serious and mature achievements of the human mind, of labors wrought by specialists in history, psychology, and Biblical exegesis, is proposed as the chief intellectual remedy for the spreading epidemic of doubt. The various essays aim at pointing out "defects of method which cramp the capabilities of theological principle," and at drawing attention to "the essential largeness of the capacities of Catholicism viewed historically." In a word, then, the volume before us is a suggested *via media* whereby we may at one and the same time believe in the Christian revelation—using it as a salutary check on scientific extravagances—and in the methods of modern science and criticism—using them as a salutary check on the excursions of theologians beyond their province.

Such in brief is Mr. Ward's suggestion of a method of adjustment for current difficulties. As may be seen at a glance, it is but an application of that principle of doctrinal development which has risen to so important a place in the years that have elapsed since the publication of Newman's famous essay. As the contribution of a highly educated mind, intimately familiar with science and scientists, as well as with theology and theologians, the pages before us deserve careful consideration. At once they take their respectable place among the serious publications of contemporary theological literature; and, beyond a doubt, the very fact that the author has written as he has will be of help to many. Mr. Ward himself, with his tempered, patient mind, would probably be among the first to add, that his essay is intended and is necessitated to be something merely provisional. How firm this *via media* will really prove, can be determined best when it is tested by the heavy tread of dissenting critics.

One such critic has already presented himself in the person of Father Tyrrell, who on several occasions—including a letter to the *Tablet* and an article in the *Month*—has declared the

suggested *via media* to be an impossible theory. Oddly enough, the reason for its rejection is this: that to admit scientific conclusions as a check on the conservatism of Catholic theology will be fatal to the very existence of that theology; while, on the other hand, theology's claim of special supernatural charismata for the authority which superintends doctrinal development is utterly foreign to the presuppositions used by critical science in working out the religious philosophy of humanity. The solution of the dilemma presented by the opposition between science and theology cannot, therefore, in Father Tyrrell's judgment, be found in the principle of development of ideas, for the reason that said principle is all dominating in liberal or critical theology, and limited by authority in the case of Catholic theology. Nor could Newman himself have been unaware of the difficulties and objections left unanswered by the theory he propounded. These must be held in mind by all writers who, like Mr. Ward, follow in the footsteps of Newman. Father Tyrrell raises the question "whether *in principle* Mr. Ward (or Newman in the Essay of 1845) has really departed from the position of those whom he considers as ultra-conservative; whether *de jure* he is really in the middle at all, and not still at the extreme right."

DENIAL.

BY RHODA WALKER EDWARDS.

ATHEIST:
Arrogant in the impotence of your conceit,
Tell me—before you banish God from all His Universe—
Tell me the measure of a man.
What is it that becomes incarnate at his birth?
And what the dissolution, known as death?
Read first yourself—
And when the riddle of your own existence you have solved,
Then fathom God.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

BY THE REVEREND GEORGE JOSEPH REID.

IT is a common assumption among Protestants that the religious revolution of the sixteenth century first opened to the people the pages of Holy Writ, hitherto shut up in the Latin Vulgate—a sealed book to all but the clergy and the learned few. The translation of the Bible into the vernacular, authorized by the Catholic Church, has been regarded as a late and reluctant concession to a popular demand inaugurated by the Protestant Reformation. It is well worth while to inquire how far these ideas square with historical facts, but the question will be discussed by the present writer only in so far as it concerns the Bible in English.

English as a national language dates from the fourteenth century; it was not until 1363 that Parliament was opened with an English address. But already there had been Anglo-Saxon and Norman-French translations of the Gospels, Psalms, and other parts of Holy Writ, and there exists at least one Anglo-Norman manuscript containing an almost complete version, made in England before 1361. It is one of the treasures of the National Library, Paris, and is marked No. 1.

There is every reason to believe that the doing of the whole Bible into English, in the fourteenth century, was primarily the natural response to a demand following upon the nationalization of the English language. If Wyclif and his followers—as we do not concede—really were the first to render the whole Scriptures into the vulgar tongue, they would merely have seized the opportune moment, and achieved something which would inevitably have been presently done by scholars of orthodox faith. Nor is this a mere hypothesis; the analogy of other countries gives the assertion substantial support. A century before Wyclif, the University of Paris, aided by St. Louis' royal patronage, had accomplished the first complete version into French.* It is, moreover, certain that more than

* As Kenyon recognizes in *Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts*, p. 198.

one German translation of the entire Scriptures existed, not only before Luther but even before the invention of printing.*

Bearing in mind that these translations were made under Catholic auspices, we may well ask: Must those forerunners of English Protestantism, Wyclif and his disciples, be awarded the exclusive credit for the pre-Reformation English Bible? Is it certain that their version was not preceded, or at least accompanied, by others which were the work of men of orthodox belief, and which enjoyed at least the tacit approval of ecclesiastical authority? There are grave reasons to doubt the claim for the Lollards. Of the hundred and seventy manuscripts surviving, alleged to be copies of the Wyclifite Bible, only two are related by contemporaneous notes to Wyclif's followers. It would take a careful and toilsome comparison of the text of the others to prove that all the rest are copies of the older and later editions of Wyclif's Bible, represented respectively by the Hereford and Purvey manuscripts. The problem grows in interest when we find that several of the existing "Wyclifite" manuscript Bibles were in olden times in the possession and use of personages who have never been suspected of Lollardism. One was owned by that devout and enthusiastic Catholic, Henry VI. Another of excellent workmanship and illuminated with the royal arms found place in the library of Henry VII. A third belonged to the Duke of Gloucester, the firm friend of Archbishop Arundel, Wyclif's constant antagonist. Other copies are known to have been the property of heresy-hunting bishops and pious nuns. Old documents and chronicles reveal the fact that shortly after John Wyclif's death, and during the fifteenth century, bequests of the Gospels in English to Catholic churches, priests, and convents were no uncommon occurrences.†

So cogent is this evidence that some present-day Protestant scholars have been fain to admit that while the English Church persecuted Wyclif and his opinions, they spared his Bible and tolerated its circulation, as no polemical bias appears in the translation. Thus Dr. Kenyon remarks:

"It is only in rhetorical passages that the picture has been drawn of the hunted Wyclifite writing his copy of the English

* See Walther's *Deutsche Bibeluebersetzungen des Mittelalters*, Brunswick, 1889–92.

† See *The Old English Bible*, by the learned English Benedictine, Father Gasquet; London, Nimmo, 1897, pp. 138 *ff.* To this work the writer is largely indebted for the materials of this article.

Bible in his obscure cottage in constant fear of surprise and arrest" (*Bible and Ancient MSS.*, p. 206).

Apparently the Rev. Dr. Fox, secretary of the American Bible Society, was indulging in one of these rhetorical flights (inducing forgetfulness of the date of the discovery of printing) when he wrote recently, in the New York *Observer* (December 10, 1903):

"The Protestants—that is, the Lollards—of his (Wyclif's) day had his translation a century before Henry VIII. It could not be printed, and was not until long after his death, by reason of the same intolerant spirit which modern apologists for Rome exhibit, even while they deny that it ever existed. He succeeded, however, in giving his translation a considerable circulation in manuscript, and we need not rehearse how his body was dug up and burned and his ashes cast into the Swift, a neighboring brook."

It is refreshing to hear from such fair-minded writers as Mr. Kenyon and Mr. F. D. Matthew,* a student of Wyclifite literature, the admission that the church in Wyclif's age and after did not suppress the Scriptures in the vernacular, carrying its toleration even to the limits of allowing the diffusion of the Bible of the heresiarch and his disciples. But if we concede the latter anomaly we must go further. Mere toleration will not explain the possession of English copies of the Sacred Scriptures by good Catholics after 1408. For in this year the provincial council of Oxford had dealt with Lollardism, and among other decrees enacted the following:

"We therefore command and ordain that henceforth no one translate any text of Holy Scripture into English or any other language in a book, booklet, or tract, and that no one read any book, booklet, or tract of this kind lately made in the time of the said John Wyclif or since, or that hereafter may be made either in part or wholly, either publicly or privately, under pain of excommunication, *until such translation shall have been approved and allowed by the diocesan of the place, or* (if need be) *by the Provincial Council.* He who shall act otherwise let him be punished as an abettor of heresy and error."†

Those Catholics, then, who thereafter had the English

* *Eng. Hist. Review*, January, 1895.
† Wilkins' *Concilia Magnæ Brittaniæ*, iii. p. 317.

Scriptures—such as William Revetour, a priest of York whom we find bequeathing such a copy in 1446—must be supposed to have had a version which was formally approved by the bishop of the diocese.

We therefore are confronted by a dilemma. Either, against all analogies, the Lollard Bibles were tolerated by the rulers of the English Church before the Synod of Oxford, and in some cases positively sanctioned after it, or there existed a version or versions of Catholic origin, made before, or contemporaneously with Wyclif, since we find copies in the possession of the orthodox during and shortly after Wyclif's career. I prefer to believe the latter. It is a violent stretch of the probabilities to suppose that Lollard versions of the Scriptures were sanctioned, or even tolerated, by vigilant pastors of the English Church in an age when Lollardism was vigorously attacked, and when the civil powers lent a strong hand to its suppression. The spirit of the ecclesiastical rulers in this regard may be seen in a letter of Archbishop Arundel of Canterbury to Pope John XXIII. in 1412, containing a long list of propositions extracted from Wyclif's works and condemned by a commission of Oxford theologians. Among other observations the primate wrote as follows:

"He (Wyclif) even tried, by every means in his power, to undermine the very faith and teaching of Holy Church, filling up the measure of his malice by devising the expedient of a *new* translation of the Scripture in the mother tongue" (Wilkins, *op. cit.* iii. 350).

Taken in their obvious natural sense, these words imply that there had been an older translation of the Bible in English, but I wish also to emphasize the point that their spirit is very hard to reconcile with an approval of Wyclifite Bibles in Catholic hands. To the first-mentioned implication of the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Sir Thomas More brings further testimony. In controversy with Tyndal, he wrote in his *Dialogues* (p. 138, ed. 1530):

"As for old translations before Wyclif's time, they remain lawful and in some folks' hands. Myself have seen and can shew you Bibles, fair and old, in English, which have been known and seen by the Bishop of the Diocese and left in laymen's hands and women's."

This evidence is corroborated by the reformer Cranmer, who wrote thus in defence of the Scriptures in English in the prologue to the second edition of the Great Bible:

"If the matter should be tried by custom, we might also allege custom for the reading of the Scripture in the vulgar tongue, and prescribe the more ancient custom. For it is not much above one hundred years ago since Scripture hath not been accustomed to be read in the vulgar tongue within this realm, and many hundred years before it was translated and read in the Saxon's tongue, which in that time was our mother tongue, and when this language waxed old and out of common usage, because folk should not lack the fruit of new reading it was again translated into the newer language, whereof yet also many copies remain and be daily found."

So intensely Protestant a writer as Foxe, the martyrologist, says in dedicating his edition of the Saxon Gospels to Archbishop Parker:

"If histories be well examined we shall find both before the Conquest and after, as well before John Wyclif was born as since, the whole body of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our mother tongue."

The force of all the evidencc warrants the contention that the Lollard leaders were preceded by good Catholics in the translation of the Vulgate into English.

This said, it is only in accordance with historical analogies to recognize that the Wyclifite Bible found its way into many hands hitherto without a vernacular version. Doubtless the Lollards would be active in using the new translation, clothed in popular language, as an entering wedge and aid in the propagation of their tenets. But the circulation of the whole Bible must always have been extremely limited before the art of printing. The labor and expense of manuscript copies was prohibitive to the masses. And if the Bible was chained to the walls of churches and monasteries in mediæval times, it was that all who could read might glean from the complete form of the written Word, inaccessible otherwise.

It is fair to grant, moreover, that the Oxford decree acted as a check upon its translation and circulation of the vernacular Scriptures. Thereafter there seems to have been no general sanction in England of any Catholic version up to the appear-

ance of the Douay, and while the having and reading of the pre-Wyclifite copies were unrestricted by law, the approval of translations made during or after Wyclif's time was left to the discretion of individual bishops.

It was undoubtedly due to the proselytizing use of the Lollard versions, and the consequent qualified prohibition of national synod, that England had no *printed* Catholic Scriptures with native tongue until the publication of the Rheims (Douay) New Testament in 1582. In Germany, where heresy was as yet absent, and conditions more favorable, twenty-four complete editions of the Bible were printed in the comparatively short interval between the invention of printing and the outbreak of the Lutheran revolt. In France the first complete printed Bible appeared simultaneously with Luther's, in 1523.

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MARRIAGE UNDER THE BLACK PINES.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

PERHAPS in no great event of life common to all mankind, whatever be their race and tongue, do individual customs vary so much as in those connected with courtship and marriage. Each country jealously clings to and preserves its own special time-honored traditions long after, in other important matters, it has fallen in with the march of the times, and conformed to the usages which are gradually levelling all civilized communities into one uniform plane.

This is specially true of peasant life in the Black Forest, where the patriarchal character of life in a general, and matrimony in a special degree, is very marked, and has been carefully described by a son of the soil, the Rev. Hans-Jacob, from whose various writings I gathered much of what follows, and found that many striking peculiarities which startled me as a visitor to the country are simply due to the survival of the strict family laws to which this most interesting writer alludes.

On the large farms, termed *Hof*, some of which have descended from father to son in direct succession for over four hundred years, the wealthy farmers are called "Princes," and speak of their dependents as "my people," never as "my men and maids." Down in the valley live the weavers, shoemakers, tailors, and laborers, the "*Plebs*"; up on the heights dwell the aristocracy of the peasant population, who nevertheless remain nothing but peasants. Most picturesque are these huge old buildings, with their slanting, overhanging roofs, from under which the small windows look out like deep-set eyes, and the great barns and outhouses stand round about, while as far as the eye can reach over acres and acres of meadow, cornfields, and cultivated land, the *Bür* (farmer) looks on his own property. From morning to evening these wealthy farmers toil in the fields with their laborers, and it is difficult to distinguish master from man, while indoors the *Bürin* (farmer's

wife) does the whole of the cooking for the household, and puts her hand to every department of house and dairy work, along with her maids. All work hard, but on the weekly market day the *Bür* and his wife, attired in their best clothes, alone drive to the nearest village or town, and there meet their neighbors, transact business, and then feast on *Brotis* (roast veal), while the rest of the household remains at home following the daily round.

But though, from this account, the grandeur of a *Bür* and *Bürin* may not appear to be very striking, intricate diplomatic negotiations have to take place before a Princess can be allowed to enter another *Hof*. These lie in the hands of ambassadors and diplomatic agents who are often far better informed than those in high political circles. They consist of the tailors and shoemakers from the village below, who, as a rule, visit each *Hof* three or four times a year, and remain a week, plying their trade, and fitting out the family. On Sundays they are treated as honored guests, and dine at the *Hof-tafel*. Thus wandering from one great farm to another all over the country-side, they are intimately acquainted with every detail concerning the property, the parents, and their children. Another valuable emissary is the butcher, who comes once a week in search of fat calves, pigs, and oxen. He generally arrives at an hour when all the men are in the fields, and finding the *Bürin* alone in the *Stube*, he enters on a friendly gossip with her, while waiting for the master of the house; and as he sips his glass of *Chriesewasser* (cherry-brandy) lets fall information concerning the neighboring households, knowing, as he does, all about rich sons and daughters. Best of all is he acquainted with the stables and the quantity and quality of live stock; on this account, his opinion bears great weight with the *Bür*. The final agent is the village weaver, who, late in the autumn, comes up the hill with his hackle to turn the *Bürin's* flax into "*Riste*," as it is called, and make it ready for spinning.

So, when a *Bür's* son enters a *Hof*, and asks leave to court the daughter of the house, her father is well informed as to every particular concerning him, since, for years past, he has known from his agents how things stand with his neighbors. The daughter is never consulted; when a suitor appears, which generally happens on a Sunday, her father merely announces

to him, over a glass of Chriesewasser, "I 'll come with the maid next Thursday, and look around."

On the appointed day, the *Maidle* puts on her Sunday clothes, and walks beside her father up hill and down dale in silence. If the girl's father happens to be dead, it is her *Gòtti* (godfather) to whom this office falls. On reaching their destination, after a short exchange of civilities, the review of the property, on the result of which so much depends, takes place. In passing, the *Bür* has glanced at the great dung-heap in front of the house; its appearance is not without importance, for should it be neatly plaited it betokens order, and adds a favorable point to first impressions. The stables are visited first, and the cattle carefully examined. Black Forest farmers do not approve of much talking in a stable, and have a strong dislike to any animal being praised; in this they resemble the ancient Greeks of Homer's time, who avoided lavish praise lest it might arouse the envy of the gods. Therefore, when any one ignorant of this prejudice remarks: "That's a fine cow!" the *Bür* instantly exclaims: "God protect her!" The proper thing on entering a stable is to say: "*Glück im Stall*," and after that to keep silent. The prospecting *Bür*, closely followed by his daughter, especially notes whether the owner goes in for "*Ufzüglinge*"; that is, for rearing young cattle for the market; such stock is a sure sign of affluence, for, as is well known, the farmer in want of money sells his calves. From the stables they proceed to the *Spicher*, the treasury of every farmer in the Black Forest. Beside each *Hof*, but standing by itself, rises a solidly built store-house, whose roof is never thatched, but covered with slates in case of fire. Here the *Bür's* treasures are heaped up: cherry and plum-brandy, fruit, hams, flitches of bacon, flax, hemp, butter, lard, sausages, beans, wheat, barley, etc. His money, tied up in a pig's skin, is kept in a chest beside his bed, but the key of the *Spicher* is always carried in the inner pocket of his coat, together with his prayer-book, even when he goes to church or to market. The *Spicher* and the stables are the best guarantee of the prosperity of their owners, and from the appearance of these two it is easy to measure the size of the property, and the quality and quantity of its produce; therefore the "look round" is chiefly confined to them.

If the visitor be satisfied, he invites his future son-in-law

to come on a certain day to settle finally, for the *Bür* never decides weighty questions by himself; he must talk them over with his wife, and hear her opinion. Should she consent, the girl is promised to the young man when he presents himself. As a rule, the bride is not even asked whether her suitor and her future home have pleased her, nor would she dream of expressing an opinion; she knows she will be well provided for, and that she is going to reign over a fine domain, and this amply satisfies her. If, on the other hand, her father leaves with the words: "I'll let you know what I decide," matters look bad, and the final decision in this case is almost invariably negative.

The chief question having been satisfactorily settled, the parties concerned go on the following day to a notary in the nearest *Städle*, in order to have the *Hiroth* (marriage contract) drawn up. On the third day the priest is interviewed, and immediately after the host of the village inn is called upon to settle about the marriage feast, for the wedding will take place in three weeks, long engagements being unknown in the Black Forest.

The task of carrying the invitations by word of mouth is entrusted to a poor peasant or tailor, ready to earn a few groschen in this way, who keeps his ears open the whole year round on the chance of such employment turning up, and scarcely has the marriage contract been signed than one appears early the next morning in the homes of both bride and groom. Here each messenger is given an artificial nosegay to stick in his hat; the bride fastens a sprig of rosemary—the peasant's favorite flower—in his buttonhole, and off he starts to recite the following time-honored formula in each house he visits:

"Worthy friends and neighbors, I trust you will not resent my entering your room without first asking your leave, but I come not on my own behalf, but on that of two honorable persons about to be joined together in Holy Matrimony. I am sent to you as good friends and neighbors by the honorable youth, —— ——, son of —— ——, in ——, and by the honorable and modest maiden, his bride, —— ——, to invite you to their wedding, which will take place next Thursday at —— ——. So I invite you all most heartily, *Bür* and *Bürin*, all your sons and daughters, all your men and maids, all your field-hands and day-laborers, high and low, young and old,

married and single. The maidens will wear their wreaths, and precede the wedding guests to the bride's house, in order to assist at the church service. God grant the young pair a good beginning and a happy end! God the Father instituted marriage in the Garden of Eden, therefore this marriage will be blessed by the *Herr Pfarrer* in ——, and when the bond has been ratified, and the priest has poured holy water over them, we will go together to the praiseworthy Crown Inn, there to eat and enjoy the marriage feast. May God Almighty bless and sanctify it! The host says he is prepared with good food and good wine, and will serve each guest so well that he shall have no cause for complaint. Then we will sing and dance till the stars pale in the heavens. Meanwhile, as marriage guests, I wish you all much happiness and blessing, and after this life joy and peace: this grant us, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit."

The messenger receives, in payment of his services, four or five pence at every house, a glass of beer or wine at the inns, a bit of bacon or a bottle of cherry brandy at the farms.

Meanwhile the parish priest has published the banns in church: it is customary that when he announces, "N. N. are about to be joined together in marriage," every one present bows the knee, and this is repeated at each name. The evening before the wedding the so-called "*Schäpelhirse*" takes place at the bride's house. "*Schäpel*" is a corruption of the old French word *chapel*, meaning a wreath of flowers and leaves; it is also applied to the peculiar head-dress worn by the bride in some parts of the Black Forest. This strange ornament resembles a turban, and is composed of glittering stones, gilt leaves, and brilliant glass balls. The bridegroom and his friends arrive at the *Hof* of the bride, who has invited all her friends. A musician with a clarinet also attends. A lavish meal is served, commencing with roast beef and *Nudeln*; afterwards the guests dance. Finally, at midnight, the *Schäpelhirse* appears, consisting of a dish of millet-porridge crowned by as many twigs of rosemary as will represent the bridegroom's friends. In the middle of the *Brei* a taller twig than the rest stands upright; this is destined for the bridegroom, but no sooner has he stretched out his hand to take it, than one of his companions sitting round the table beats his hand back into the *Brei*; the same thing happens to each in turn

before he can secure his twig. The *Brei* is not eaten, but the rosemary twigs are stuck into the hat of each owner. This ends the festivities of the wedding eve.

On the morning of the day itself, ere the procession starts for church, the bride and groom step before their respective parents, thank them for all the benefits they have received from them since their childhood up to that hour, and ask for their blessing. Then the messenger who took round the invitations comes forward, and, in the name of the guests who have breakfasted at the bride's house, says: "Honored wedding guests, we have eaten and drunk, and hereby tender thanks for what we have received. Now we will accompany the bridal pair to church, and before the altar, where, in the presence of the priest, they will enter on the holy sacrament of marriage, we will help them to ratify it, and pray God Almighty to send down the dew of heaven upon them in blessing, that he may bless them with temporal and spiritual blessings, and that they may live to rejoice in their children's children. To this end help us, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit."

After this speech five "Paters" and the Creed are repeated, followed by two more "Paters" for the souls of the nearest deceased relatives of the bridal pair. At the house door each one present offers holy water to the young pair from the stoup which hangs at the entrance of every *Hof*.

During the service the godfather always stands beside the bride, and the lights burning on the altar are closely watched by all during the ceremony, for death will come first to the one standing on the side where the taper burns dimmest.

From the church they proceed to the *Tanzboden* (dance-floor), heralded by the local musicians, generally two clarinets, two violins, and a horn, both players and instruments being gaily decked with red ribbons. On reaching a bare barn, with pine-wood floor prepared for the occasion, the *Vor-tanz* is danced by the bridal pair alone, with their maids and grooms of honor. After this they proceed to the marriage-dinner, each guest having previously offered a gift, either money or a piece of home-spun linen. The dinner is a lengthy affair, not only on account of the number of dishes served, but because a dance takes place between each course. The bill of fare has been unvaried for centuries, and consists of two soups, followed by

roast beef with vegetables; then the principal dish—stewed beef with Nudeln and Gugelholpf. Were this wanting at a wedding, it would be looked upon as a serious misfortune. Ham with sauerkraut and sausages, veal and salad, baked calves' feet with stewed prunes, succeed one another, and finally another soup—though of late coffee is sometimes substituted. After the principal dish has been served, before beginning the next dance, the bride and groom go round and clink glasses with each guest, he carrying the bottle and she the glass, which she offers to each with the words: "I will i's brocht ha."

The dancing is kept up till late. When twenty or more couples are dancing, the whole barn sways and trembles, for the *Bürs* stamp with their feet and rush round as though a regiment of cuirassiers was galloping across; besides this, they shout till the walls resound. But everything comes to an end, and as carriage after carriage drives off, the newly married pair come out and hand up a final drink, while the musicians blow a special blast. This farewell glass goes by the name of "*St. Johannes' Segen*" (St. John's blessing), and many a tear falls when it is the turn of the father or mother to take a last leave of their child before she drives off to her new home.

Next morning the young pair have to be up by cock-crow, for, according to a time-honored custom, they must assist at a Mass said for their departed relatives in their village church. Thus, in deep meaning, is the fulness of life linked to the memory of the dead. After this the innkeeper's score is paid, and they return to their *Hof*, where the prose of life begins; but as both have entered upon matrimony without poetry, they do not dread the prose, but accept life as it comes from God's hand, with its sunshine and its shadows.

THE "PATRONAGES" IN FRANCE.

BY M. DE LA FONTAINE.

"MODERN Catholics are excellent in private life, but in public they fail. For there they are always, and everywhere, forestalled, overreached, and duped by their rivals, their antagonists, and their oppressors."

Thus exclaimed the French orator Montalembert, a few years before the outbreak of the Franco-Russian war; and the same might unfortunately, with equal truth, be repeated to-day. More than this; it might be said, that if the bulk of the French nation is thoroughly indifferent in matters of religion, it is because their clergy has not understood how to direct, rather than to combat, the tendencies of our time towards socialism.

But in 1884 appeared an encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. which awoke the slumbering clergy of France, and broke the spell which fettered its powers. "The king is God's anointed" had until then been their maxim. "God and the king", had been the battle-cry of France. Can it be wondered at if, finding themselves unable to resist the Republic, priests and bishops should have stood on one side, hoping and waiting for better days; while the torrent of impiety rolled along, ever widening and gaining strength as it passed on, unchecked and unheeded.

But, luckily for France, Pope Leo intervened, and by urging all Catholics to adhere to the Republic, freed the members of the clergy from a loyalty which hampered their energies; while at the same time, by his advice, he induced them to enter the lists against socialism and to devote united and well-directed efforts to the regaining of their lost influence over the people. It was in order to do this with the greater success that, for the first time in French history, a congress was held at Reims in 1896, at which priests from every part of France were invited to be present, for the purpose of studying the Pope's encyclicals, and of debating on the best way of executing his wishes. In this congress social questions were more especially examined,

and all that had been done in that line either criticised or held up for imitation; the work, however, to which every curé was recommended to devote his attention was that of the "Patronage de la jeunesse." A Patronage is a Catholic club for boys which is founded in a parish by the curé, and placed by him under the protection or patronage of some popular saint. Hence the name Patronage. The origin of the Patronage is shrouded in obscurity, but towards the middle of the last century several parish priests, or curés as they are called in France, began to invite young men of the poorer classes to their rooms, in order to keep them out of the streets during their leisure hours.

It is said that the child is father to the man, and the atheists know this as well as the Catholics; hence the modern government school from which religion is now completely banished. Fortunately, however, for the children of the poor, even the most indifferent mother in France insists upon her boy making his First Communion, and for that purpose she willingly sends him after school hours to be taught his catechism by the priest. Scarcely, however, has the child reached that momentous epoch of his life, and learned something of his duty to God and to his neighbor, than his school-days are over, and at the early age of thirteen he is sent to some shop, some firm or manufactory, where he is thrown among companions older than himself, who have long ago ceased to practise their religion.

Then it is, however, that the Patronage appears as a refuge, where the boy who has resolved to keep straight in life meets with a friend and adviser in the priest, and can mingle once more with companions who, like himself, hear Mass on Sundays and go to Communion.

I have used the expression a "club" for boys, but a Patronage differs from an ordinary club, inasmuch as that the members pay no subscription, and are not bound down by written rules,—only three strict conditions indeed being everywhere required of the boys: namely, that they should hear Mass on Sundays, go to Communion at Easter, and not belong to any other association. An ordinary club, there is no doubt, would long ago have been suppressed by the government, as being connected with politics, and more than one mayor of a commune has tried to put down the Patronage; the latter, how-

ever, having always come off victorious, as hitherto no law has been passed which forbids a man entertaining his friends of an afternoon or evening.

A curé, then, who wishes to be the founder of a Patronage begins, as has been already mentioned, by inviting a few of the boys whom he has taught to come on Sundays and Thursdays to the presbytery. There he does his best to amuse and interest them, reading out to them, it may be, during the dark hours of winter, and taking them out for walks as the summer draws near. If the boys attend these evenings, and some of their friends join them, the curé looks out for larger rooms and, where this is possible, for a playground. In the country this is, of course, comparatively easy, the curé having a garden which he sacrifices to his boys, while an outhouse or barn may be fitted up for their meetings. In the town the expense is greater; but in no case can a Patronage be successful without the help of charitable outsiders. For if the boys are to be attracted, and their interest sustained, books and games of various sorts must be bountifully supplied them. Thus, croquet or a trapeze should appear in the playground, dominoes, draughts, and puff-billiards in the room where they meet, while as the boys grow older a French billiard table is regarded as being an essential acquisition.

Boys, however, as may be supposed, more especially the older lads, would easily tire of the games of the Patronage had not enterprising curés discovered how to interest them in pursuits of a more intellectual character. With a harmonium at hand, for instance, it was found to be easy to form a choir, while a brass band under a musical director has been known to produce wonderful results. Theatricals, too, are extremely popular, and have the added advantage of pleasing the parents; for several times a year plays are acted by the boys, to which are invited their friends and relations.

One of the difficulties which the curé has to overcome, in the task he has so courageously undertaken, is the want of regularity in the boys' attendance at the Patronage. In order, therefore, to stimulate their zeal, rewards, in the shape of ties, studs, and other similar objects, are bestowed upon them, and laid out on a table for selection—the first choice being naturally given to the boy who has most frequently been present at the meetings. This faithfulness in attending is easily proved

by tickets or counters, which each boy may earn, either by hearing Mass on a Sunday or by spending the evening at the Patronage. These tickets are also awarded for good conduct, or forfeited by disobedience, and are not to be despised; a larger number of tickets conferring upon their possessor such appreciated advantages as the first right to the billiard table, etc. This system of rewards is, however, not followed in every Patronage; neither are the boys always interested in the same pursuits. Much depends upon the class of lads with whom the priest has to deal, as also upon the capabilities of the worthy curé himself. In many of the smaller villages also, and in the humbler parishes of the towns, benefactors are unfortunately few and far between, and many a Patronage has come to naught for want of the necessary funds.

How to render efficient help to these poorer foundations, was one of the many subjects discussed by the congress of 1896, and an examination of the good work already accomplished brought to light the superior organization of the Patronages of Nancy.

Nancy is the ancient capital of Lorraine, the native province of Joan of Arc, and one of the most Catholic parts of France; while Mgr. Turinaz is well known as a zealous partisan of the persecuted congregations. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if, in this diocese, charitable works should be carried out with a method and perfection unknown elsewhere, and that the Patronages, instead of being left solely to the initiative of the curés, should have been placed under the supervision of a board of administration, presided over by the bishop himself. The members of this board are selected by the bishop, and they, in their turn, appoint for every canton a delegate, whose business it is to keep in touch with the parishes,—to control, encourage, and assist the Patronages, and to make an annual report to the board on the work done during the year.

In other parts of France, again, a central committee has been created, which has at its disposal a circulating library, and a provision of games, both indoor and outdoor, for the use of the Patronages. The funds of this committee are generally supplied by regular subscriptions. Where these committees do not exist, however, the priest who is in want of help for his work need not despair, but may have recourse to other charitable societies, such as those of St. Vincent of Paul and of St. Francis

of Sales; or he may write to the "Bureau Central des Patronages," founded in Paris by Mgr. de Ségur.

Money, moreover, is not the only factor in a work undertaken solely for the salvation of souls. Tact, intelligence, and apostolic zeal,—these are all required from the director of a Patronage; while in parishes where the curé cannot devote enough of his time to the boys, one of the "vicaires," or curates, must necessarily take his place. And indeed it is worth the trouble. For no half-heartedness can succeed in this grand work, the hope of the Catholics in France. There are difficulties to be met with and enemies to overcome, while even in the way of amusement the founder of a Patronage can never hope to compete with the tavern, the theatre, and even certain government societies, which all enter the lists and are formidable evils. But the priest must appeal to the higher nature of the boy; he must touch the right chord of his heart, answer the demands of his intellect, and as the lad grows older excite his interest in the questions of the day and teach him the true meaning of patriotism. For the boy of thirteen has grown into a man, and on his twenty-first birthday he wrings the priest's hand in affectionate farewell, his days at the Patronage being over. The soldier's uniform awaits him now; he must go and serve France. But he will return. Will he? The priest looks after him with doubt and anxiety. Temptations are many in the army. But if he does come back, he will be a true Catholic—the right hand of the curé. May there be many such!

Tours, France.

FROM AN OLD MAN'S JOURNAL.

BY BESSY BOYLE O'REILLY.

DINING out last evening, the daughter of my old friend Parkes sat opposite me. A slight incident that occurred at table, no doubt unnoticed by any but myself, gave me a clue to what has for a long time interested and eluded me. Catherine Parkes, ten years ago, was so rare and lovely a girl, that in my character of her father's friend, an elderly uncle as it were, I watched her first steps in womanhood with affectionate concern. Her marriage came as a blow to those who cared for her. John Wingate was a man to whom I could wish no good woman to entrust her happiness. Since that time I have heartlessly pried on the apparent tranquillity of her married life, but Catherine has been sphinx-like in her reserve. That so eager a nature should reach the apathy, the aloofness shown in every glance and gesture, was an irresistible problem for a man given to psychology.

She married Wingate in the belief that she could help him, be of use in the world's struggle, one of the many consequences of what I, of the old school, call this morbid introspective age. She has done what she purposed; she has helped him, one can see she has been his inspiration. And, though to-day she is as conscious as I that he was not worth the inspiring, it is not in this knowledge that her disappointment lies. Her sense that, with a mind attuned to every harmony, she has yet missed the highest things of life, is not wholly due to her husband. This was a conclusion I reached long ago, a theory which was proved for me last evening.

My neighbor, an Englishwoman, spoke of the death of the well-known writer, Powys Reeve; it had been cabled from London that morning.

"Powys Reeve!" Mrs. Wingate exclaimed, in a tone that to the others passed as natural interest, but to me, ever argus-eyed with Catherine, held a note of deep emotion.

She sat silent when the conversation turned on Reeve and his books; the general feeling was that his later works had

not fully carried out the promise of his earlier years, a superficial criticism with which I disagreed. Some one asked if he had been married, and on the Englishwoman replying no, the strange smile on Catherine's lips, one in which I thought I read sadness, touched with a melancholy confidence, led me on to closer scrutiny.

Throughout the rest of the dinner her manner was one which I have often remarked in her. She was present in person, and her mind was sufficiently alert to let her inattention pass unnoticed; but the essential something which makes Catherine's individuality, had flitted away to another scene; for me what remained was a mask.

On our return to the drawing-room I sought the arm-chair beside Mrs. Wingate.

"Catherine," I said, "you are aware of my weakness—I am an inveterate old prier. Tell me, how well did you know Powys Reeve?"

I could not startle her.

"My dear old friend," she answered gently, "your imagination will indeed have to build on little when I tell you that I met Mr. Reeve but once. He took me in to dinner one night in London. That is all."

But in her "that is all" lay such a wealth of memory that I pursued my questions relentlessly. And Catherine, tired perhaps of the inner life unknown to any human being but herself, and moved by the death of this man who had meant so much in her existence, though only known for a few hours, at length laid bare her lonely mind to me. With no emotion, quietly; to her, feeling was over and done with, and her future lay before her as uneventful and uninteresting as though her years were mine, instead of thirty less. If there had been a time of struggle it was past, and I realized, with a sigh, that in the passing the best of this fair young character had been lost; she would never be the woman she had promised.

I write the story as I gather it from her, with all the trivial details, but it is impossible for me to give the exquisite commentary made on the tale by her mere personal presence beside me.

As she said, she had met him in London. After her engagement to Wingate she had gone abroad with her aunt for her trousseau; and by a curious coincidence it was a letter of intro-

duction from me, to one of my Irish friends in Parliament, that had brought them an invitation to dine at the House of Commons. Not knowing at which door to seek admittance, they had left it to the cabman's discretion, and had found themselves, on leaving the carriage, in a dark and windy hallway, on a level with the river. Eager to see, even in its desolate state, the well-known terrace, Catherine passed through the open doorway leading to it, while her aunt went in search of their missing host.

The thought that the quick step in the hall was his brought her back from the terrace, and she went forward to meet him without a touch of embarrassment. Though puzzled by the sudden vision stepping from the darkness of the river, the man hurrying by took her proffered hand with masculine readiness —in no haste to check so alluring a mistake. I think the familiar lines that have often haunted me in watching Catherine must have come to him as he looked at her: "High grace, the dower of queens, and therewithal some wood-born wonder's sweet simplicity."

"We missed the door," Catherine consented to explain.

He smiled at her, enlightened. "I'm not Sir Lucius," he said. "He was waiting above. He dashed down headlong when he heard you were here. I, too, am a guest," he added, as he led the way to one of the small dining-rooms overlooking the Thames, where they found the rest of the party gathered.

Sir Lucius McBride, genial and overflowing with kindly fun, was jesting away the awkwardness of the meeting.

"And when the news spread that I was to entertain two lovely ladies from America—" he bowed his gallant white head to her aunt.

"Not having yet met them," she demurred; a logic on which his merry Irish eye looked disapproval.

"Two beautiful ladies," he insisted; "I was beset by these men. I could not rid me of them. And it's here we are at last, three knights tilting for two fair dames."

Blushing with pleasure, her sedate Puritan aunt was led to the table. Catherine turned to her companion with a joyous laugh. So it was a real thing, this Celtic wit and aptness; this blarney that was not flattery, but whole-hearted in the giving, and not to be withstood.

"Nothing in life so pleasant as keeping one's illusions," he returned, as he quietly appropriated the seat on her right.

"But our waggish Sir Lucius fails in his duty. Though we've cordially shaken hands and laughed together, and though I've a hazy notion that in some former state of existence we were great friends," he added with mock levity, "I must plead ignorance of your present name and you of mine."

"Is that so very unusual?" she asked.

"You mean we're rather casual in our introductions?"

"Not half so natural or generous about them as we!"

"Ah, if we begin with comparisons, where shall we end?" he wailed humorously.

"Since I cannot claim one of your flower-like English names, what difference does it make?" laughed Catherine. "I'm not a Daphne, a Vivian, or a Violet."

"But I heartily like your Margarets and your Catherines. A tall, gracious New England maiden, with her level eyes, is out of place as Violet. She's too much of a woman. She's too—how shall I say it,—too self-sufficient?"

He smiled as he looked at her slender hand resting on the table. He thought her the most charming woman he had ever met. The naturalness of her manner, her fearlessness of misinterpretation—sign of purest breeding—delighted him. They found themselves in unison from the first. They talked of people, of life, of art, and through all ran a radical sympathy—a harmony that led them on to test it further.

It is a pet theory of mine that strangers, thrown together by a passing chance, sometimes reveal more of themselves than they give to the closest friends. The feeling that this tall, radiant girl instinctively divined his best, was a warning knowledge which led him to speak with freedom and unrestraint. Affinity is a hated, hackneyed term, but I stumble on it, in my inability to find a better.

Catherine gave herself with keen enjoyment to this deep draught of life, after the meagre sips of every day. No surprise in her aunt's eyes, no jocose allusion from Sir Lucius, could check her absorption.

At length they paused. With a sigh, unexplained to herself, that there were such men in the world, she came back to earth; he, with the thought in his mind of the evanescence of it all; a thought which, he was conscious, never comes to trouble youth and first enthusiasms. He felt the perfect according moments were passing, to leave behind a regret that they had ever been. This fair girl would return to her happy,

probably brilliant, existence at home in the midst of that rushing, nervous American life he found so impossible to apprehend with sympathy.

"Oh, I'm insular," he told her frankly; "a rover, yes. But I always come back with a firmer conviction that we've got the enjoyment of life down to a science in our little island. Take the heavenly leisure of the country—its sports, its gay house parties. Take the meeting of the pick of a nation in one city."

"Oh, I know, I know! But our life too is full and eager."

"Too eager; that's what I complain of," he laughed.

"Yet, if we miss a certain flavor, a poise, an age which you have," said Catherine, "the consolation is we don't often know it. Or, knowing it"—she added archly—"we may think we have its equivalent in other ways."

They laughed. "Comparisons again!" he said.

Tanned and browned by the sun, he had but lately returned from an Alpine tour.

"Mountains are my passion," he told her—"a legitimate one. I'm half Welsh, you know. I love your glorious Rockies."

"When one is touched with the fever for them it lasts!" she returned.

"Ah! you know the longing?" he cried. "One can't withstand it. Such a glow at the thought of the great rugged things! Torrents, ravines, crags—silly poetry words till you yourself learn their meaning."

"But you must leave the beaten road to get their best," said Catherine.

"Have you ever followed a rough pass—traced back a brook?" he asked. "Better than all, lost yourself on the broad, stretching top of a mountain—then you know it!"

"So few care for the discomfort," she regretted, and gave him a great heart-beat at the prospect of a mountain tramp with her.

They touched on English politics, on national traits. He praised his native Wales; and with seeming irrelevance, asked if she could read George Meredith.

"But you have made me afraid of a jar," she said. "Supposing that you are not enthusiastic?"

"Which means you are?"

"Oh, thoroughly, thoroughly!"

"Yes, a master," he said—"a great mind and heart."

"The greatest since Shakspere!" she glowed with womanly exaggeration. "I would rather meet him than any one in England."

"Bravo! That's real appreciation. I'll tell him."

"You know him?" Catherine cried.

"A good friend," he returned. "But tell me, there's a young protégé of his in fiction—not so young either," he hesitated, and looked at her with a gleam of boyish mischief. "Have you read anything of his? I mean Powys Reeve?"

"Ah, I hope *he* is not a favorite of yours!"

"Beware, beware—the jar!" he warned in comical dismay.

"I'm sorry. It will have to come," laughed Catherine, "for I detest your Powys Reeve."

"Don't quite detest him," he begged, the fun in his eyes giving place to a disconcerted surprise. He straightened himself with a grim laugh.

"The absurd part is I read him," she explained. He looked at her blankly.

"I've never met him," she went on—"never even met any one who knew him. And yet—it sounds paradoxical—my dislike could only be called a personal one."

"Personal?"—bewilderment was in his question.

"Ah, but why talk of him?" Catherine exclaimed.

"You think he has no talent?" he tried to grope his way. "Even more—some give him."

"No, he has not genius," she said with simple decision.

"I acknowledge it," he returned. "Oh, he's honest and knows it himself, in spite of critics' adulation. A good talent, at times a great talent, but not genius."

"Yet so near he almost touches it," she added. "A most wonderful and bewitching gift. That's the pity of it!"

"Pity? You must explain." He fronted her resolutely, his face heated in its earnestness; the waiter at his shoulder was waved aside impatiently.

"Have I waded in too far to go back?" she begged. "It was wrong of me to speak at all. It is one of the things I avoid. For it is something I cannot understand, something contemptible that—"

"Have no fear," he interrupted bitterly. "It won't be spread by me. I think I may call myself a friend of Reeve's. Oh, he's spoiled, perhaps; it's hard to be a little of a lion

here in London, and not be touched. Still, at bottom he's a man, I hope, and contemptible isn't a word that fits him."

"You are too true to him to let me prejudice you?" Catherine asked. "You are sure that what I say cannot influence you? Perhaps you can explain it away. The mere fact of your being his friend disproves already what I accuse him of"; reasoning to make him wince in its unconscious irony.

He capped it. "Begin; I'm an unbiassed listener."

"That's unkind," she said earnestly. "Somehow you have made the whole affair seem childish."

"I assure you, it's far from sport with me," he returned.

"Three years ago we were abroad, and stopped in Devonshire for a few weeks, at Torquay. Do you know it?"

"Yes, well," he answered.

"We were staying in a villa overlooking the sea," Catherine continued—"in the terrace above the 'Osborne.' One day, while taking that lovely cliff walk to Babbicombe, I felt tired and stopped to rest; but I persuaded the others to go on. There was a break in the hedge near, and as the wind was high, I climbed through and found a wood of scrubby pines, with soft, thin grass to rest on. Some people passed on the other side of the hedge, and I remember feeling very cozy, for though within earshot, I was invisible. They leaned against the bank—an elderly lady, a girl, and a man. I could just see their heads. The lady soon rose and left them, saying she must go back, as she would miss her tea. Had I realized what was to follow, I should have made myself known; but before such presence of mind came to me, too much had been said on their part. To have come forward later would have been distressing for all. I was an eavesdropper, yet I can't say I found it uncomfortable. It was too interesting. The man turned to his companion and asked, abruptly, if she had read his letter. She replied that she had.

"'Did you understand it?' he asked.

"'Oh! perfectly,' she answered. 'But I'm content as things are.'

"'Then, after what I explained,' he said—he was evidently making a great effort to speak calmly—'realizing, as you do, that we neither of us care for each other—that the engagement has been an ill-considered affair from first to last—that—'

"'Yes,' she interrupted with exasperating pleasantness, 'knowing all that, I am still willing to marry you.'

"'If I felt you cared in the least,' he cried vehemently, 'I could go through with it, without a word. I could never have written so brutal a letter.'

"'It was rather brutal,' she laughed, and broke off a hawthorne branch to shade her eyes, as she quietly looked at him. 'To hint that your prosperity was exaggerated was chivalrous. But, my dear boy, engagements are not casual things. I'm a woman of twenty-nine, and as tired of my good uncle and aunt as I have no doubt they are of me. And your place in Wales just suits me. It's a dear place.' And she went on to tell him not to mope; now that he knew the worst, he would feel jollier to-morrow. He gave her no answer, but apparently glared ahead at the sea.

"'Can I recall him well?' Not clearly. If I saw him again I might not recognize him—he was there so short a space. But I remember at the time thinking him delightful. He was head and shoulders above his companion; very athletic, but with the head of a thinker—an ascetic leanness in the face. Our own Meredith gives us the word for him—'Phœbus Apollo turned fasting friar.' It's a type many—I for one—think the best. Looking at him, one half relented toward her."

A faint color mounted to his forehead, and seeing it, Catherine flushed deeply. That her impersonal description, given without a second thought, could be applied to her companion as well as to her once seen hero, was an idea that stung.

"The girl was a charming creature," she said, to push the thought from her mind, "with a thin, piquant face; in looks much younger than she was."

"And the end?" he asked coldly.

"Why, they merely rose and walked away."

"Did you ever hear what became of them?"

"She was staying at the 'Osborne,'" Catherine returned. "She was a Miss J——. When I passed through the hotel gardens on my way to the beach I sometimes saw her. A few days before we left Torquay there was a sudden squall in the bay, and several boats capsized. Two lives were lost; Miss J——, who had gone out with a party of ladies, being one of those drowned. Naturally this bit of real life remained with me, and the following winter I wrote a slight sketch of it for a small, a very local magazine at home. Six months later I read the same story in one of your best English magazines, written by Powys Reeve. The same scene, down to such slight

details as the hawthorne branch and the sun filtering through the open straw of her hat—all was like my sketch, except that now it was a moving, a powerful story, with his wonderful manipulation of words, the almost magical way, it seems to me, in which he can express intangible emotions, half phrases and tones. Why, with so great a talent, need such a man be at a loss for a plot—a commonplace plot?"

"There are such things as coincidences," he suggested, in a tone that carried no conviction.

"No, this was too minute a resemblance. The very day was described, the wind, the bank they leaned on. And just as I had ended it—her death. And, as I had feebly tried to do, the hero was carried on a little farther: his yearning for a true affection was drawn, his fear of a second mistake, his fruitless waiting, although he felt somewhere in the world there must be a woman such as he dreamed of. In Powys Reeve's story this was the best part, one of the most charming things he had done. My ending had been sentimental rubbish; his was strong and infinitely touching. Everything I had tried to do was here carried through; only now no bungling, but artistic work. His story made a great impression; it was immensely talked of. One felt it was vital—had blood in its veins. I never spoke of the resemblance; the whole affair was too absurd and incomprehensible. To have spoken of my sketch in the same breath with anything Mr. Reeve had done was too laughable."

Catherine's companion was silent. His face had grown so serious that she regretted what she had done.

"But you will surely explain it?" she begged, as if to justify herself.

"You are certain no one else could have overheard?" he asked.

"Absolutely. If I could show you where it took place you would be convinced I could have been the only eavesdropper."

"Then, did it ever occur to you—I suggest this in justice to Reeve—that the pitiful caricature of a lover you saw that day in Torquay might be the Author himself? You may say this is a damning sort of justice, to accuse him of worse—making copy of. But such things are not to be explained; artists cannot be tied down by cut-and-dried rules. The point is, I don't think Reeve is cad enough to take another's plot. I'm afraid we must picture my poor friend as the miserable creature you describe."

Catherine turned to him with radiant eyes. "I feel that you are right!" she cried. "But not pitiful—oh, he was not in the least pitiful!"

He interrupted her passionately. "Why did you not finish your tale," he said, "and make your hero meet the one woman in the world for him—the glory of his life? A man cannot go through the ordeal you so placidly tell of—a test to bring out his meanest and worst, to well-nigh end his belief in womanly sweetness; such a man would know her when he met her. Let her be old or young, of different race and language, nothing could hold him back when once he felt that what he had waited for so long was found; when once his soul met hers," he added, beneath his breath. "And if, when he met her, he should find her so lovely and fair a prize that all the world would envy him—ah, what an ending for your hero!"

"But in life, is it ever so swift and certain?" she asked regretfully; this imaginary hero seemed almost real to her. "Are there not always doubts and difficulties? Just, for instance, take Mr. Reeve—you know him. Tell me, how would he finish his own story to-day? Has he met her?"

"Yes," he said, hesitating at first; but as he turned to her the cloud left his face. "He has known her but a few seconds according to the world's reckoning, but he is sure. It is a hope as yet, a tantalizing promise, knocking at his heart against his cooler judgment. He is not going to let this great possible happiness slip through his fingers with the touch-and-go of life—nor let the conventions and shibboleths of society hedge him in. He is going to pursue it—this dream—make it yield its fair young loveliness to him. He has taken a vow. God willing, he will win her."

Catherine gave a fleeting little sigh. "The glory of his life, you say? Oh tell him not to miss it." She raised her charming, unconscious face to his. "Tell him that on her side she may see in him her vision. But she is a woman, and cannot set out, champion-like, to win it. She must stay inactive, waiting. And if he procrastinates, if he hesitates, the precious time will pass till it is too late. And she may not be patient as he is; she may grow tired of waiting, and take the second best, some poor equivalent which her honest fancy strives to dress in borrowed plumes. But what a tragedy we are making of it!" She tried to laugh away her seriousness, as she turned aside to her host. Genial Sir Lucius was shaking his head at them.

"Spoilt by success I call him," he was saying to her aunt—"not a shadow in his life! Eton stretched that great frame of his, Oxford made him a double first. He wrings our hearts with his paltry tales, and finds himself famous at thirty. And to cap it all, to add infamy to impudence, he monopolizes a fair lady for an entire evening, while others are sighing for a little chance of their own."

Her aunt leaned across the table. "I know your books, Mr. Reeve," she said. "My niece had one crossing on the steamer. I could not make her hear nor speak. Which was it, Catherine?"

Catherine turned to her companion with startled eyes.

"I don't understand," she faltered.

In the noise and bustle of rising from table her confusion passed unnoticed. He folded a cloak round her shoulders, and they followed the others to the terrace.

She leaned against the parapet, as she watched the lights of the great rushing city. Feeling instinctively that the almost articulate silence between them must be broken, Catherine tried to speak calmly of the deserted terrace, contrasting it with its afternoon brilliancy. He did not seem to hear her.

"You gave Powys Reeve some advice," he said with quiet concentration. "You told him your type of man," he added with a timidity that made her tremble—"not to hesitate, not to let the haphazard of life separate him from the chosen woman when found. You said—you suggested—ah, forgive me if I seem taking things for granted,—you said she might be waiting, as he was. And I said he had met her, and was sure that his horrible unrest, his bitter distrust, were things of the past. He is sure—he comes to you—the dear woman of his vision; he begs the glory of his life from you. Tell me—" and he bent down to her, waiting, "is the despaired-of dream ever to be his?"

Sir Lucius McBride's hearty voice rang down the terrace. "'Tisn't fair, my dear lady, a creature so lovely. It's labelled she must be—a sign for us susceptible men to read: Out of reach! unattainable!—a fortress held by a fortunate enemy!"

"Fortress?" laughed her aunt; "your gallantry?—"

"Is routed by the shock. Nay, then—a fairy palace she is—inaccessible—a castle in Spain!"

Views and Reviews.

STUDIES ON THE GOSPELS.
By Father Rose, O.P.

Father Rose's *Studies on the Gospels* * is a work of the very first importance. No Scriptural work in English from the pen of a Catholic can we at this moment recall which does so much to meet the urgent demands of New Testament criticism. Those demands have truly become a clamor in the ears of orthodoxy. What is the evidence for the virgin-birth? What authority have the four Gospels over the multitude of local gospels which once aspired to canonical recognition? Did Christ say anything about a redemptive purpose, or is this an exclusively Pauline conception? Have the titles Son of God, Son of man, and Kingdom of Heaven such a meaning as would exalt our Lord to divinity and make him the head of a race restored? And, finally, is the Resurrection proved? These questions are the chapter-headings in Father Rose's volume. About the supreme importance of them we trust we need say nothing. They are the battle-ground where at this moment faith and unfaith are locked together in a struggle which is unto death. To answer them our theological manuals will help but little, if they help at all. Theology is not critical, its method is not inductive, it deals with system and generalization, not with the minutiæ of textual and historical detail. Indeed it would be hard to conceive two states of mind more different than the theologian's and the critic's; and it would be difficult also to imagine a failure more complete than the attempt of speculative theologians to meet the requirements of the historical method. Look at the controversy between Bossuet and Richard Simon. See, on the one hand, the grandiose eloquence of theory, and, on the other, the keen thrust of fact. Notice, too, the irreconcilability of the two states of mind and methods of study; Bossuet pouring out his scorn for the grammarian, the textualist, the dealer in unpoetical and unrhetorical detail, and Simon not daring to frame general theories, and mistrusting every conclusion that does not rest upon as exhaustive an induction as it is possible to obtain. Bossuet was beaten, and since his time many another of his way of studying has also been beaten, until in our day the critic

* *Studies on the Gospels.* By Vincent Rose, O.P. Translated by Robert Fraser, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

can be met only by the critic, and if Biblical rationalism is to be destroyed, it is plain to every one that only its own weapons can destroy it.

Now, Father Rose knows thoroughly the conclusions and the methods of critical study. He meets Harnack, Lobstein, Renan, and others on their chosen field, and with conspicuous ability he maintains the Christian thesis against them. He is not afraid of conceding to criticism the just conclusions which it has demonstrated. In fact, he has been accused as one of the "infiltrated" by that set of theologians in France who seem to think that the Fathers of the first three centuries have answered every modern difficulty, and that the science of the present day is all broken out with diabolism. But any student who will refuse to recognize the achievements of scholarship is unworthy to speak for truth. Ample and sorrowful is the testimony of history that such champions inflict no harm upon the enemy's ranks, but work disaster in their own. In this respect Father Rose is admirable. Honest, open-minded, and clearly a candid lover of truth, he is as distinguished an apologist as one could wish. We shall not give a detailed statement of his views here; perhaps we shall deal with them at length at some future time. One word only shall we say, that he has produced a remarkable book, which we insistently urge our readers to procure.

CRITICAL STUDIES ON THE DEATH, RESURRECTION, AND ASCENSION OF OUR LORD.

By Dr. Belser.

Students of the New Testament do not need to be told of the number and magnitude of the historical and critical problems connected with the last hours of our Lord's life, his resurrection and ascension. To fix the chronology, and to reconcile the variant accounts of those momentous events, has produced a vast literature. And incomparably vaster is the literature of theology, controversy, and apologetic which has been based upon the closing words and deeds of the Son of man. A critical study, therefore, of this part of the Gospel history is as important for the student as an investigation of the synoptic problem or of the fourth Gospel. We are glad to announce the appearance of such a work* from the pen of a

* *Die Geschichte des Leidens und Sterbens, der Auferstehung und Himmelfahrt des Herrn.* Von Dr. Johannes Belser, ord. Professor der Theologie an der Universität zu Tübingen. St. Louis: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

Catholic scholar Dr. Belser, of Tübingen, had already put us in his debt by his *Einleitung in das Neue Testament*, which in the two years since its publication has won honorable recognition from scholars of every school and tendency. And now in his *Leidensgeschicte des Herrn*, he does us all a further service and confers a new distinction upon Catholic scholarship. With true German solidity he discusses all the perplexing problems that emerge from the closing pages of the four Gospels, and in the compass of five hundred pages he brings together more erudition upon these topics than any other Catholic work contains.

Dr. Belser is very conservative. He possesses a full apparatus of critical scholarship, it is true; but standing ever before him as a *regula morum* is cautious, traditional, Catholic opinion. If the weight of scholarship tends to consider a text of later insertion, he stands out in vigorous opposition. If there is question of removing a difficulty of interpretation by means of an opinion which does not agree with the theological tendency of the schools, he prefers to let the difficulty stand; prefers even to seek after a rather remote solution sometimes. Even to so generally accepted a critical view as that Mark furnishes us with the earliest synoptic data he refuses to yield assent, though he calls it, with subtle irony, a "fast allmächtigen Theorie." In consequence of such an attitude, students who have fallen to some extent under the influence of the prevalent methods and conclusions of New Testament criticism will find much in Dr. Belser at which to take offence. But whether one agrees with him or not, one must always admire his spirit and respect his learning.

An instance or two may be given in which the preoccupations of theology have prevented our author from adequately accounting for facts. The cursing of the barren fig-tree, narrated by Matthew and Mark, he completely allegorizes, following Origen and Jerome. The fig-tree is the chosen people, favored richly by God. In the fulness of time the Messias comes, hungry to see among the elect of Israel ripe fruits of righteousness and faith. Finding only leaves upon the branches, the Son of God must perforce pronounce sentence of destruction. This is Dr. Belser's explanation, and conscious of the difficulty that at once arises in any critical mind at such an exegesis, he asks naïvely: "Konnten die Leser der evangelischen Urkunden

gerade diese symbolische Bedeutung des von den Evangelisten berichteten Vorgangs ohne nähere Erklärung erkennen?" The question is not, as may be obvious, very satisfactorily answered. Any one acquainted with the Gospel-text is aware that Dr. Belser's *midrash* is absolutely untenable. For it is distinctly stated in both Matthew and Mark that our Lord approached the barren tree, not in order to point a moral, but because he was hungry, "if haply he might find anything thereon," says Mark. And furthermore when later on the disciples wondered at seeing the tree "dried up from the roots," our Lord took occasion of the incident to tell them, not the elaborate allegory devised by our author, but a lesson on the miraculous value of faith. The occurrence has long been a dark problem to commentators, and Dr. Belser has assuredly given no help toward a solution.

So in the apocalyptic discourse of Christ in which the end of the world seems described as imminent, our learned author, while displaying much erudition in finding a way out of the difficulty, seems to do violence to the plain meaning of the texts. For, with the greatest Catholic Scripture-scholar now living, we hold the common-sense principle, "la bible est ce qu'elle devait être pour être comprise de ses premiers lecteurs," we can hardly be satisfied with an exegesis which would make our Lord's words absolutely unintelligible for those that heard them.

But notwithstanding the points of difference between Dr. Belser and ourselves, we wish it to be understood that his work is of rare value, and eminently deserving of approbation. His discussion of the Last Supper contains a fine vindication of the literal sense of "This is my body," and is followed by an *Anmerkung* almost equally valuable in defence of the position that in the sixth chapter of St. John our Lord had the Eucharist in mind. We trust that this work will be widely read in America. The publishers, on their part, have left nothing undone to make this noble volume a joy to the eyes of a book-lover.

WHERE BELIEVERS MAY DOUBT.
By Father McNabb, O.P.

We wonder why Father McNabb gave to this collection of essays the title *Where Believers may Doubt?** For in the last three papers, those, namely, on Scholasticism, Mysticism, and Imag-

* *Where Believers may Doubt.* By Vincent McNabb, O.P. New York: Benziger Brothers.

ination and Faith, there is no preoccupation whatever to define the respective provinces of belief and of opinion, and in the first three, which are concerned with Inspiration, such a preoccupation seems altogether subsidiary and in its issue is most assuredly inadequate. Misled by the title, we began to read with more than ordinary eagerness these Scriptural essays, wondering whether we should find in our author a new associate of that pitiably small number of Catholic students who are endeavoring to bring into harmony, after a long season of disastrous discord, the statements of theology and the conclusions of criticism.

With such men we found Father McNabb at least in sympathy. He is no dogmatist insisting upon sacrosanct formulas of the schools to the despite of historical induction. He is too broad minded to commit the blunder, in these days an absolutely unforgivable blunder, of casting ridicule upon higher criticism, or of making merry with it because some of its hypotheses are exploded and some of its adherents eccentric. But nevertheless he fails to answer many urgent questions raised by modern learning and asked by almost everybody. The question above all others which we conceive he ought to discuss, if he is to meet the expectations aroused by the name of his book, is: How far does inspiration guarantee historicity? Certainly some light is given this problem by Father McNabb's distinction between inspiration and revelation—a distinction which we think neither so recondite nor so new as he implies—and also by his repetition of the principle, familiar since its first formulation by St. Jerome, that the sacred authors often wrote according to the sensible appearance rather than according to the objective reality of things. But this still leaves a multitude of difficulties. Father McNabb would have done far better if he had popularized the illuminating theory so well stated by "X." of the *Studi Religiosi* and a few others, that the books of Scripture are to be interpreted by the canons of the several kinds of literary composition to which they belong. If a book is a poem, judge it by the standards of poetry; if it consists of a compilation of official archives, estimate its historicity by the norm of Oriental state-papers; if it is a devout Haggada, give it no more objective historical value than such productions claim. Not that this theory either is without its difficulties and deficiencies. The host of opponents it has

stirred up is enough proof of that. But it is the best available we think, and if not formally approved by our present author, it should at least be given room in his discussion.

Moreover, Father McNabb seems to say more than he intended when he maintains that the inspired writer is always "moved by God to apprehend the presence of a revelation and to intend to transmit the revelation by writing" (p. 22). Now he defines revelation as "the manifestation of a supernatural truth—*i. e.*, of a truth which the natural thinking powers of man could not discover" (p. 40). Obviously, then, a great part of Scripture is not revealed—the historical narratives, for example—and if not revealed, could not, if we take Father McNabb *au pied de la lettre*, be inserted in the Bible by an inspired writer or compiler; because an inspired author, he has said, always recognizes as revealed what he intends to transmit. This conclusion, of course, neither our essayist nor any one else wishes to hold.

The essay on Imagination and Faith suggests a fruitful line of thought, but it seems to have been too large a subject for our author to handle easily. Some of the examples in this essay strike us as unhappily chosen. We are told that on *à priori* grounds it is as inconceivable that a stone should fall as that a Franciscan friar should be raised in ecstasy three miles into the air. But nevertheless when we assent to the proposition that a stone has fallen, and refuse it to the proposition that a human body has flown to the clouds, we are not, as our author implies, putting ourselves into the bondage of imagination; but rather are we following the lead of our intellect, which does not exist in an inane world of *à priori* possibles, but rests upon the solid ground of *à posteriori* actualities, and is illuminated by the happenings of life and the generalizations of experience. And life and experience both declare that unsupported stones fall and that fleshly bodies do not fly. And so consistent is this experience that we think it the inevitable impulse of an intellectual man to disbelieve alleged miracles. The world's ordinary course and the great possibility of error in the witnesses, drive a cautious mind to such an attitude. But when the facts clearly declare that divine Power has broken into the continuity of physical law, and has left indisputable vestiges of itself in the form of a miracle, then the scientific as well as the devout spirit, as scarcely needs

to be said, hesitates no longer, but gives assent to the work of omnipotence. Father McNabb, we are inclined to think, in pleading for intellect in our attitude toward the things of faith, has been hardly fair to intellect in things outside faith.

THE MASS.
By Father Gavin.

A knowledge of the Mass* with all its attendant liturgy and ceremonies is a most valuable spiritual asset to the Catholic. The literature on the subject is a vast one, and includes many classical works; yet for a small, practical work we commend most heartily the present volume of Father Gavin. It embraces some twenty-eight Instructions delivered at the Farm Street church, and intended as simple explanations of Catholic doctrine for Catholics and non-Catholics. After an introductory chapter on the object of the Mass, the author explains the doctrine, essence, and ends of sacrifice, the altar and the different vestments. He then follows the priest faithfully in the ordinary, the offertory, the Canon, even to the end; giving a concise commentary on all the prayers, their purpose and their meaning. Chapters are added on Mass for the Dead and the language of the Mass. A useful index closes the volume. The present is a second edition, which has been corrected and somewhat enlarged.

The season of Lent is one in which Catholics might read and study this book, and we trust that not only at this season but through all seasons it will be welcomed by many and help to a deeper appreciation of the greatest act of worship in the Church.

THE REAL St. FRANCIS.
By Fr. Paschal, O.F.M.

Father Paschal's brochure† on St. Francis contains work of a high order. In the first place, its purpose is noble, being no other than to vindicate the great saint of Assisi from the imputations recently cast upon his name. For it is well known that M. Paul Sabatier and scores of other trained students and clever writers have of late been publishing the results of their Franciscan studies, in which the Catholicity of St. Francis is gravely called

* *The Sacrifice of the Mass.* An explanation of its Doctrine, Rubrics, and Prayers. By Rev. M. Gavin, S.J. London: Burns & Oates.

† *The Real St. Francis of Assisi.* By Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. New York: The Messenger Press.

in question. He was opposed, the new school tells us, to all external religion, whether represented in ecclesiastical authorities or in Catholic sacraments. He is, in fact, continue they, singularly fit to be the saint and patron of the undogmatic religiosity of this age. Grotesque as all this is, it is supported with great learning and with a sincere purpose to do honor to St. Francis. Against this view Father Paschal offers a solid and efficacious protest. He proves the holy founder's devotion to the Church, submissive respect for its prelates, and thorough reliance upon its sacraments. And, to come to a second conspicuous merit in this work, the discussion in its pages is carried on with a perfect critical spirit. There are no asperities, no smart jests, no intemperate words. Father Paschal has in a high degree the tone and temper of the critic and the scholar. He knows his theme profoundly, he appreciates his adversaries correctly, he leads up to his conclusions scientifically. Short as his work is, it contains in summary form principles of investigation and dignified controversy of which we see all too little. Father Paschal is to be congratulated upon his work.

STUDIES IN SAINTSHIP.
By E. Hello.

It is possible that there are Christians whose spiritual condition will be improved, purified, and stimulated by such information as abounds in *Studies in Saintship;** for example, that St. Goar hung his cape on a sunbeam; that Joseph of Cupertino, hearing some one remark that it was a fine day overhead, straightway flew to the top of an olive-tree and knelt in ecstasy on a slender branch, which swayed as though a bird were perched upon it; that the fire of hell is black, whereas the flames of purgatory are pale, with a tinge of red; and that Anthony of Padua at one and the same moment was preaching at Montpellier and singing a solemn gradual in his monastery miles away. But common-sense people, we think, who seek in spiritual reading what will help them to be holier, braver, and nearer to Christ, will find scant relish in all this. As a compilation of legends the book would be interesting enough; but as for "studies in saintship," it is monstrously misnamed. It suggests very little indeed of either study or saintship.

* *Studies in Saintship.* Translated from the French of Ernest Hello. With an introduction by Virginia M. Crawford. St. Louis: B. Herder.

THE PRIEST.
By Canon Keatinge.

Canon Keatinge has been in active duty as a priest of the English mission for nearly thirty years, and consequently his book on the priesthood * must contain many a ripe and sagacious counsel, many a prudent and practical advice. He discusses about every variety of work that falls to the lot of a diocesan priest: visiting the sick, hearing confessions, organizing schools, attending public institutions, repairing the church, and many more. In all these matters the young man just out of the seminary needs infinite assistance, and Canon Keatinge gives it just as we should expect a plain, blunt veteran of the mission to do. We regret, though, that he has carried his plain, blunt manner so far when he deals with certain dangers to priestly integrity. It is unnecessary to go into such detail, and, in our opinion, misleading and unwise. The chapter on Prayer is well done; is, in fact, the best chapter in the book, in our judgment.

THE TWO KENRICKS.
By O'Shea.

The two Bishops Kenrick fill so large and so important a chapter in American Catholic history that it is remarkable we have had to wait so long for their biography.† They were strong, sturdy men, vigorous with speech and pen, keen of intellect, and consumed with zeal for the house of God. Peter Richard Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, is a bishop like St. Cyprian, fearlessly ndependent, aggressively jealous of his episcopal rights, ready n any crisis to step out before the front ranks of men and lead them intrepidly to duty as he saw it. We can hardly forbear lingering over his rugged character; he was so true, so blunt, so much a man, so fierce a foe of sycophancy, so intolerant of feebleness and timidity. Mr. O'Shea has by no means grasped his character. In fact, our author labors under many fatal limitations His style needs to be totally transformed to be acceptable. His appreciation of certain critical phases of thought connected with his subject is immature and misleading. Whether he meant it or not, he implies that Father Hecker and the community which he founded are in

* *The Priest: His Character and Work.* By James Keatinge, Canon of St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *The Two Kenricks.* By John J. O'Shea. With an Introduction by Archbishop Ryan. Philadelphia: John McVey.

some way alien to the genuine Catholic spirit. He speaks of a "Liberalistic movement as conceived by Hecker," and so joins together Father Hecker's name and the Syllabus of Pius IX. as to leave the impression that this celebrated document contained a condemnation of the Paulist founder's work. This is very painful because gravely unjust. How long is it going to be before Father Hecker's own words are heard in which he declares that perfect loyalty to the Roman Pontiff is a first principle of his life and labors? We could excuse Mr O'Shea for the intellectual limitations disclosed in his volume; we cannot excuse him for his injustice to a revered and holy name.

HISTORY OF MUSIC.
By Dickinson.

CHURCH MUSIC.
By Richardson.

In view of the late "motu proprio" of His Holiness on Church Music, Professor Dickinson's *Music in the History of the Western Church* and Dr. Richardson's *Church Music* * have an additional value and interest, at the present time, to all those whose duty and privilege it is to care for this important branch of sacred art. In this letter our Holy Father strongly urges the correction of the abuses which have crept into the solemn functions of public worship. He has laid down certain rules which are to govern the use of music at the performance of the liturgical offices, and he has imposed upon all a scrupulous observance of these rules. Most particularly he recommends the study of the traditional Gregorian music of the church, and of the mediæval chorus music which attained its perfection, after four hundred years of struggle, in the contrapuntal compositions of Pierluigi da Palestrina. For a complete, unbiassed, and thoroughly interesting history of the Plain Song and the mediæval polyphony we can recommend no better book than the volume of Professor Dickinson which lies before us.

The chapters on "The Catholic Ritual Chant," "Mediæval Chorus Music," and "The Modern Musical Mass" deserve special notice and unstinted praise. In the various stages of the development of sacred music, the author acquaints the reader with the development, likewise, of its sister art, sacred

* *Music in the History of the Western Church.* By Dickinson. New York: Scribners.—— *Church Music.* A. Madeley Richardson, Mus. Doc. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co.

painting and sculpture. The spiritual, as well as the æsthetic effects of these two branches of ecclesiastical art, are about the same, and hence the knowledge of their mutual relation is essential to any one who would be proficient in either branch. Hand-in-hand they have come down through the centuries; they have undergone the same processes of development, and have suffered, equally, the effects of the mediæval tendency to extravagant display and secularization; they have both felt, in the same degree, the sad results of the spiritual indifference and moral decline of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, as well as the good and far-reaching effects of the Catholic Reaction and Counter-Reformation; together they have shared the fluctuations of ever-changing popular taste.

Professor Dickinson treats with a master's hand the intimate relation of these two members of the sisterhood of sacred arts.

Dr. Richardson's book is of a somewhat different character. While it does give an admirable epitome of the history of ecclesiastical song, yet its chief purpose seems to be to give some practical hints to church musicians. The book is meant more particularly for the musicians and clergymen of the Anglican Church, but it contains very many valuable suggestions which recommend it for universal use.

One of the points upon which His Holiness insisted, in his recent encyclical, was the use of boys when the music demands the acute voice of the soprano or contralto; but there is some discussion among those interested as to the possibility of training boys to sing well. Dr. Richardson's chapter on the "choir" furnishes a number of invaluable hints for choir-masters on the training of the young choristers. There is not much literature on this subject, and we are glad to recommend this book, containing as it does the result of the long experience of one of England's best boy-choir directors.

IRELAND UNDER ENGLISH RULE.
By Dr. Emmet.

Dr. Emmet's two volumes* on the history of English misgovernment in Ireland make sad but interesting reading. They trace the course of Ireland's Saxon masters from Henry II. to the death of Victoria, and give in

* *Ireland under English Rule: a Plea for the Plaintiff.* By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

eloquent summary the repeated coercions, the inhuman penal codes, the studied contempt, the heartless neglect, the commissions of wrong and the omissions of right, which stand charged against England, in her dealings with the religion and the liberty of the conquered Celt. Whether it is in the carnival of blood under Cromwell, or during Ireland's dark night of the soul in famine-time, or in the agitation for a Catholic university to-day, England's attitude has every appearance of consistent cruelty or studied contempt. It all makes a disastrous history; and small blame would it seem to be if a man of Irish birth or blood, reading and pondering such a history, would find it not in his heart to forget or to forgive. It is permitted us to hope that better days are dawning; days when England will be moved with shame, and with desire to cover over with good-will the oppression of many centuries, and when Ireland shall lift her prostrate figure from the dust and be beautiful in the eyes of all the world. Toward hastening such an hour both struggle and forbearance, both vigilance and fairness, are needful and necessary in the friends of Erin. We trust that in the inculcation of such dispositions Dr. Emmet's work will have its share.

SOCIALISM. By Goldstein.

Mr. David Goldstein's book on Socialism* is written from the stand-point of one who knows the socialist propaganda from within, and who prefers to treat the subject by detailed presentation of facts rather than by speculative discussion of theories. The author was actively enlisted with the Massachusetts Socialists until his convictions led him to see danger in the movement—danger which was manifested in a startling way in the Herron episode. With the outbreak of the scandal, he left the party and considered it his duty to publish this criticism of the principles which he abandoned. And a very severe criticism it is. He shows by documentary evidence that European Socialism has been eaten into by atheism, revolutionism, and brutal immorality. Not merely among the rank and file or in an insignificant and uninfluential section are these foul ideas professed, but they proceed from leading journals and international leaders. Even in America there have appeared indications of

* *Socialism: The Nation of Fatherless Children.* By David Goldstein. Edited by Martha Moore Avery. Boston: The Union News League.

a similar godlessness, and in many a widely read Socialist publication or popular lecture have appeared tendencies which, if carried out to any considerable extent, would inevitably destroy church and state and family. To these dangers, not imaginary but real, our author peremptorily summons our attention. And we doubt not that he has done a great service to American citizenship. For while it would be unjust to include beneath the vague term of Socialism those upright men who are merely contending for an extension of government control of business enterprises, and those dangerous *révolutionaires* who would destroy the legitimate ownership of property to make room for communistic cupidity, and would sweep away the holy restraints of matrimony in favor of uncontrolled lubricity,—while to associate in equal condemnation these two classes would, we repeat, be a grave injustice and a huge blunder, nevertheless it is well to bear in mind that many of those who claim to be spokesmen of the former are also the demagogues of the latter group, and that often what appears to be only an economic theory contains the germs of anarchy and irreligion. Sane and healthy warnings of all this abound in Mr. Goldstein's pages, and well will it be for all wage-earners who are dissatisfied with the present structure of society if they read and heed them.

DARBY O'GILL.
By Templeton.

Seumas MacManus and Jane Barlow never wrote more delightful or more vivid stories of Irish life than Herminie Templeton has done in *Darby O'Gill and the Good People.** Her previous work is not known, but the style of her tales and the clever handling of their plots show skill far superior to that of an amateur.

We have the author's word that this is "the only true account of the adventures of a daring Tipperary man named Darby O'Gill among the fairies of Sleive-na-mon." The stories are supposed to be told to the writer by "Mr. Jerry Murthaugh, a reliable car-driver, who goes between Kilcuney and Ballinderg." Whoever has travelled in Ireland will recognize in the narrator the identical car-driver who drove him from Cork to Blarney, and who gave him the impression that he was being treated to a drive the like of which was never heard of before

* *Darby O'Gill and the Good People.* By Herminie Templeton. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

nor since. There is no companion in the world that equals in wit and sophistry the Irish jaunting-car driver. The personality of Jerry, skilfully suggested by his own aphorisms or naïve criticisms, is no discredit to its kind.

Darby's adventures among the Good People, his capture and escape from Sleive-na-mon, his nightly talks with the fairies' own king, Brian Connors, we must accept on faith. Unfortunately, we met no one in Ireland who ever had seen a fairy. But the glimpses of the home-life of the Irish peasantry, their simple pleasures and their peculiar racial characteristics, are portrayed with truth and fidelity which every one must recognize. The stories abound in comical incident, whose absurdity is only heightened by the seriousness with which they are narrated. The contest between Father Cassidy and the King of the Good People is one of the best. Father Cassidy, troubled at Darby's intercourse with the fairies, comes to read prayers over the King, who is paying Darby his usual nightly visit. The good priest is caught in a bog and surrounded by the fairies until he is made to surrender. Then by Darby's fireside follows an exchange of hostilities between the priest and the fairy king which is as absurd as anything ever written.

"'Tell me,' says Darby,—'lave off and tell me who was the greatest man that ever lived?' says he. At that a surprising thing happened. Brian Connors and Father Cassidy, aich strivin' to speak first, answered in the same breath and gave the same name—

"'Dan'le O'Connell,' says they. . . .

"Darby sthruck agin with the tongs. 'Who was the greatest poet?' says he.

"Agin the two spoke together: 'Tom Moore,' says they. . . .

"Darby said again: 'Who was the greatest warrir?' he says.

"The King spoke first. 'Brian Boru,' says he.

"'No,' says Father Cassidy, half laughing: 'Owen Roe O'Nale.'

"'The divil a much differ betwixt Owen Roe and Brian Boru! 'Tis one of them two, an' I don't care which!' says the King.

"The priest and the King sank back in their chairs, eyeing aich other with admayration."

The rejoicing which followed must be read in the original to be appreciated.

It is impossible to quote from a book where there is so much that is excellent. We are indebted to Miss Templeton for making us acquainted with Darby O'Gill and the Good People.

BELINDA'S COUSINS.
By M. F. Egan.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan in *Belinda's Cousins** has given us the pleasure of renewing our acquaintance with the little girl so happily introduced to us in *Belinda* and *The Watson Girls.* This latest book in the Belinda series is as readable and delightful as its predecessors. In this respect it is an exception to most "series" books, which, with their forced incidents and ever-recurrent characters, are tedious and monotonous to the last degree.

Belinda has developed into a charming young woman, not a bit "goody-goody," as a heroine is apt to become, but a healthy, happy, and brave girl with enough temper to make her as human girls of her age are likely to be. Aloysius and Fred, her two cousins, are the kind of boys one likes to see in any family but his own. They are as bad as bad boys can be, and Marguerite, their sister, deserves more sympathy than their historian gives her.

There is no more difficult task than to write for boys and girls of the age to which these books appeal. No longer children, nor yet grown-ups, the scorn of the school-boy and the school-girl for the juveniles written for them is equalled only by their indignation at the judgment which forbids Dumas and Hardy as being too old for them. A few writers for young people have solved the difficulty successfully. Louisa Alcott's *Little Women* is almost a classic, if classic means the best and most enduring of its kind. The creator of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn has a shrine in the hearts of boys, both old and young, that no one dares desecrate. Dr. Egan's books have perhaps not yet won as enduring a place on our book shelves, but he has the story-teller's faculty and power of characterization. To these gifts must be added the charm of an excellent style and a sense of humor.

* *Belinda's Cousins.* By Maurice Francis Egan. Philadelphia: H. Kilner & Co.

STORY-BOOK HOUSE. By Walsh.

The Story-Book House,* by Honor Walsh, is another book for boys and girls which even grown-up boys and girls may read with pleasure. The volume is a collection of stories told to the children of an old Maryland home. The tales are written in good, simple style and touch upon diverse subjects. Oliver Goldsmith, or Nolly, the poor little dunce of the school, is the hero of one. Napoleon and Frederick the Great figure prominently in others. Tad the Fool is the quaint title of a clever story of a little Irish ne'er-do-well who afterwards becomes the renowned naturalist, Professor Thaddeus Mahon, F.R.S., of Trinity College. Fables and legends, fairy tales and allegories, historical incidents and stories of the South, are all introduced in such a way that any one may be read apart from the others. The stories in themselves are far more interesting than the characters who tell or who hear them. Indeed, the author has gained little by her detailed exposition of the characters who live in the "Story-House." Their introduction gives unity and purpose to the stories, but the charm of the book is found in the tales themselves. It is just the book to take up before going to bed, when lessons have been studied and a tired head wants pleasant thoughts on which to sleep.

SHUTTERS OF SILENCE. By Burgin.

This is a thoroughly absurd story.† An illegitimate child is sent to Canada by his mother, who, having high social aims and a nobleman in view, declines to marry the father. He is in charge of an old servant; is ill-treated by the servant, runs away, and is found, nearly frozen, at the door of a Trappist monastery. He is adopted by the abbot, who is apparently quite ignorant as to where he comes from, or whether he is a Catholic or not, and becomes a novice. His father finds out where he is, appears and carries him off, quite with the abbot's consent and even advice, though the alleged father seems to give no proof of his claim. It takes the young man a surprisingly short time to get quite used to the world; he goes with his father

* *The Story-Book House.* By Honor Walsh. Boston: Dana, Estes & Co.

† *The Shutters of Silence: The Romance of a Trappist.* By G. B. Burgin. New York: The Smart Set Publishing Company.

to England, and of course promptly falls in love with a young woman. He also finds his mother—a thoroughly wicked woman—suddenly learns who she is, and conceives a strong filial affection for her instantly.

But there is no need to go through with the whole business. Of course the young man is booked to marry the girl in the end, and the father marries the mother. The whole story is saturated with the common Protestant idea that a monastery is a place of thorough misery, interior as well as exterior, and that life in the world is the only way to serve or please God.

Elocution as a study has a secondary purpose which is even higher than its primary one, the art of expression. It familiarizes students with the highest thoughts in their noblest form. This object has been fully appreciated by Miss Harriet Blackstone, who has compiled in a scholarly manner *The Best American Orations of To-day.** Her aim has been "to collect in this volume the best thoughts of the best Americans of this distinctively notable period in the history of our nation—men who are most prominent in its affairs, and who stand as the highest types of honesty, intelligence, and useful citizenship for the emulation of the youth of our land." Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Thomas B. Reed, Grover Cleveland, Joseph H. Choate, and Whitelaw Reid are among the many notable men from whose addresses these selections have been made. They have been chosen for the most part by the authors themselves for this collection. Because of the place held by these men in the development of our country and its institutions the addresses have an interest for the general reader as well as for special students. "Spartacus to the Gladiators" and Patrick Henry's oft-spoken speech have earned a respite. Teachers and pupils will welcome this excellent collection of new speeches.

THE firm of John Murphy of Baltimore announces that while their place of business was destroyed by the fire, all of their plates were saved, and they are temporarily located in Baltimore at the corner of Lombard and South Howard Streets.

* *The Best American Orations of To-Day.* Compiled by Harriet Blackstone. New York: Hinds & Noble.

THE Arthur H. Clark Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, announce the publication of a most important series of historical reprints. The series is called "Early Western Travels," 1748-1846, and is edited, with historical, geographical, and bibliographical notes, with introduction and index, by Reuben Gold Thwaites. The work covers some of the best and rarest contemporary volumes of travel descriptive of the aborigines, and social and economic conditions in the Middle and Far West during the period of early American settlement. A complete analytical index is to be given of the entire work. The edition is limited to 750 complete sets, but the publishers announce in addition thereto that a limited number of the volumes will be sold separately.

WE have received for review a copy of the *Sursum Corda*, the annual record of the Confraternity of St. Gabriel. The object of this society is to give spiritual aid and consolation to the sick, and to assist converts who suffer from the isolation and distress which their change of faith has imposed upon them. A further object is the teaching, through correspondence, of poorly instructed Catholics. The latest report shows extensive and noble work done in all these fields, and the many opportunities which might have been taken advantage of by zealous workers if increased funds were at hand. The Confraternity asks us to make public its urgent need of donations through which it may further cheer the sick and enlighten the ignorant.

Library Table.

The Tablet (9 Jan.): The Roman Correspondent writes of the decision of the cardinals in Curia concerning the right of *Veto* in papal elections and of the Pope's determination to abolish the custom. He also notes the interesting item that during this week Mass will be celebrated in Rome in nine different rites.——An article on "Catholic Emigration Work" reviews the interesting report of Fr. Hudson on the Rescue work done by the Birmingham Rescue Society.

(16 Jan.): The text of the decree declaring the virtue of the Maid of Orleans heroic is given in full.——The Latin original, with an English translation, of a poem written some three hundred years ago by a Jesuit father, in which is curiously foreshadowed the invention of wireless telegraphy.

(23 Jan.): Under the title of "Mr. Herbert Spencer's Advice to Japan" a writer comments upon a remarkable letter of Mr. Spencer's, now first published, in which that famous philosopher recommends a policy of isolation to the Japanese, and advises them to "keep other races at arm's length as much as possible."——The Rev. George Angus gives some interesting reminiscences in an article entitled "In Town and Country."——The Rector of Bede College in Rome in an article on the "Authorized Chant" states that the Ratisbon edition may not now be introduced anywhere.

(30 Jan.): In an interesting letter the Roman Correspondent tells of a curious incident which happened last week at the Church of St. Mark in Rome. Certain remains have for a number of years been exposed for veneration in this church as the remains of St. Fortissima, who was said to have been martyred in the fourth century. It has now been proven that these remains cannot be those of the saint, and the Pope ordered them to be taken back to the catacombs. Hence the incident.——Reform of the Breviary is reported as underway, as also the codification of the whole Canon Law.—Father Coupe,

S.J., in a correspondence on the question of Spontaneous Generation, answers in his usual clear way some objections made to his position.——In his "Vale to the Ratisbon Version" Father Sole recalls the efforts made by the Ratisbon schola to preserve the purity of church music.

The Critical Review (Jan.): begins this first issue of the new year with an article on four of Norway's most renowned pulpit orators.——Davidson's *Old Testament Prophecy* is reviewed by H. W. Robinson. The notice is expository in character with the exception of a line or two of high but, no doubt, well merited praise. When we are told that the work represents upwards of forty years of the author's best thought and labor on the following profoundly interesting subjects, namely, "The Origins of Prophecy," "The Characteristics of Prophecy," and "Messianic Prophecy," we agree with the reviewer that it is a work which every earnest student of Scripture should possess.——Professor James Iverach presents a brief but clear outline of the scope and contents of Guido Villa's *Contemporary Psychology*. He criticises the work very favorably, declaring it to be the production of a very competent student, an actual worker in the science and one thoroughly acquainted with both its past history and its present status.——Among other articles of interest in the present number are a review of Weiss' *The Religion of the New Testament* by Professor J. S. Banks, and a criticism of Funk's *Apostolic Fathers* by Professor V. Bartlet.

The Church Quarterly Review (Jan.): A scathing criticism of Dr. Fairbairn's *Philosophy of the Christian Religion* charging him with having completely vitiated his work by a fundamental false conception of the supernatural, and having, further, presented a weak defence of the Divinity of Christ, and, in short, of having built up not a "Philosophy of Religion," but a "Philosophy of phrases."——A discussion of the historical value of the Gospels, especially in regard to their records of supernatural events.——A continuation and conclusion of *The History of the Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist*, discussing works of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and even including three rather note-

worthy volumes of the present century, Dr. Renz's *Messopferpegriff*, the late Fr. Carson's *Eucharistic Eirenicon*, and Dr. Gold's *Sacrificial Worship*.——A tribute to the truly remarkable labors and trials of the heroic Jesuit Friedrich von Spee in his endeavor to change the mind of the world and of churchmen away from the delusion of a belief in witchcraft.——An enthusiastic testimony to the beautiful character and the literary ability of Charlotte Mary Yonge.

The Hibbert Journal (Jan.): H. C. Corrance points out a fundamental philosophic error committed on the one hand by Harnack and on the other by Anglican Ritualists in their search for genuine Christianity. Harnack would reduce the Gospel to the single formula: "The Kingdom of God is within you"; and he considers the religious history of Catholicism, with its rites, its dogmas, and its discipline a huge accretion of which we must get rid. And as for the Ritualists, they also fix a static content of Christianity. They regard the Christian experiences and the Christian development of the first few centuries as the true representative of the teaching of Christ, but all later experiences and development as misleading and false. Both are in error because they refuse to take account of the progressive religious life of the race. But the idea of God is for ever developing, and grows wider, truer, clearer in the race as in the individual. No religion can live which does not constantly take unto itself the new nourishment that rises up from age to age out of the soil of belief. The Catholic Church alone has gathered up the elements of the spiritual experiences of all humanity and made them her own. Her formulas expressed in the terms of a philosophy of one age can be read, without destroying their essential content, in the terms of thought of any later age. She alone possesses truth that is for ever stable, and a power of adaptation that changes as all living things must change.——Rev. James Moffatt indicates wherein certain Zoroastrian elements may be reflected in the imagery of the Apocalypse.——Miss Alice Gardner considers some theological aspects of the iconoclastic controversy.——Professor Bacon studies the direct internal evidence for the authorship of the fourth Gospel.——Dr. Farnell writes upon

the notion and practice of sacrificial communion in Greek religion.——Professor Beibetz describes the change in point of view effected in theological studies.——Dr. Montague investigates the evidences of design in the universe.——Mr. Edward Carpenter, from the stand-point of one who holds "that every soul born into the world has had a glimpse of eternal verities," has an article on the gods as embodiments of race-memory.——Finally there is a symposium on why laymen are indifferent to religion.

Le Correspondant (10 Jan.): Mgr. Mignot, Archbishop of Albi, has a long article on the present relations of Biblical criticism and traditional belief. It is time, he declares, that we should realize the gravity of the problems before us. It is absurd to go on repeating the futility that only evil passions are the source of unbelief. We must understand that enormous difficulties, unknown to the older apologists, have arisen in our time, and that they are giving distress and anxiety to many a noble soul that longs to believe. Catholics must keep in mind one other fact also, and that is, that the "Bible question" is no longer a thing agitated among Protestants, but has reached within the church itself a state of acute and painful crisis. The theologians have suffered one defeat after another in matters not of faith. Once these venerable masters undertook to construct for us a Biblical cosmology, a Biblical geology, a Biblical chronology, but their *à priori* deductions have been ridiculed into obscurity, and criticism now claims for itself a field whereon theology may not trespass. It is becoming clearer every day that our faith in the entire Biblical dispensation rests upon Christ as a divine Person who once lived in Palestine and has ever since lived in the Catholic Church, where He is Sovereign of God's Kingdom on earth. It is a fault in scientific method to look for the full statement of Christ's personality and the complete proofs of His divinity, in the fragmentary pages of his gospel biography. Christ did not cease when the New Testament was finished, and of his life and power and character every age of the church's nineteen centuries of history has furnished glorious testimony. If we look only at the Christ of the synoptic gospels, per-

haps there is ground for saying that his divinity is not fully proved. But if we look at the Christ of Christian experience, no other hypothesis save that He is God will account for the facts. The church which has lived His life, worked in His spirit, and saved the world by His word and work, gives us a Lord who is divine. From the very beginning His divinity is proclaimed when His first followers set Him above Moses, and replaced the rites of Leviticus with the oblation of the Eucharist. Not in the name of Jehovah, but in the name of Jesus the Apostles work their miracles. And when, at the very dawn of the new faith, heresies arose which foreshadowed Arianism, St. Paul tells his converts to hold fast to the new Lord of a redeemed race, in whom "the fulness of the Godhead dwelleth." Behind this undoubted persuasion of the earliest church that Christ is God, are our Lord's clear enunciations about Himself. He is ineffably in union with the Father; He is to replace Jehovah's covenant with Moses; He forgives sins. He joins Himself with Father and Holy Ghost as equal to both; He lives and dies with a consciousness of His Person and mission which would be impossible to a merely human being. John and Paul invent no doctrines about Him; they only express in terms of a theology what Christ Himself had thought and uttered, and what His first believers had held and preached.

(25 Dec.): There are some very interesting articles. Among them the most significant is the paper by M. Georges Bertrin on "De la Criminalité en France," refuting the infamous calumnies of anti-Catholic journals against the French clergy and the religious congregations, in that country. M. Bertrin has made a close study and a conscientious use of the statistics furnished by the minister of justice, and therefore his conclusions are irrefutable. They prove: (1) that out of 100,000 sentences pronounced in criminial courts against members of the principal liberal professions, in the three years from 1894–1897, 3.11 were against clergymen or religious; in the three years from 1898–1901, 3.01; that is, six and a fraction in six years; (2) that no faith can

be put in the stories circulated by sectarian journalists, no matter how precise and circumstantial may be the details that give a semblance of truth to their inventions; (3) that absurdities swarm in the industrial and agricultural statistics, the organizers of the recent census having decided to count among the members of a profession not only the actual practitioners; but also all the members of their families and their servants. Thus, the farmer's wife and children count as farmers, the baker's wife and children as bakers, and so on. M. Bertrin cites many instances of this strange method of computation, which would be amusing if it were not meant to be misleading. As a result of the process, the secular clergy are rated at 60,000, though they number 72,000; but even to get the 60,000 the census-taker counts as clergy the sextons, sacristans, beadles, church-sweepers, the women who wash church-linen, the priest's housekeeper and servants, and even his mother and sisters, if they live under his roof. This arrangement necessitates, of course, a division of clergy into masculine and feminine. Frenchmen may be astonished to find, then, that there are "5,554 Catholic Female Clergy" in France. By the logic of the latest French statisticians it seems that all men and women employed by a physician become by that very fact physicians, all employed by a lawyer become lawyers, all employed by an ecclesiastic become ecclesiastics; an easy, if ineffectual, way of swelling the ranks. M. Bertrin's study of facts and figures regarding criminal statistics in France redounds to the honor and glory of the French clergy and religious.

La Quinzaine (15 Jan.): With a view to find a *via media* to compare the strife that is becoming so sharp between the defenders of the "old" apologetic and the advocates of the "new," M. Blondel exposes, from the epistomological and psychological point of view, the insufficiency of each method, when exclusively adopted.—— M. Fidao devotes a very long article, which is to be continued to the social economics of J. B. Buchez.—— The "Motu Proprio" of our Holy Father is published in a French version.

Études (20 Jan.): M. Roure reviews the various steps taken by

the governments of France for the establishment of state charities. He holds that the state should limit its actions in such matters to seconding private efforts.—— The *Études Napoliennes* of M. Frédéric Masson, recently elected to the Academy, are the subject of a paper by M. Roure.——The value of denominational schools is demonstrated by M. Wilfrid Tampé.

Revue Bénédictine (Jan.): The activity of Dom Morin in his researches amongst old MSS. and unedited documents is evidenced by two articles in the present issue: one an analysis and commentary of a creed found in a ninth century codex, and attributed to St. Jerome; the other article an introductory word explaining the latest addition to the author's growing series of *Anecdota Maredsolana*. The documents now first brought to the light by the diligent Benedictine are 14 Homilies on the Psalms, and 2 tractates on Isaias, and some Greek fragments of the Psalms, all bearing the name of St. Jerome; together with the *Expositiunculæ* of Arnobius Junior on the Gospel.——Contains also an exhaustive summary of the recent Louvain publication of D. Nys on Cosmology.——A review of Abbé Fontaine's *Infiltrationes Kantiennes et Protestants*, rebukes the writer's unjust criticism of Abbé Hogan's *Clerical Studies*.

Revue Thomiste (Jan.–Feb.): P. Cardeil undertakes to show that the traditional Catholic theology takes up a middle position between the absolutism of human knowledge and relativity such as M. Loisy professes. Dogmatic formulæ are absolute in meaning but relative in expression.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Jan.): A correspondent treats of Loisy's recent books, and notes that Lenormant's condemnation was occasioned by his discussion of the relation between Oriental and Biblical history. The eternally unquiet Galileo case is also recalled to notice. The historical method is declared to be scientific and to give certain results—*e. g.*, that Moses did not write all the Pentateuch.——J. Leblanc cites from the early Christian writers to prove the general faith of the church at that time in the near reappearance of Christ——Senior, reviewing P. Houtin's history of the movement known as Americanism,

protests against the rather pessimistic tone of the closing pages; and hopes that the rights of reason will gain more and more recognition from the religious conscience, although at present many find that "in practice the heresy-hunters make the use of reason almost impossible in its own field."——A pastoral of Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, indicates the defects of the present education of the clergy and recommends that a new and modified edition of theological text-books be published every five years so as to keep pace with the progress of science.—— Considerable correspondence pro and con. is published about Loisy's recent books.

La Revue Générale (Jan.): The leading article in this number is from the pen of M. Ch. Woeste. It is an historical sketch of the Catholic movement in England, covering the period from 1846 to 1865.——Dr. Henri Davignon, in an appreciation of the writings of M. Brunetière, points out many passages which indicate a close study of the works of Molière.——Prof. Henri Francotte gives a laudatory review of Fr. Castelein's book on natural law: he states that the work is invaluable to students of sociology and ethics, and he recommends in particular the chapters on socialism.——In answer to M. Antoine Albalat, M. Alexis Dumont analyzes the *Télémaque* and other works of Fénelon to prove that they are written in a good literary style.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Jan.): The writer of an article on the congress of Bologne accuses *L'Unità Cattolica* of having misrepresented the attitude of the assembly in regard to the organization of labor. He states that, contrary to the reports in that journal, the Bologne congress emphatically rejected the opinion that the labor organizations encourage socialism and oppose Christian teaching.——Dr. F. Dubeis contributes a good paper in defence of the Catholic notion of morality as opposed to the individualism advocated by M. Gabriel Séailles.——The reviewer of the Abbé Gibier's new book calls special attention to those chapters in which the author urges the priests in France to identify themselves with the social interests of their people.

Science Catholique (Jan.): Contains the first instalment of an

article on the Parvusia by the Abbé Michels. The question of the Second Coming of Christ to set up his kingdom and reign in glory, as found in the Scriptures and in the belief of the early church, is one of considerable interest and importance from many points of view. Whether Christ himself taught the nearness of this Second Coming and made it the basis of his preaching, as certain modern critics contend, is the question discussed in the present paper. In opposition to this position the writer maintains that Christ did not believe or teach the nearness of his coming, and that all the texts which are taken to refer to this event can be understood as referring either to the immediate establishment of his kingdom in the church, or to his Second Coming at the end of the world "to judge the living and dead."——M. le Cte. Domet de Vorges continues his considerations on Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.*——Dr. Surbled contributes an interesting article on the relation of spiritism and science.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (Jan.): Concluding his ultra-microscopical studies in the "natural triple alliance" of solids, liquids, and gases, G. Van der Mensbrugghe describes the "meteorological cycle," consisting of the ascent of solid particles and vaporized water into the atmosphere, and their return in fog, rain, snow, hail, sleet.——M. Lemoine sketches the life and labors of Paul Hautefeuille, member of the Scientific Society of Brussels and of the Institute of France, and professor at the Sorbonne.——P. Thirion, S.J., contributes an obituary notice of the learned Jesuit, Father Hahn, a favorite and successful pupil of Huxley's, and tells with what cheerful serenity he submitted to the condemnation passed by the Index on his book, which admitted that St. Teresa was subject to hysterical attacks.

Rivista Internazionale: Prof. Tornolo recommends that the upper classes and the state should strive to further the sense of autonomy in the working classes and to aid the growth of labor unions.——F. Tolli reports the progress of the anti-slavery movement, especially in the neighborhood of Tripoli.——C. Torsea di Castellazzo describes the work done by the International Association for the Legal Protection of Laborers.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 Jan.): A reviewer of Herbert Spencer says that no matter what judgment history may pass on his philosophical system, yet none can deny his lofty genius, his vast knowledge, the synthetic power of his mind, his keen insight into the mysterious origins of things, his ardent and disinterested love of truth, his contempt of honor and earthly riches, his life, almost poverty-stricken, always spotless, burdened with serious and frequent illness, attacked by critics not always just and generous, temperate, uncondescending, lonely, and spent in sounding the mysterious depths of the universe.

Razón y Fe (Feb.): P. Murillo, after naming two books of Loisy's that were placed on the Index, undertakes to examine them for the purpose of seeing if they deserved this fate, and concludes that they certainly do. The book written against Harnack contains a perfect reflex of the writings of the German professor, with no other difference than insignificant variations in terminology—*e.g.*, Harnack represents the increase of dogmas as a mere succession and Loisy as the proper and vital development of a germ.

La Rassegna Nazionale (Jan 16): X. di X. maintains that on recognized principles of law the Pope's right to the temporal power has ceased, and the Italian government's claim thereto is clear. Several theologians are cited as teaching the following doctrines: 1. When in any state a return to the old order is impossible, the subjects are freed from all obligation to the former prince, and he is bound, for the common good, to renounce his claim to their allegiance. 2. An authority is legitimated when public peace and progress and the people's will desire that authority to continue. In the former Papal States all these conditions weigh in behalf of the Italian monarchy.——A series of letters from an Italian bishop to Leo XIII. declares in substance that it is critically urgent that the Papacy's *intransigeant* attitude on the temporal power be modified. The bishop says, for example: "To desire the temporal power in all its former integrity is absolutely impossible, and is moreover a grave danger for Catholicism in Italy."

A CORRECTION.

IN the January number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD a paper was published, entitled "Religion in the Philippines—A Reminder." In an editorial note it was stated that the extract was taken verbatim from the Report of the Philippine Commission to the President, and signed by Jacob Gould Schurman, George Dewey, Charles Denby, Dean C. Worcester, John R. McArthur, Secretary.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD wishes to say that the above editorial note was entirely misleading. The "Reminder" printed in the January number is not a part of the Philippine Commission's Report, in which the members of that Commission express their own opinion and for which they are responsible (and such an impression our editorial note was intended to convey), but the Reminder is a portion of a paper written by the Jesuit Fathers in Manila, and merely cited in the Commission's report: "Report of the First Philippine Commission to the President, vol. iv. page 111, Paper No. 20, Religion, by the Jesuit Fathers"; and a foot-note states further that this paper was written by the Jesuit Fathers in Manila.

In the light of all this, the paper was a misrepresentation of a most important question; we express our sincere regret that it appeared in our pages under the note in question, and we desire to correct every false impression of which it may have been the agent.

A correspondent, whose faithfulness and carefulness had been repeatedly proved before, sent to THE CATHOLIC WORLD the paper in question. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, relying on his word, published the article; but now we know that both were mistaken.

THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AS there is much unreliable information spread abroad for partisan advantage, it has become necessary for every honest student to get the facts concerning the Philippines in their present condition under the rule of the United States. When Governor William H. Taft turned over his office as civil governor of the Philippines to his vice, Luke E. Wright, and returned to Washington to succeed Elihu Root as secretary of war, he left affairs in the hands of the following men, who make up the insular cabinet:

Governor—Luke E. Wright.
Vice-Governor and Secretary of Finance and Justice—Henry C. Ide.
Secretary of the Interior—Dean C. Worcester.
Attorney-General—L. R. Wilfley.
Secretary of Public Instruction—General James F. Smith.
Director of Posts—C. M. Cotterman.
Chairman of the Civil Service Commission—W. S. Washburn.
Treasurer—Frank W. Branagan.
Executive Secretary—A. W. Fergusson.
Auditor—A. L. Lawshe.
The Supreme Court of the Philippines is composed of these men:
Chief Justice—C. Arellano.
Associate Justice—Florentino Torres.
Associate Justice—Joseph F. Cooper.
Associate Justice—Charles H. Willard.
Associate Justice—Victorino Mapa.
Associate Justice—John T. McDonough.
Associate Justice—E. Finley Johnson.

Few of these men are known in this country, though they have been engaged in a most difficult work, in which the press has been deeply interested. While it has been the policy to give the widest publicity to the work of installing the American administration at Manila, Governor Taft and his associates have not cared to exploit themselves in connection with the work. But with the changing of the administration's head, when the man who established civil government in the islands is brought necessarily into public view, it is appropriate to ask about those who have helped Governor Taft to do what he has succeeded in doing.

Associated as he has been with Mr. Taft for almost four years, the new governor, Luke E. Wright of Tennessee, will undoubtedly carry out the policy of his predecessor, and work patiently, cheerfully, and with the purpose always in view of making the government popular with the Filipinos. Governor Wright is fifty-seven years old. For eight years after he had been admitted to practise law before the Memphis bar, he served as attorney-general of Tennessee. In 1878, when yellow fever broke out, he took a leading part in the work of fighting the scourge. There is no question of his humanity and fearlessness. Naturally enough, Governor Wright is a Democrat. When Governor Taft made his long journey to Rome in connection with the friars' lands question, Mr. Wright showed his quality as an administrator.

For a little more than a year General James F. Smith has been a member of the Commission and in charge of the Department of Public Instruction.

Born in San Francisco forty-five years ago, a graduate of Santa Clara College and of a San Francisco law school, he went from active law practice to join the First California Volunteers as colonel in 1898. He rose to be brigadier-general of volunteers, and became governor of Negros. In 1900 he was appointed collector of customs at Manila, and less than a year after he was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Court. Nearly six years of experience in the islands have served to show General Smith at least the magnitude of the work now in his charge. Speaking of what has been accomplished in the development of a school system in the time of the civil commission has been at work, Mr. Smith has written:

"Although three years have not yet passed since the establishment of the Bureau of Education, an almost complete system of primary and secondary instruction has been inaugurated. There are comparatively few municipalities in the islands that have not made some effort to provide school accommodations for the juvenile population. . . . Secondary school buildings have been rented, built, or are building in forty of the principal cities and towns of the islands. There are now two hundred and fifty night schools in operation, and in the last year summer normal school classes were held in thirty-three towns. There are something like two hundred thousand children enrolled in the primary schools and more than six thousand in the secondary schools. There are over seven hundred American teachers in the field, and nearly two thousand five hundred native teachers. Two hundred native English-speaking teachers have recently been placed on the insular payrolls."

Under the charge of the secretary of public instruction come the Bureau of Public Printing, the Bureau of Archives, the Museum of Ethnology, Natural History, and Commerce, the American Circulating Library, the official *Gazette*, and the Bureau of the Census. The official *Gazette* and the Census Bureau were the latest to be organized, being established in 1902. Under this department was conducted an extensive investigation concerning the population of the islands, the immediate direction of which fell to Professor Carl C. Plehn, of the University of California.

* * *

Rarely has a canonization process excited such universal sympathy as that of Joan of Arc. Mgr. Touchet, Bishop of Orleans, in thanking the Holy Father for inaugurating his reign by advancing the cause a step nearer completion, described the Venerable Joan as "by far the most popular of all Venerables." But there is another aspect of the cause worthy of attention, and that is the courage displayed in this case, as always, by the Holy See. The Maid of Orleans was burned alive in Rouen on May 30, 1431, in execution of the barbarous sentence passed upon her by a Catholic Bishop! He was an unjust and unpatriotic bishop, the tool of the English, and blinded by his own meanness and cowardice to the heroic sanctity of the Maid. It would, of course, be very much more satisfactory if no such person as Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, had ever existed: but even he furnishes an object-lesson of the impartiality of the church which has now glorified his victim:

In the Cause of the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, Virgin, commonly known as the Maid of Orleans,

AS TO WHETHER

The case is clear with regard to the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity toward God and our neighbor, and the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, and those connected with them, in a heroic degree in the case and to the effect in question.

The Wisdom of God, who delights to dwell on earth, was pleased to raise up in the fifteenth century a virgin stout of heart, vieing in prowess with Deborah, Jael, and Judith, who, with even more truth and force than they, merited the praise bestowed on the woman incomparable as we read of her in the Sacred Scripture: "She has girded her loins with strength, she has strengthened her arm, she has put her hands to mighty tasks." It was fitting that the gift of such a prodigy should have been granted to a nation renowned in name and in the glory of its deeds of arms. Time was when it owed its safety and its honor to the Maid of Orleans—let it then learn to-day, when ravaged by a furious storm, to hope for the gifts of peace and justice from her to whom the church now decrees the honor of having practised virtue in a heroic degree.

The Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, was born in the village of Domremy, near Vaucouleurs, on the frontier between Champagne and Lorraine, on January 6, 1413, of very pious and humble parents. Her early youth she spent hidden in God, attending to domestic tasks and at times tending her father's flock, but giving herself as much as possible to prayer in the church of her native village. Inflamed, too, with an ardent love of her neighbor, she used to visit the sick, console the afflicted, and with such generosity relieve the necessities of others that sometimes she deprived herself of her bed that the wayworn traveller might not be without repose. Her life thus flowed on in the shade until her eighteenth year.

At the time France had passed into a lamentable state, for Charles VII. had been driven from the kingdom of his forefathers and obliged to take refuge in the southern part of his principality, where he was pressed hard by the English, the Bretons and Burgundians. His forces had been diminished, for fortified places were falling now here, now there, into the hands of the enemy; little more than his kingly title was left him. And now the tide of war was surging about the walls of Orleans. That city the English regarded as the door, the capture and destruction of which would open all France to their victorious progress.

In these disastrous circumstances, when even the most active of the leaders were losing all courage and initiative, the safety of the state rested on one woman. Four years before she had seen the Archangel Michael surrounded by an immense multitude of angels, and heard the voice of the Prince of the heavenly host command her to hasten at once to Orleans and to conduct Charles to Rheims to be there crowned king. The girl was amazed at first, but the visions and voices grew more and more frequent, and then the holy virgins Catherine and Margaret appeared with the heavenly leader. Then she submitted to the divine admonitions, and, in pledge of her obedience, she vowed her virginity to God. She was greatly exercised with the care of prudently keeping her secret, and later with the necessity of revealing it to her folk. But at length all difficulties were surmounted, and at her pressing entreaty her uncle took her to Vaucouleurs to Robert de Baudricourt, the governor. He at first received her plan with ridicule; then he began to reflect and to endeavor to gain time, but finally, cutting short further delay, he furnished her with arms and a small escort of horse and men, and had her taken before the king. The Venerable Joan, on meeting him, revealed for his private ear some secrets known only to himself, with the result that he gave power into her hands and she set out for Orleans. After entering the town and repulsing the enemy in a fierce onslaught, she destroyed one after another the posts of the besiegers, broke through their fortifications, and raised her standard aloft. By equally prodigious efforts she delivered all the other towns, and then she urged the vacillating Charles on to his anointing at Rheims.

Having thus accomplished, better than any man could have done, the mission God had entrusted to her, with equal courage and constancy she received the unworthy reward meted out to her by the justice of men. Taken by the Burgundians, she was shamefully betrayed for money into the hands of the English, who were to wreak their vengeance by the cruel death of the virgin. She was taken to Rouen, put on trial, and made the object of all kinds of charges—except that of having been unfaithful to her vow of chastity.

The case was tried before most corrupted judges, the innocent virgin was condemned to be burnt, and underwent this punishment with fortitude on May 30, 1431, before a dense multitude, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix, while she offered up the most fervent prayers and implored pardon for the authors of her death.

Four-and-twenty years after her death the Sovereign Pontiff, Calixtus III., entrusted to the Bishop of Rheims and others the duty of reopening the case, with the result that the first sentence was annulled, and the reputation of the Servant of God restored. A large body of evidence having been collected in the dioceses of Orleans, Verdun, and St. Diodate, and forwarded to the Sacred Congregation of Rites, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., of happy memory, on January 27, 1894, decided that the Cause should be introduced. The Apostolic Processes followed, and the validity of these having been proved, the Sacred Congregation of Rites entered on the discussion of the heroicity of the virtues of the Venerable Servant of God, first in an ante-preparatory session, held at the residence of the Most Reverend Cardinal Lucidus Maria Parocchi, of good memory, on December 17, 1900; then at the preparatory session at the Vatican, on March 17 of last year; and finally at the general session in presence of our Holy Lord Pope Pius X., held on November 17 of the same year. Whereupon, when the question was proposed by the most Reverend Cardinal Dominick Ferrata, Relator of the Cause, "As to whether the evidence was clear with regard to the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity toward God and our neighbor, and the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, and the others connected with them, in the heroic degree, in the case and to the effect under discussion," the Most Reverend Cardinals of the Rites and the Fathers Consultors severally gave their opinion. After weighing these votes our Most Holy Lord Pope Pius X. refrained for the moment from giving his final judgment, exhorting all present to pray for divine light for him in such a grave matter.

But to-day, sacred to God the Saviour manifesting Himself by a star to the nations, and at the same time the birthday of the Venerable Servant of God Joan, destined of old to be as a flame flashing in the earthly and the heavenly Jerusalem, His Holiness, after religiously celebrating the Holy Sacrifice, has entered this noble hall of the Vatican and taken his seat on the Pontifical throne, has summoned the Most Reverend Cardinals Seraphinus Cretoni, Prefect, and Dominick Ferrata, Relator of the Cause, together with the Reverend Father Alexander Verde, promoter of the Faith, and me the undersigned Secretary, and in our presence has solemnly decreed: The evidence concerning the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity toward God and our neighbor, and the cardinal virtues of Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance, with the others connected with them, as practised in a heroic degree by the Venerable Servant of God, Joan of Arc, is so clear in the case and to the effect under discussion that it is lawful now to proceed further, namely, to the discussion of the four miracles.

And this decree he ordered to be published and to be recorded in the acts of the Sacred Congregation of Rites on January 8, 1904.

SERAPHINUS CARDINAL CRETONI,
Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

✠ DIOMEDES PANICI,
Archbishop of Laodicea,
Secretary of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

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